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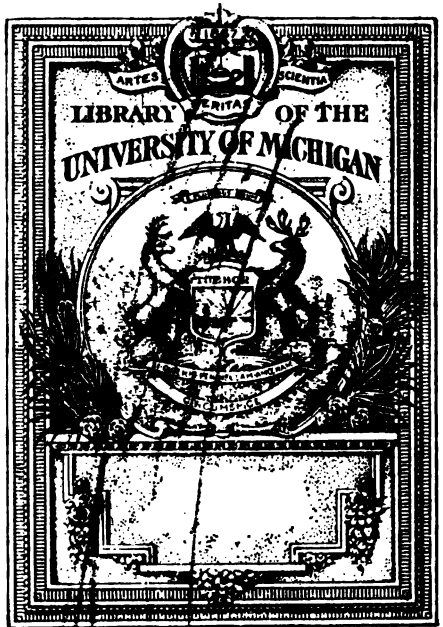
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WALTON

The Complete Angler

&

The Lives of Donne, Wotton Hooker, Herbert & Sanderson

By Izaak Walton

London
Macmillan and Co. Limited
New York: The Macmillan Company
1901

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BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

THE first edition of Walton's *Complete Angler* was published in the spring of 1653, with the title:

> The Compleat Angler or the Contemplative Man's Recreation. Being a Discourse of Fish and Fishing, Not unworthy the perusal of most Anglers. Simon Peter said, I go a fishing: and they said, We also will go with thee. John 21.3. London, Printed by T. Maxey for Rich. Marriot, in S. Dunstans Churchyard Fleet Street, 1653.

In *The Perfect Diurnall* for May 9th-16th, Marriot advertised his venture as 'by Iz. Wa.' (a favourite signature of Walton's), and 'of 18pence price.' It may be thought that a purchaser who directed that his copy should be kept unsoiled and in its original sheepskin jacket until 1891 or 1896 would have done well for his descendants, for such copies sold in the former year for £310 and in the latter for £415. But arithmetic tells us that at five per cent. compound interest the eighteen pence would have amounted to these sums in each case about seventy years earlier, and the book-lover is once more warned not to allege these triumphs of the auction-room in defence of his hobby. It is more germane to quote the *Complete Angler* and the *Lives* as a justifica-

tion for a particular form of collecting, the usually dull practice of acquiring numerous editions of the same work. It is characteristic of Walton's capacity for finding pleasure and occupation in small things that the six little books or essays which represent his literary output during forty years were lovingly retouched in nearly every successive edition, and that in copies he gave away he seems often to have made trivial corrections. In the case of the *Complete Angler* the chief changes were made in the second edition, published in 1655, in which the character of 'Auceps' was added to the preliminary dialogue, and by other additions scattered through the book the number of pages was raised from 246 to 355. Other, though much slighter, changes were made in the third edition of 1661 (re-issued with a new title-page in 1664, and made scarcer than the second edition through the destruction of copies in the Great Fire), and in the fourth, issued in 1668; while of that of 1676, which, as the last published during the author's life, has been taken for our text, Walton writes: 'In this fifth impression there are many inlargements, gathered both by my own observation and the communication with friends.'[1] With the 1676 edition two other books were issued between the same boards: 'The Compleat Angler or Instructions how to angle for a trout or grayling in a clear stream,' by Walton's disciple, Charles Cotton; and the fourth edition of 'The Experienced Angler or Angling improved,' by Colonel Venables. A general title-page, 'The Universal Angler, made so by three books of fishing,' links the treatises together; but while Cotton's is still frequently

[1] As we have concerned ourselves with prices, it may be noted that in the Ashburnham Sale in 1898 a set of the five editions, all in the original bindings, fetched £800.

reprinted with Walton's, that by Venables seems to have been published only once since 1683.

At the time of the first publication of the *Complete Angler*, Walton was in his sixtieth year. His career as an author (putting aside what little he had written in verse) had begun in 1640, when, to use his own words, hearing that the Sermons of his friend Dr. Donne were to be printed and want the Author's life, indignation or grief transported him so far that he reviewed the notes which he had collected for the use of Sir Henry Wotton, and essayed the task himself. The memoir was reprinted separately in 1658, and with the Lives of Wotton, Hooker, and Herbert in 1670. This first collected edition of the four memoirs was republished in 1675, being then called 'the fourth edition,' two of the Lives having then been previously printed three times, one four times, and one twice. The Life of Wotton was written in 1651 for the *Reliquiae Wottoniae*, which were published in that year and reprinted in 1654 and 1672. The Life of Hooker was published by itself in 1666, and prefixed the next year to an edition of his *Ecclesiastical Polity*. That of Herbert appeared in 1670, being then published both with his Letters to his Mother and also with the three other Lives.

In 1678 Walton was called upon in some haste for a Life of Bishop Sanderson, and besought the reader's clemency in the following note:

POSTSCRIPT.

If I had had time to have review'd this Relation, as I intended, before it went to the Press, I could have contracted some, and altered other parts of it; but 'twas hastened from me, and now too late for this impression. If there be a second (which the Printer hopes for) I shall both do that, and, upon information, mend any mistake, or supply what may seem wanting.

When he wrote this Walton was in his 85th year, and his modern editors, apparently thinking that it was unreasonable for him to look forward to a second edition, have unanimously taken their text from the 1678 edition, while, also with singular unanimity, suppressing the Postscript in which the old man expressed his hope. Nevertheless, a 'Second Impression' exists, and may be found as a thin folio bound up with the 1681 edition of Sanderson's Thirty-five Sermons, with its own title-page and the imprint: 'London, Printed for Benjamin Tooke at the Ship in St. Paul's Church-yard, and Thomas Sawbridge at the three Flower-de-luces in Little Britain, 1681.' The preface has been partly re-written, but at 87 or 88 the larger revision the old man had gallantly intended may well have been beyond his powers, and the alterations in the text are of little importance. Such as they are, they will be found reproduced in this edition, apparently for the first time, the text of the other Lives being taken from the 'fourth edition' of 1675.

ALFRED W. POLLARD.

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THE COMPLETE ANGLER

OR

THE CONTEMPLATIVE MAN'S RECREATION

WRITTEN BY IZAAK WALTON

To the Right worshipful JOHN OFFLEY
of Madeley Manor, in the County of Stafford, Esquire,
My most honoured Friend

SIR,—

I HAVE made so ill use of your former favours, as by them to be encouraged to entreat, that they may be enlarged to the patronage and protection of this Book: and I have put on a modest confidence, that I shall not be denied, because it is a discourse of Fish and Fishing, which you know so well, and both love and practise so much.

You are assured, though there be ignorant men of another belief, that Angling is an Art: and you know that Art better than others; and that this is truth is demonstrated by the fruits of that pleasant labour which you enjoy, when you purpose to give rest to your mind, and divest yourself of your more serious business, and (which is often) dedicate a day or two to this recreation.

At which time, if common Anglers should attend you, and be eyewitnesses of the success, not of your fortune, but your skill, it would doubtless beget in them an emulation to be like you, and that emulation might beget an industrious diligence to be so; but I know it is not attainable by common capacities: and there be now many men of great wisdom, learning, and experience, which love and practise this Art, that know I speak the truth.

Sir, this pleasant curiosity of Fish and Fishing, of which you are so great a master, has been thought worthy the pens and practices of divers in other nations, that have been reputed men of great learning and wisdom. And

amongst those of this nation, I remember Sir Henry Wotton, a dear lover of this Art, has told me, that his intentions were to write a Discourse of the Art, and in praise of Angling; and doubtless he had done so, if death had not prevented him; the remembrance of which had often made me sorry, for if he had lived to do it, then the unlearned Angler had seen some better treatise of this Art, a treatise that might have proved worthy his perusal, which, though some have undertaken, I could never yet see in English.

But mine may be thought as weak, and as unworthy of common view; and I do here freely confess, that I should rather excuse myself, than censure others, my own discourse being liable to so many exceptions; against which you, Sir, might make this one, 'that it can contribute nothing to your knowledge.' And lest a longer epistle may diminish your pleasure, I shall make this no longer than to add this following truth, that I am really, Sir, your most affectionate Friend, and most humble Servant,

Iz. Wa.

To all Readers of this Discourse: but especially to the Honest Angler

I think fit to tell thee these following truths; that I did neither undertake, nor write, nor publish, and much less own, this Discourse to please myself; and, having been too easily drawn to do all to please others, as I proposed not the gaining of credit by this undertaking, so I would not willingly lose any part of that to which I had a just title before I began it; and do therefore desire and hope, if I deserve not commendations, yet I may obtain pardon.

And though this Discourse may be liable to some exceptions, yet I cannot doubt but that most Readers may receive so much pleasure or profit by it, as may make it worthy the time of their perusal, if they be not too grave or too busy men. And this is all the confidence that I can put on, concerning the merit of what is here offered to their consideration and censure; and if the last prove too severe, as I have a liberty, so I am resolved to use it, and neglect all sour censures.

And I wish the Reader also to take notice, that in writing of it I have made myself a recreation of a recreation; and that it might prove so to him, and not read dull and tediously, I have in several places mixed, not any scurrility, but some innocent, harmless mirth, of which, if thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge; for divines say, there are offences given, and offences not given but taken.

And I am the willinger to justify the pleasant part of it, because though it is known I can be serious at seasonable times, yet the whole Discourse is, or rather was, a picture of my own disposition, especially in such days and times as I have laid aside business, and gone a-fishing with honest Nat. and R. Roe; but they are gone, and with them most of my pleasant hours, even as a shadow that passeth away and returns not.

And next let me add this, that he that likes not the book, should like the excellent picture of the Trout, and some of the other fish, which I may take a liberty to commend, because they concern not myself.

Next, let me tell the Reader, that in that which is the more useful part of this Discourse, that is to say, the observations of the nature and breeding, and seasons, and catching of fish, I am not so simple as not to know, that a captious reader may find exceptions against something said of some of these; and therefore I must entreat him to consider, that experience teaches us to know that several countries alter the time, and I think, almost the manner, of fishes' breeding, but doubtless of their being in season; as may appear by three rivers in Monmouthshire, namely, Severn, Wye, and Usk, where Camden (Brit. f. 633) observes, that in the river Wye, Salmon are in season from September to April; and we are certain, that in Thames and Trent, and in most other rivers, they be in season the six hotter months.

Now for the Art of catching fish, that is to say, How to make a man that was none, to be an Angler by a book, he that undertakes it shall undertake a harder task than Mr. Hales, a most valiant and excellent fencer, who in a printed book called *A Private School of Defence* undertook to teach that art or science, and was laughed at for his labour. Not but that many useful things might be learned by that book, but he was laughed at because that art was not to be taught by words, but practice: and so must Angling. And note also, that in this Discourse I do not undertake to say all that is known, or may be said of it, but I undertake to acquaint the Reader with many things

that are not usually known to every Angler; and I shall leave gleanings and observations enough to be made out of the experience of all that love and practise this recreation, to which I shall encourage them. For Angling may be said to be so like the Mathematicks, that it can never be fully learnt; at least not so fully, but that there will still be more new experiments left for the trial of other men that succeed us.

But I think all that love this game may here learn something that may be worth their money, if they be not poor and needy men: and in case they be, I then wish them to forbear to buy it; for I write not to get money, but for pleasure, and this Discourse boasts of no more, for I hate to promise much, and deceive the Reader.

And however it proves to him, yet I am sure I have found a high content in the search and conference of what is here offered to the Reader's view and censure. I wish him as much in the perusal of it, and so I might here take my leave; but will stay a little and tell him, that whereas it is said by many, that in fly-fishing for a Trout, the Angler must observe his twelve several flies for the twelve months of the year, I say, he that follows that rule, shall be as sure to catch fish, and be as wise, as he that makes hay by the fair days in an Almanack, and no surer; for those very flies that use to appear about, and on, the water in one month of the year, may the following year come almost a month sooner or later, as the same year proves colder or hotter: and yet, in the following Discourse, I have set down the twelve flies that are in reputation with many anglers; and they may serve to give him some observations concerning them. And he may note, that there are in Wales, and other countries, peculiar flies, proper to the particular place or country; and doubtless, unless a man makes a fly to counterfeit that very fly in that place, he is like to lose his labour, or much of it; but for the generality, three or four flies neat and rightly made, and not too big, serve for a Trout in most rivers, all the summer: and for winter fly-fishing it is as useful as an Almanack out of date. And of these, because as no man

is born an artist, so no man is born an Angler, I thought fit to give thee this notice.

When I have told the reader, that in this fifth impression there are many enlargements, gathered both by my own observation, and the communication with friends, I shall stay him no longer than to wish him a rainy evening to read this following Discourse; and that if he be an honest Angler, the east wind may never blow when he goes a-fishing.

I. W.

THE COMPLETE ANGLER,

OR THE

CONTEMPLATIVE MAN'S RECREATION

[*THE FIRST DAY*]

CHAPTER I

A Conference betwixt an Angler, a Falconer, and a Hunter, each commending his Recreation

PISCATOR, VENATOR, AUCEPS

PISCATOR. You are well overtaken, Gentlemen! A good morning to you both! I have stretched my legs up Tottenham Hill to overtake you, hoping your business may occasion you towards Ware, whither I am going this fine fresh May morning.

VENATOR. Sir, I, for my part, shall almost answer your hopes; for my purpose is to drink my morning's draught at the Thatched House in Hoddesden; and I think not to rest till I come thither, where I have appointed a friend or two to meet me: but for this gentleman that you see with me, I know not how far he intends his journey; he came so lately into my company, that I have scarce had time to ask him the question.

AUCEPS. Sir, I shall by your favour bear you company as far as Theobalds, and there leave you; for then I turn up to a friend's house, who mews a hawk for me, which I now long to see.

VENATOR. Sir, we are all so happy as to have a fine, fresh, cool morning; and I hope we shall each be the happier in the others' company. And, Gentlemen, that I may not lose yours, I shall either abate or amend my pace to enjoy it, knowing that, as the Italians say, 'Good company in a journey makes the way to seem the shorter.'

AUCEPS. It may do so, Sir, with the help of good discourse, which, methinks, we may promise from you, that both look and speak so cheerfully: and for my part, I promise you, as an invitation to it, that I will be as free and open-hearted as discretion will allow me to be with strangers.

VENATOR. And, Sir, I promise the like.

PISCATOR. I am right glad to hear your answers; and, in confidence you speak the truth, I shall put on a boldness to ask you, Sir, whether business or pleasure caused you to be so early up, and walk so fast? for this other gentleman hath declared he is going to see a hawk, that a friend mews for him.

VENATOR. Sir, mine is a mixture of both, a little business and more pleasure; for I intend this day to do all my business, and then bestow another day or two in hunting the Otter, which a friend, that I go to meet, tells me is much pleasanter than any other chase whatsoever: howsoever, I mean to try it; for to-morrow morning we shall meet a pack of Otter-dogs of noble Mr. Sadler's, upon Amwell Hill, who will be there so early, that they intend to prevent the sunrising.

PISCATOR. Sir, my fortune has answered my desires, and my purpose is to bestow a day or two in helping to destroy some of those villainous vermin: for I hate them perfectly, because they love fish so well, or rather, because they destroy so much; indeed so much, that, in my judgment all men that keep Otter-dogs ought to have pensions from the King, to encourage them to destroy the very breed of those base Otters, they do so much mischief.

VENATOR. But what say you to the Foxes of the Nation, would not you as willingly have them destroyed? for doubtless they do as much mischief as Otters do.

PISCATOR. Oh, Sir, if they do, it is not so much to me and my fraternity, as those base vermin the Otters do.

AUCEPS. Why, Sir, I pray, of what fraternity are you, that you are so angry with the poor Otters?

PISCATOR. I am, Sir, a Brother of the Angle, and therefore an enemy to the Otter: for you are to note, that we Anglers all love one another, and therefore do I hate the Otter both for my own, and their sakes who are of my brotherhood.

VENATOR. And I am a lover of Hounds; I have followed many a pack of dogs many a mile, and heard many merry Huntsmen make sport and scoff at Anglers.

AUCEPS. And I profess myself a Falconer, and have heard many grave, serious men pity them, it is such a heavy, contemptible, dull recreation.

PISCATOR. You know, Gentlemen, it is an easy thing to scoff at any art or recreation; a little wit mixed with ill nature, confidence, and malice, will do it; but though they often venture boldly, yet they are often caught, even in their own trap, according to that of Lucian, the father of the family of Scoffers:

> Lucian, well skilled in scoffing, this hath writ,
> Friend, that's your folly, which you think your wit:
> This you vent oft, void both of wit and fear,
> Meaning another, when yourself you jeer.

If to this you add what Solomon says of Scoffers, that they are an abomination to mankind, let him that thinks fit scoff on, and be a Scoffer still; but I account them enemies to me and all that love Virtue and Angling.

And for you that have heard many grave, serious men pity Anglers; let me tell you, Sir, there be many men that are by others taken to be serious and grave men, whom we contemn and pity. Men that are taken to be grave, because nature hath made them of a sour complexion; money-getting men, men that spend all their time, first in getting, and next, in anxious care to keep it; men that are condemned to be rich, and then always busy or discontented: for these poor-rich-men, we Anglers pity

them perfectly, and stand in no need to borrow their thoughts to think ourselves so happy. No, no, Sir, we enjoy a contentedness above the reach of such dispositions, and as the learned and ingenuous [1] Montaigne says, like himself, freely, 'When my Cat and I entertain each other with mutual apish tricks, as playing with a garter, who knows but that I make my Cat more sport than she makes me? Shall I conclude her to be simple, that has her time to begin or refuse, to play as freely as I myself have? Nay, who knows but that it is a defect of my not understanding her language (for doubtless Cats talk and reason with one another), that we agree no better: and who knows but that she pities me for being no wiser than to play with her, and laughs and censures my folly, for making sport for her, when we two play together?' Thus freely speaks Montaigne concerning Cats; and I hope I may take as great a liberty to blame any man, and laugh at him too, let him be never so grave, that hath not heard what Anglers can say in the justification of their Art and Recreation; which I may again tell you, is so full of pleasure, that we need not borrow their thoughts, to think ourselves happy.

VENATOR. Sir, you have almost amazed me; for though I am no Scoffer, yet I have (I pray let me speak it without offence) always looked upon Anglers, as more patient, and more simple men, than I fear I shall find you to be.

PISCATOR. Sir, I hope you will not judge my earnestness to be impatience: and for my simplicity, if by that you mean a harmlessness, or that simplicity which was usually found in the primitive Christians, who were, as most Anglers are, quiet men, and followers of peace; men that were so simply wise, as not to sell their consciences to buy riches, and with them vexation and a fear to die; if you mean such simple men as lived in those times when there were fewer lawyers; when men might have had a lordship safely conveyed to them in a piece of parchment no bigger than your hand, though several sheets will not do it safely in this wiser age; I say, Sir, if you take us Anglers to be such simple men as I have spoken of,

[1] In Apol[ogie] for Ra[ymond de] Sebond. [Florio's Montaigne, Chap. xii.]

then myself and those of my profession will be glad to be so understood : But if by simplicity you meant to express a general defect in those that profess and practise the excellent Art of Angling, I hope in time to disabuse you, and make the contrary appear so evidently, that if you will but have patience to hear me, I shall remove all the anticipations that discourse, or time, or prejudice, have possessed you with against that laudable and ancient art ; for I know it is worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise man.

But, Gentlemen, though I be able to do this, I am not so unmannerly as to engross all the discourse to myself ; and, therefore, you two having declared yourselves, the one to be a lover of Hawks, the other of Hounds, I shall be most glad to hear what you can say in the commendation of that recreation which each of you love and practise ; and having heard what you can say, I shall be glad to exercise your attention with what I can say concerning my own Recreation and Art of Angling, and by this means we shall make the way to seem the shorter : and if you like my motion, I would have Mr. Falconer to begin.

Auceps. Your motion is consented to with all my heart ; and to testify it, I will begin as you have desired me.

And first, for the Element that I use to trade in, which is the Air, an element of more worth than weight, an element that doubtless exceeds both the Earth and Water ; for though I sometimes deal in both, yet the air is most properly mine, I and my Hawks use that most, and it yields us most recreation. It stops not the high soaring of my noble, generous Falcon ; in it she ascends to such a height, as the dull eyes of beasts and fish are not able to reach to ; their bodies are too gross for such high elevations ; in the air my troops of hawks soar up on high, and when they are lost in the sight of men, then they attend upon and converse with the gods ; therefore I think my Eagle is so justly styled Jove's servant in ordinary : and that very Falcon, that I am now going to see, deserves no meaner a title, for she usually in her

flight endangers herself, like the son of Daedalus, to have her wings scorched by the sun's heat, she flies so near it, but her mettle makes her careless of danger; for she then heeds nothing, but makes her nimble pinions cut the fluid air, and so makes her highway over the steepest mountains and deepest rivers, and in her glorious career looks with contempt upon those high steeples and magnificent palaces which we adore and wonder at; from which height, I can make her to descend by a word from my mouth, which she both knows and obeys, to accept of meat from my hand, to own me for her Master, to go home with me, and be willing the next day to afford me the like recreation.

And more; this element of air which I profess to trade in, the worth of it is such, and it is of such necessity, that no creature whatsoever—not only those numerous creatures that feed on the face of the earth, but those various creatures that have their dwelling within the waters, every creature that hath life in its nostrils, stands in need of my element. The waters cannot preserve the Fish without air, witness the not breaking of ice in an extreme frost; the reason is, for that if the inspiring and expiring organ of any animal be stopped, it suddenly yields to nature, and dies. Thus necessary is air, to the existence both of Fish and Beasts, nay, even to Man himself; that air, or breath of life, with which God at first inspired mankind, he, if he wants it, dies presently, becomes a sad object to all that loved and beheld him, and in an instant turns to putrefaction.

Nay more; the very birds of the air, those that be not Hawks, are both so many and so useful and pleasant to mankind, that I must not let them pass without some observations. They both feed and refresh him; feed him with their choice bodies, and refresh him with their heavenly voices:—I will not undertake to mention the several kinds of Fowl by which this is done: and his curious palate pleased by day, and which with their very excrements afford him a soft lodging at night:—These I will pass by, but not those little nimble musicians of the

air, that warble forth their curious ditties, with which nature hath furnished them to the shame of art.

As first the Lark, when she means to rejoice, to cheer herself and those that hear her; she then quits the earth, and sings as she ascends higher into the air, and having ended her heavenly employment, grows then mute, and sad, to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch, but for necessity.

How do the Blackbird and Throstle with their melodious voices bid welcome to the cheerful Spring, and in their fixed months warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to!

Nay, the smaller birds also do the like in their particular seasons, as namely the Laverock, the Tit-lark, the little Linnet, and the honest Robin that loves mankind both alive and dead.

But the Nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, 'Lord, what musick hast thou provided for the Saints in Heaven, when thou affordest bad men such musick on Earth!'

And this makes me the less to wonder at the many Aviaries in Italy, or at the great charge of Varro his Aviary, the ruins of which are yet to be seen in Rome, and is still so famous there, that it is reckoned for one of those notables which men of foreign nations either record, or lay up in their memories when they return from travel.

This for the birds of pleasure, of which very much more might be said. My next shall be of birds of political use. I think 'tis not to be doubted that Swallows have been taught to carry letters betwixt two armies; but 'tis certain that when the Turks besieged Malta or Rhodes (I now remember not which 'twas), Pigeons are then related to carry and recarry letters: and Mr. G. Sandys, in his

Travels, relates it to be done betwixt Aleppo and Babylon. But if that be disbelieved, it is not to be doubted that the Dove was sent out of the ark by Noah, to give him notice of land, when to him all appeared to be sea; and the Dove proved a faithful and comfortable messenger. And for the Sacrifices of the Law, a pair of Turtle-doves, or young Pigeons, were as well accepted as costly Bulls and Rams; and when God would feed the Prophet Elijah (1 Kings 17.) after a kind of miraculous manner, he did it by Ravens, who brought him meat morning and evening. Lastly, the Holy Ghost, when he descended visibly upon our Saviour, did it by assuming the shape of a Dove. And, to conclude this part of my discourse, pray remember these wonders were done by birds of the air, the element in which they, and I, take so much pleasure.

There is also a little contemptible winged creature, an inhabitant of my aerial element, namely the laborious Bee, of whose prudence, policy, and regular government of their own commonwealth, I might say much, as also of their several kinds, and how useful their honey and wax are both for meat and medicines to mankind; but I will leave them to their sweet labour, without the least disturbance, believing them to be all very busy at this very time amongst the herbs and flowers that we see nature puts forth this May morning.

And now to return to my Hawks, from whom I have made too long a digression. You are to note, that they are usually distinguished into two kinds; namely, the long-winged, and the short-winged Hawk: of the first kind, there be chiefly in use amongst us in this nation,

The Gerfalcon and Jerkin,
The Falcon and Tassel-gentle,
The Laner and Laneret,
The Bockerel and Bockeret,
The Saker and Sacaret,
The Merlin and Jack Merlin,
The Hobby and Jack:

There is the Stelletto of Spain,
The Blood-red Rook from Turkey,

The Waskite from Virginia:
And there is of short-winged Hawks,
The Eagle and Iron,
The Goshawk and Tercel,
The Sparhawk and Musket,
The French Pye of two sorts:
These are reckoned Hawks of note and worth; but we have also of an inferior rank,
The Stanyel, the Ringtail,
The Raven, the Buzzard,
The Forked Kite, the Bald Buzzard,
The Hen-driver, and others that I forbear to name.

Gentlemen, if I should enlarge my discourse to the observation of the Eires, the Brancher, the Ramish Hawk, the Haggard, and the two sorts of Lentners, and then treat of their several Ayries, their Mewings, rare order of casting, and the renovation of their feathers: their reclaiming, dieting, and then come to their rare stories of practice; I say, if I should enter into these, and many other observations that I could make, it would be much, very much pleasure to me: but lest I should break the rules of civility with you, by taking up more than the proportion of time allotted to me, I will here break off, and entreat you, Mr. Venator, to say what you are able in the commendation of Hunting, to which you are so much affected; and if time will serve, I will beg your favour for a further enlargement of some of those several heads of which I have spoken. But no more at present.

VENATOR. Well, Sir, and I will now take my turn, and will first begin with a commendation of the Earth, as you have done most excellently of the Air; the Earth being that element upon which I drive my pleasant, wholesome, hungry trade. The Earth is a solid, settled element; an element most universally beneficial both to man and beast; to men who have their several recreations upon it, as horse-races, hunting, sweet smells, pleasant walks: the earth feeds man, and all those several beasts that both feed him, and afford him recreation. What pleasure doth man take in hunting the stately Stag, the generous Buck, the

wild Boar, the cunning Otter, the crafty Fox, and the fearful Hare! And if I may descend to a lower game, what pleasure is it sometimes with gins to betray the very vermin of the earth; as namely, the Fichat, the Fulimart, the Ferret, the Pole-cat, the Mouldwarp, and the like creatures that live upon the face, and within the bowels of the earth. How doth the earth bring forth herbs, flowers, and fruits, both for physic and the pleasure of mankind! and above all, to me at least, the fruitful vine, of which when I drink moderately, it clears my brain, cheers my heart, and sharpens my wit. How could Cleopatra have feasted Mark Antony with eight wild Boars roasted whole at one supper, and other meat suitable, if the earth had not been a bountiful mother? But to pass by the mighty Elephant, which the Earth breeds and nourisheth, and descend to the least of creatures, how doth the earth afford us a doctrinal example in the little Pismire, who in the summer provides and lays up her winter provision, and teaches man to do the like! The earth feeds and carries those horses that carry us. If I would be prodigal of my time and your patience, what might not I say in commendations of the earth? That puts limits to the proud and raging sea, and by that means preserves both man and beast, that it destroys them not, as we see it daily doth those that venture upon the sea, and are there shipwrecked, drowned, and left to feed haddocks; when we that are so wise as to keep ourselves on earth, walk, and talk, and live, and eat, and drink, and go a-hunting: of which recreation I will say a little, and then leave Mr. Piscator to the commendation of Angling.

Hunting is a game for princes and noble persons; it hath been highly prized in all ages; it was one of the qualifications that Xenophon bestowed on his Cyrus, that he was a hunter of wild beasts. Hunting trains up the younger nobility to the use of manly exercises in their riper age. What more manly exercise than hunting the Wild Boar, the Stag, the Buck, the Fox, or the Hare? How doth it preserve health, and increase strength and activity!

And for the dogs that we use, who can commend their excellency to that height which they deserve? How perfect is the hound at smelling, who never leaves or forsakes his first scent, but follows it through so many changes and varieties of other scents, even over, and in the water, and into the earth! What music doth a pack of dogs then make to any man, whose heart and ears are so happy as to be set to the tune of such instruments! How will a right Greyhound fix his eye on the best Buck in a herd, single him out, and follow him, and him only, through a whole herd of rascal game, and still know and then kill him! For my hounds, I know the language of them, and they know the language and meaning of one another, as perfectly as we know the voices of those with whom we discourse daily.

I might enlarge myself in the commendation of Hunting, and of the noble Hound especially, as also of the docibleness of dogs in general; and I might make many observations of land-creatures, that for composition, order, figure, and constitution, approach nearest to the completeness and understanding of man; especially of those creatures, which Moses in the Law permitted to the Jews, (which have cloven hoofs, and chew the cud), which I shall forbear to name, because I will not be so uncivil to Mr. Piscator, as not to allow him a time for the commendation of Angling, which he calls an art; but doubtless 'tis an easy one: and, Mr. Auceps, I doubt we shall hear a watery discourse of it, but I hope 'twill not be a long one.

AUCEPS. And I hope so too, though I fear it will.

PISCATOR. Gentlemen, let not prejudice prepossess you. I confess my discourse is like to prove suitable to my recreation, calm and quiet; we seldom take the name of God into our mouths, but it is either to praise Him, or pray to him: if others use it vainly in the midst of their recreations, so vainly as if they meant to conjure, I must tell you, it is neither our fault nor our custom; we protest against it. But, pray remember, I accuse nobody; for as I would not make a 'watery discourse,' so I would not put too much vinegar into it; nor would I raise the

reputation of my own art, by the diminution or ruin of another's. And so much for the prologue to what I mean to say.

And now for the Water, the element that I trade in. The water is the eldest daughter of the creation, the element upon which the Spirit of God did first move, the element which God commanded to bring forth living creatures abundantly; and without which, those that inhabit the land, even all creatures that have breath in their nostrils, must suddenly return to putrefaction. Moses, the great lawgiver and chief philosopher, skilled in all the learning of the Egyptians, who was called the friend of God, and knew the mind of the Almighty, names this element the first in the creation: this is the element upon which the Spirit of God did first move, and is the chief ingredient in the creation: many philosophers have made it to comprehend all the other elements, and most allow it the chiefest in the mixtion of all living creatures.

There be that profess to believe that all bodies are made of water, and may be reduced back again to water only; they endeavour to demonstrate it thus:

Take a willow, or any like speedy growing plant, newly rooted in a box or barrel full of earth, weigh them all together exactly when the tree begins to grow, and then weigh all together after the tree is increased from its first rooting, to weigh a hundred pound weight more than when it was first rooted and weighed; and you shall find this augment of the tree to be without the diminution of one drachm weight of the earth. Hence they infer this increase of wood to be from water of rain, or from dew, and not to be from any other element; and they affirm also, the same may be done in any animal or vegetable. And this I take to be a fair testimony of the excellency of my element of water.

The water is more productive than the earth. Nay, the earth hath no fruitfulness without showers or dew; for all the herbs, and flowers, and fruit, are produced and thrive by the water; and the very minerals are fed by

streams that run under ground, whose natural course carries them to the tops of many high mountains, as we see by several springs breaking forth on the tops of the highest hills; and this is also witnessed by the daily trial and testimony of several miners.

Nay, the increase of those creatures that are bred and fed in the water are not only more and more miraculous, but more advantageous to man, not only for the lengthening of his life, but for the preventing of sickness; for it is observed by the most learned physicians, that the casting off of Lent, and other fish days, which hath not only given the lie to so many learned, pious, wise founders of colleges, for which we should be ashamed, hath doubtless been the chief cause of those many putrid, shaking intermitting agues, unto which this nation of ours is now more subject, than those wiser countries that feed on herbs, salads, and plenty of fish; of which it is observed in story, that the greatest part of the world now do. And it may be fit to remember that Moses (Lev. xi. 9, Deut. xiv. 9) appointed fish to be the chief diet for the best commonwealth that ever yet was.

And it is observable, not only that there are fish, as namely the Whale, three times as big as the mighty Elephant, that is so fierce in battle, but that the mightiest feasts have been of fish. The Romans, in the height of their glory, have made fish the mistress of all their entertainments; they have had music to usher in their Sturgeons, Lampreys, and Mullets, which they would purchase at rates rather to be wondered at than believed. He that shall view the writings of Macrobius, or Varro, may be confirmed and informed of this, and of the incredible value of their fish and fish-ponds.

But, Gentlemen, I have almost lost myself, which I confess I may easily do in this philosophical discourse; I met with most of it very lately, and, I hope, happily, in a conference with a most learned physician, Dr. Wharton, a dear friend, that loves both me and my art of Angling. But, however, I will wade no deeper into these mysterious arguments, but pass to such observations as I can manage

with more pleasure, and less fear of running into error. But I must not yet forsake the waters, by whose help we have so many known advantages.

And first, to pass by the miraculous cures of our known baths, how advantageous is the sea for our daily traffick, without which we could not now subsist. How does it not only furnish us with food and physic for the bodies, but with such observations for the mind as ingenious persons would not want!

How ignorant had we been of the beauty of Florence, of the monuments, urns, and rarities that yet remain in and near unto old and new Rome, so many as it is said will take up a year's time to view, and afford to each of them but a convenient consideration! And therefore it is not to be wondered at, that so learned and devout a father as St. Jerome, after his wish to have seen Christ in the flesh, and to have heard St. Paul preach, makes his third wish, to have seen Rome in her glory; and that glory is not yet all lost, for what pleasure is it to see the monuments of Livy, the choicest of the historians; of Tully, the best of orators; and to see the bay trees that now grow out of the very tomb of Virgil! These, to any that love learning, must be pleasing. But what pleasure is it to a devout Christian, to see there the humble house in which St. Paul was content to dwell, and to view the many rich statues that are made in honour of his memory! nay, to see the very place in which St. Peter and he lie buried together! These are in and near to Rome. And how much more doth it please the pious curiosity of a Christian, to see that place, on which the blessed Saviour of the world was pleased to humble Himself, and to take our nature upon Him, and to converse with men: to see Mount Sion, Jerusalem, and the very sepulchre of our Lord Jesus! How may it beget and heighten the zeal of a Christian, to see the devotions that are daily paid to him at that place! Gentlemen, lest I forget myself, I will stop here, and remember you, that but for my element of water, the inhabitants of this poor island must remain ignorant that such things ever were, or that any of them have yet a being.

Gentlemen, I might both enlarge and lose myself in such like arguments. I might tell you that Almighty God is said to have spoken to a fish, but never to a beast; that he hath made a whale a ship, to carry and set his prophet, Jonah, safe on the appointed shore. Of these I might speak, but I must in manners break off, for I see Theobalds House. I cry you mercy for being so long, and thank you for your patience.

AUCEPS. Sir, my pardon is easily granted you: I except against nothing that you have said: nevertheless, I must part with you at this park-wall, for which I am very sorry; but I assure you, Mr. Piscator, I now part with you full of good thoughts, not only of yourself, but your recreation. And so, Gentlemen, God keep you both.

PISCATOR. Well, now, Mr. Venator, you shall neither want time, nor my attention to hear you enlarge your discourse concerning hunting.

VENATOR. Not I, Sir: I remember you said that Angling itself was of great antiquity, and a perfect art, and an art not easily attained to; and you have so won upon me in your former discourse, that I am very desirous to hear what you can say further concerning those particulars.

PISCATOR. Sir, I did say so: and I doubt not but if you and I did converse together but a few hours, to leave you possessed with the same high and happy thoughts that now possess me of it; not only of the antiquity of Angling, but that it deserves commendations; and that it is an art, and an art worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise man.

VENATOR. Pray, Sir, speak of them what you think fit, for we have yet five miles to the Thatched House; during which walk, I dare promise you, my patience and diligent attention shall not be wanting. And if you shall make that to appear which you have undertaken, first, that it is an art, and an art worth the learning, I shall beg that I may attend you a day or two a-fishing, and that I may become your scholar, and be instructed in the art itself which you so much magnify.

PISCATOR. O, Sir, doubt not but that Angling is an

art; is it not an art to deceive a Trout with an artificial Fly? a Trout! that is more sharp-sighted than any Hawk you have named, and more watchful and timorous than your high-mettled Merlin is bold? and yet, I doubt not to catch a brace or two to-morrow, for a friend's breakfast: doubt not therefore, Sir, but that angling is an art, and an art worth your learning. The question is rather, whether you be capable of learning it? for angling is somewhat like poetry, men are to be born so: I mean, with inclinations to it, though both may be heightened by discourse and practice: but he that hopes to be a good angler, must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself; but having once got and practised it, then doubt not but angling will prove to be so pleasant, that it will prove to be, like virtue, a reward to itself.

VENATOR. Sir, I am now become so full of expectation, that I long much to have you proceed, and in the order that you propose.

PISCATOR. Then first, for the antiquity of Angling, of which I shall not say much, but only this; some say it is as ancient as Deucalion's flood: others, that Belus, who was the first inventor of godly and virtuous recreations, was the first inventor of Angling: and some others say (for former times have had their disquisitions about the antiquity of it), that Seth, one of the sons of Adam, taught it to his sons, and that by them it was derived to posterity: others say that he left it engraven on those pillars which he erected, and trusted to preserve the knowledge of the mathematics, music, and the rest of that precious knowledge, and those useful arts, which by God's appointment or allowance, and his noble industry, were thereby preserved from perishing in Noah's flood.

These, Sir, have been the opinions of several men, that have possibly endeavoured to make angling more ancient than is needful, or may well be warranted; but for my part, I shall content myself in telling you, that angling is much more ancient than the Incarnation of our Saviour;

for in the Prophet Amos mention is made of fish-hooks; and in the Book of Job, which was long before the days of Amos (for that book is said to have been written by Moses), mention is made also of fish-hooks, which must imply anglers in those times.

But, my worthy friend, as I would rather prove myself a gentleman, by being learned and humble, valiant and inoffensive, virtuous and communicable, than by any fond ostentation of riches, or, wanting those virtues myself, boast that these were in my ancestors; and yet I grant, that where a noble and ancient descent and such merit meet in any man, it is a double dignification of that person; so if this antiquity of angling, which for my part I have not forced, shall, like an ancient family, be either an honour or an ornament to this virtuous art which I profess to love and practise, I shall be the gladder that I made an accidental mention of the antiquity of it, of which I shall say no more, but proceed to that just commendation which I think it deserves.

And for that, I shall tell you, that in ancient times a debate hath risen, and it remains yet unresolved, whether the happiness of man in this world doth consist more in Contemplation or Action? Concerning which, some have endeavoured to maintain their opinion of the first; by saying, that the nearer we mortals come to God by way of imitation, the more happy we are. And they say, that God enjoys himself only, by a contemplation of his own infiniteness, eternity, power, and goodness, and the like. And upon this ground, many cloisteral men of great learning and devotion, prefer Contemplation before Action. And many of the Fathers seem to approve this opinion, as may appear in their commentaries upon the words of our Saviour to Martha (Luke x. 41, 42).

And on the contrary, there want not men of equal authority and credit, that prefer action to be the more excellent; as namely, experiments in physic, and the application of it; both for the ease and prolongation of man's life; by which each man is enabled to act and do good to others, either to serve his country, or do good to

particular persons: and they say also, that action is doctrinal, and teaches both art and virtue, and is a maintainer of human society; and for these, and other like reasons, to be preferred before contemplation.

Concerning which two opinions I shall forbear to add a third, by declaring my own; and rest myself contented in telling you, my very worthy friend, that both these meet together, and do most properly belong to the most honest, ingenuous, quiet, and harmless art of angling.

And first, I shall tell you what some have observed, and I have found it to be a real truth, that the very sitting by the river's side is not only the quietest and fittest place for contemplation, but will invite an angler to it: and this seems to be maintained by the learned Peter du Moulin, who, in his Discourse of the fulfilling of Prophecies, observes, that when God intended to reveal any future events or high notions to his prophets, he then carried them either to the deserts, or the sea-shore, that having so separated them from amidst the press of people and business, and the cares of the world, he might settle their mind in a quiet repose, and there make them fit for Revelation.

And this seems also to be intimated by the children of Israel (Psalm cxxxvii), who having in a sad condition banished all mirth and musick from their pensive hearts, and having hung up their then mute harps upon the willow-trees growing by the rivers of Babylon, sat down upon those banks, bemoaning the ruins of Sion, and contemplating their own sad condition.

And an ingenious Spaniard says, that 'rivers and the inhabitants of the watery element were made for wise men to contemplate, and fools to pass by without consideration.' And though I will not rank myself in the number of the first, yet give me leave to free myself from the last, by offering to you a short contemplation, first of rivers, and then of fish; concerning which I doubt not but to give you many observations that will appear very considerable: I am sure they have appeared so to me, and made many an hour pass away more pleasantly, as I have

sat quietly on a flowery bank by a calm river, and contemplated what I shall now relate to you.

And first concerning rivers; there be so many wonders reported and written of them, and of the several creatures that be bred and live in them, and those by authors of so good credit, that we need not to deny them an historical faith.

As namely of a river in Epirus that puts out any lighted torch, and kindles any torch that was not lighted. Some waters being drunk, cause madness, some drunkenness, and some laughter to death. The river Selarus in a few hours turns a rod or wand to stone: and our Camden mentions the like in England, and the like in Lochmere in Ireland. There is also a river in Arabia, of which all the sheep that drink thereof have their wool turned into a vermilion colour. And one of no less credit than Aristotle, tells us of a merry river, the river Elusina, that dances at the noise of music, for with music it bubbles, dances, and grows sandy, and so continues till the music ceases, but then it presently returns to its wonted calmness and clearness. And Camden tells us of a well near to Kirby, in Westmoreland, that ebbs and flows several times every day: and he tells us of a river in Surrey, it is called Mole, that after it has run several miles, being opposed by hills, finds or makes itself a way under ground, and breaks out again so far off, that the inhabitants thereabout boast, as the Spaniards do of their river Anus, that they feed divers flocks of sheep upon a bridge. And lastly, for I would not tire your patience, one of no less authority than Josephus, that learned Jew, tells us of a river in Judea that runs swiftly all the six days of the week, and stands still and rests all their Sabbath.

But I will lay aside my discourse of rivers, and tell you some things of the monsters, or fish, call them what you will, that they breed and feed in them. Pliny the philosopher says, in the third chapter of his ninth book, that in the Indian Sea, the fish called the Balaena or Whirlpool, is so long and broad, as to take up more in length and breadth

than two acres of ground; and, of other fish of two hundred cubits long; and that in the river Ganges, there be Eels of thirty foot long. He says there, that these monsters appear in that sea, only when the tempestuous winds oppose the torrents of water falling from the rocks into it, and so turning what lay at the bottom to be seen on the water's top. And he says, that the people of Cadara, an island near this place, make the timber for their houses of those fish bones. He there tells us, that there are somtimes a thousand of these great Eels found wrapt or interwoven together. He tells us there, that it appears that dolphins love music, and will come when called for, by some men or boys that know, and use to feed them; and that they can swim as swift as an arrow can be shot out a bow; and much of this is spoken concerning the dolphin, and other fish, as may be found also in the learned Dr. Casaubon's Discourse of Credulity and Incredulity, printed by him about the year 1670.

I know, we Islanders are averse to the belief of these wonders; but there be so many strange creatures to be now seen (many collected by John Tradescant, and others added by my friend Elias Ashmole, Esq., who now keeps them carefully and methodically at his house near to Lambeth, near London), as may get some belief of some of the other wonders I mentioned. I will tell you some of the wonders that you may now see, and not till then believe, unless you think fit.

You may there see the Hog-fish, the Dog-fish, the Dolphin, the Cony-fish, the Parrot-fish, the Shark, the Poison-fish, Sword-fish, and not only other incredible fish, but you may there see the Salamander, several sorts of Barnacles, of Solan-Geese, the Bird of Paradise, such sorts of Snakes, and such Birds'-nests, and of so various forms, and so wonderfully made, as may beget wonder and amusement in any beholder; and so many hundred of other rarities in that collection, as will make the other wonders I spake of, the less incredible; for, you may note, that the waters are Nature's store-house, in which she locks up her wonders.

But, Sir, lest this discourse may seem tedious, I shall give it a sweet conclusion out of that holy poet, Mr. George Herbert, his divine 'Contemplation on God's Providence.'

Lord! who hath praise enough, nay, who hath any?
None can express thy works, but he that knows them;
And none can know thy works, they are so many,
And so complete, but only he that owes them.

We all acknowledge both thy power and love
To be exact, transcendent, and divine;
Who dost so strangely and so sweetly move,
Whilst all things have their end, yet none but thine.

Wherefore, most sacred Spirit! I here present,
For me, and all my fellows, praise to thee;
And just it is, that I should pay the rent,
Because the benefit accrues to me.

And as concerning fish, in that psalm (Psalm civ.), wherein, for height of poetry and wonders, the prophet David seems even to exceed himself, how doth he there express himself in choice metaphors, even to the amazement of a contemplative reader, concerning the sea, the rivers, and the fish therein contained! And the great naturalist Pliny says, 'That nature's great and wonderful power is more demonstrated in the sea than on the land.' And this may appear, by the numerous and various creatures inhabiting both in and about that element; as to the readers of Gesner, Rondeletius, Pliny, Ausonius, Aristotle, and others, may be demonstrated. But I will sweeten this discourse also out of a contemplation in divine Du Bartas, who says:

God quickened in the sea, and in the rivers,
So many fishes of so many features,
That in the waters we may see all creatures,
Even all that on the earth are to be found,
As if the world were in deep waters drown'd.
For seas—as well as skies—have Sun, Moon, Stars;
As well as air—Swallows, Rooks, and Stares;
As well as earth—Vines, Roses, Nettles, Melons,
Mushrooms, Pinks, Gilliflowers, and many millions
Of other plants, more rare, more strange than these,
As very fishes, living in the seas;

As also Rams, Calves, Horses, Hares, and Hogs,
Wolves, Urchins, Lions, Elephants, and Dogs;
Yea Men and Maids; and, which I most admire,
The mitred Bishop and the cowled Friar:
Of which, examples, but a few years since,
Were shewn the Norway and Polonian prince.

(Dubartas in the Fifth Day).

These seem to be wonders; but have had so many confirmations from men of learning and credit, that you need not doubt them. Nor are the number, nor the various shapes, of fishes more strange, or more fit for contemplation, than their different natures, inclinations, and actions; concerning which, I shall beg your patient ear a little longer.

The Cuttle-fish will cast a long gut out of her throat, which, like as an Angler doth his line, she sendeth forth, and pulleth in again at her pleasure, according as she sees some little fish come near to her; and the Cuttle-fish, being then hid in the gravel, lets the smaller fish nibble and bite the end of it; at which time she, by little and little, draws the smaller fish so near to her, that she may leap upon her, and then catches and devours her: and for this reason some have called this fish the Sea-angler. And there is a fish called a Hermit, that at a certain age gets into a dead fish's shell, and, like a hermit, dwells there alone, studying the wind and weather; and so turns her shell, that she makes it defend her from the injuries that they would bring upon her.

There is also a fish called by Ælian (in his 9. book of Living Creatures, Chap. xvi.) the Adonis, or Darling of the Sea; so called, because it is a loving and innocent fish, a fish that hurts nothing that hath life, and is at peace with all the numerous inhabitants of that vast watery element; and truly, I think most Anglers are so disposed to most of mankind.

And there are, also, lustful and chaste fishes; of which I shall give you examples.

And, first, what Du Bartas says of a fish called the Sargus; which, because none can express it better than he does, I shall give you in his own words, supposing it shall

not have the less credit for being verse; for he hath gathered this and other observations out of authors that have been great and industrious searchers into the secrets of nature.

> The adult'rous Sargus doth not only change
> Wives every day, in the deep streams, but, strange!
> As if the honey of sea-love delight
> Could not suffice his ranging appetite,
> Goes courting she-goats on the grassy shore,
> Horning their husbands that had horns before.

And the same author writes concerning the Cantharus, that which you shall also hear in his own words:

> But, contrary, the constant Cantharus
> Is ever constant to his faithful spouse;
> In nuptial duties, spending his chaste life;
> Never loves any but his own dear wife.

Sir, but a little longer, and I have done.

VENATOR. Sir, take what liberty you think fit, for your discourse seems to be music, and charms me to an attention.

PISCATOR. Why then, Sir, I will take a little liberty to tell, or rather to remember you what is said of Turtle-doves; first, that they silently plight their troth, and marry; and that then the survivor scorns, as the Thracian women are said to do, to outlive his or her mate; and this is taken for a truth; and if the survivor shall ever couple with another, then, not only the living, but the dead, be it either the he or the she, is denied the name and honour of a true Turtle-dove.

And to parallel this land-rarity, and teach mankind moral faithfulness, and to condemn those that talk of religion, and yet come short of the moral faith of fish and fowl, men that violate the law affirmed by St. Paul (Rom. ii. 14, 15) to be writ in their hearts, and which, he says, shall at the Last Day condemn and leave them without excuse—I pray hearken to what Du Bartas sings, for the hearing of such conjugal faithfulness will be music to all chaste ears, and therefore I pray hearken to what Du Bartas sings of the Mullet.

But for chaste love the Mullet hath no peer;
For, if the fisher hath surpris'd her pheer,
As mad with wo, to shore she followeth,
Prest to consort him, both in life and death.

(Dubartas, Fifth Day).

On the contrary, what shall I say of the House-Cock, which treads any hen; and, then, contrary to the Swan, the Partridge, and Pigeon, takes no care to hatch, to feed, or cherish his own brood, but is senseless, though they perish. And it is considerable, that the Hen (which, because she also takes any Cock, expects it not), who is sure the chickens be her own, hath by a moral impression her care and affection to her own brood more than doubled, even to such a height, that our Saviour, in expressing his love to Jerusalem (Mat. xxiii. 37), quotes her, for an example of tender affection, as his Father had done Job, for a pattern of patience.

And to parallel this Cock, there be divers fishes that cast their spawn on flags or stones, and then leave it uncovered, and exposed to become a prey and be devoured by vermin or other fishes. But other fishes, as namely the Barbel, take such care for the preservation of their seed, that, unlike to the Cock, or the Cuckoo, they mutually labour, both the spawner and the melter, to cover their spawn with sand, or watch it, or hide it in some secret place, unfrequented by vermin or by any fish but themselves.

Sir, these examples may, to you and others, seem strange; but they are testified, some by Aristotle, some by Pliny, some by Gesner, and by many others of credit; and are believed and known by divers, both of wisdom and experience, to be a truth; and indeed are, as I said at the beginning, fit for the contemplation of a most serious and a most pious man. And, doubtless, this made the prophet David say, 'They that occupy themselves in deep waters, see the wonderful works of God': indeed such wonders, and pleasures too, as the land affords not.

And that they be fit for the contemplation of the most prudent, and pious, and peaceable men, seems to be testified by the practice of so many devout and contemplative men,

as the Patriarchs and Prophets of old; and of the Apostles of our Saviour in our latter times, of which twelve, we are sure, he chose four that were simple fishermen, whom he inspired, and sent to publish his blessed will to the Gentiles; and inspired them also with a power to speak all languages, and by their powerful eloquence to beget faith in the unbelieving Jews; and themselves to suffer for that Saviour, whom their forefathers and they had crucified; and, in their sufferings, to preach freedom from the incumbrances of the law, and a new way to everlasting life: this was the employment of these happy fishermen. Concerning which choice, some have made these observations:

First, that he never reproved these, for their employment or calling, as he did the Scribes and the Money-changers. And secondly, he found that the hearts of such men, by nature, were fitted for contemplation and quietness; men of mild, and sweet, and peaceable spirits, as indeed most Anglers are: these men our blessed Saviour, who is observed to love to plant grace in good natures, though indeed nothing be too hard for him, yet these men he chose to call from their irreprovable employment of fishing, and gave them grace to be his disciples, and to follow him, and do wonders; I say four of twelve.

And it is observable, that it was our Saviour's will that these, our four fishermen, should have a priority of nomination in the catalogue of his twelve Apostles (Mat. x.), as namely, first St. Peter, St. Andrew, St. James, and St. John; and, then, the rest in their order.

And it is yet more observable, that when our blessed Saviour went up into the mount, when he left the rest of his disciples, and chose only three to bear him company at his Transfiguration, that those three were all fishermen. And it is to be believed, that all the other Apostles, after they betook themselves to follow Christ, betook themselves to be fishermen too; for it is certain, that the greater number of them were found together, fishing, by [illegible]s after his resurrection, as it is recorded in the twenty-first chapter of St. John's gospel.

And since I have your promise to hear me with patience,

I will take a liberty to look back upon an observation that hath been made by an ingenuous and learned man; who observes, that God hath been pleased to allow those whom he himself hath appointed to write his holy will in holy writ, yet to express his will in such metaphors as their former affections or practice had inclined them to. And he brings Solomon for an example, who, before his conversion, was remarkably carnally amorous; and after, by God's appointment, wrote that spiritual dialogue, or holy amorous love-song the Canticles, betwixt God and his church: in which he says, 'his beloved had eyes like the fish-pools of Heshbon.'

And if this hold in reason, as I see none to the contrary, then it may be probably concluded, that Moses, who I told you before writ the book of Job, and the prophet Amos, who was a shepherd, were both Anglers; for you shall, in all the Old Testament, find fish-hooks, I think but twice mentioned, namely, by meek Moses the friend of God, and by the humble prophet Amos.

Concerning which last, namely the prophet Amos, I shall make but this observation, that he that shall read the humble, lowly, plain style of that prophet, and compare it with the high, glorious, eloquent style of the prophet Isaiah, though they be both equally true, may easily believe Amos to be, not only a shepherd, but a good-natured plain fisherman. Which I do the rather believe, by comparing the affectionate, loving, lowly, humble Epistles of St. Peter, St. James, and St. John, who, we know, were all fishers, with the glorious language and high metaphors of St. Paul, who, we may believe, was not.

And for the lawfulness of fishing: it may very well be maintained by our Saviour's bidding St. Peter cast his hook into the water and catch a fish, for money to pay tribute to Caesar. And let me tell you, that Angling is of high esteem, and of much use in other nations. He that reads the Voyages of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, shall find that there he declares to have found a king and several priests a-fishing. And he that reads Plutarch, shall find, that Angling was not contemptible in the days of Mark Antony

and Cleopatra, and that they, in the midst of their wonderful glory, used Angling as a principal recreation. And let me tell you, that in the Scripture, Angling is always taken in the best sense; and that though hunting may be sometimes so taken, yet it is but seldom to be so understood. And let me add this more: he that views the ancient Ecclesiastical Canons, shall find hunting to be forbidden to Churchmen, as being a turbulent, toilsome, perplexing recreation; and shall find Angling allowed to clergymen, as being a harmless recreation, a recreation that invites them to contemplation and quietness.

I might here enlarge myself, by telling you what commendations our learned Perkins bestows on Angling: and how dear a lover, and great a practiser of it our learned Dr. Whitaker was; as indeed many others of great learning have been. But I will content myself with two memorable men, that lived near to our own time, whom I also take to have been ornaments to the art of Angling.

The first is Dr. Nowel, sometime[1] dean of the cathedral church of St. Paul, in London, where his monument stands yet undefaced; a man that, in the reformation of Queen Elizabeth, not that of Henry VIII., was so noted for his meek spirit, deep learning, prudence, and piety, that the then Parliament and Convocation, both, chose, enjoined, and trusted him to be the man to make a Catechism for public use, such a one as should stand as a rule for faith and manners to their posterity. And the good old man, though he was very learned, yet knowing that God leads us not to heaven by many, nor by hard questions, like an honest Angler, made that good, plain, unperplexed Catechism which is printed with our good old Service-book. I say, this good man was a dear lover and constant practiser of Angling, as any age can produce: and his custom was to spend besides his fixed hours of prayer, those hours which, by command of the church, were enjoined the clergy, and voluntarily dedicated to devotion by many primitive Christians, I say, besides those hours, this good man was observed to spend a tenth part of his

[1] 1550 [1560].

time in Angling; and, also, for I have conversed with those which have conversed with him, to bestow a tenth part of his revenue, and usually all his fish, amongst the poor that inhabited near to those rivers in which it was caught; saying often, 'that charity gave life to religion': and, at his return to his house, would praise God he had spent that day free from worldly trouble; both harmlessly, and in a recreation that became a churchman. And this good man was well content, if not desirous, that posterity should know he was an Angler; as may appear by his picture, now to be seen, and carefully kept, in Brazen-nose College, to which he was a liberal benefactor. In which picture he is drawn, leaning on a desk, with his Bible before him; and on one hand of him, his lines, hooks, and other tackling, lying in a round; and, on his other hand, are his Angle-rods of several sorts; and by them this is written, 'that he died 13 Feb. 1601, being aged ninety-five years, forty-four of which he had been Dean of St. Paul's church; and that his age neither impaired his hearing, nor dimmed his eyes, nor weakened his memory, nor made any of the faculties of his mind weak or useless.' It is said that Angling and temperance were great causes of these blessings; and I wish the like to all that imitate him, and love the memory of so good a man.

My next and last example shall be that undervaluer of money, the late provost of Eton College, Sir Henry Wotton, a man with whom I have often fished and conversed, a man whose foreign employments in the service of this nation, and whose experience, learning, wit, and cheerfulness, made his company to be esteemed one of the delights of mankind. This man, whose very approbation of Angling were sufficient to convince any modest censurer of it, this man was also a most dear lover, and a frequent practiser of the art of Angling; of which he would say, 'it was an employment for his idle time, which was then not idly spent'; for Angling was, after tedious study, 'a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of

passions, a procurer of contentedness; and that it begat habits of peace and patience in those that professed and practised it.' Indeed, my friend, you will find Angling to be like the virtue of humility, which has a calmness of spirit, and a world of other blessings attending upon it.

Sir, this was the saying of that learned man. And I do easily believe, that peace, and patience, and a calm content, did cohabit in the cheerful heart of Sir Henry Wotton, because I know that when he was beyond seventy years of age, he made this description of a part of the present pleasure that possessed him, as he sat quietly, in a summer's evening, on a bank a-fishing. It is a description of the spring; which, because it glided as soft and sweetly from his pen, as that river does at this time, by which it was then made, I shall repeat it unto you:

This day dame Nature seem'd in love;
The lusty sap began to move;
Fresh juice did stir th' embracing vines;
And birds had drawn their valentines.

The jealous trout, that low did lie,
Rose at a well-dissembled fly;
There stood my Friend, with patient skill,
Attending of his trembling quill.

Already were the eaves possest
With the swift pilgrim's daubed nest;
The groves already did rejoice,
In Philomel's triumphing voice:

The showers were short, the weather mild,
The morning fresh, the evening smil'd.
Joan takes her neat-rubb'd pail, and now,
She trips to milk the sand-red cow;

Where, for some sturdy foot-ball swain,
Joan strokes a syllabub or twain.
The fields and gardens were beset
With tulips, crocus, violet;

And now, though late, the modest rose
Did more than half a blush disclose.
Thus all looks gay, and full of cheer,
To welcome the new-livery'd year.

These were the thoughts that then possessed the undisturbed mind of Sir Henry Wotton. Will you hear the wish of another Angler, and the commendation of his happy life, which he also sings in verse: viz. Jo. Davors, Esq.?

Let me live harmlessly, and near the brink
  Of Trent or Avon have a dwelling-place;
Where I may see my quill, or cork, down sink
  With eager bite of Perch, or Bleak, or Dace;
And on the world and my Creator think:
  Whilst some men strive ill-gotten goods t' embrace;
And others spend their time in base excess
Of wine, or worse, in war and wantonness.

Let them that list, these pastimes still pursue,
  And on such pleasing fancies feed their fill;
So I the fields and meadows green may view,
  And daily by fresh rivers walk at will,
Among the daisies and the violets blue,
  Red hyacinth, and yellow daffodil,
Purple Narcissus like the morning rays,
Pale gander-grass, and azure culver-keys.

I count it higher pleasure to behold
  The stately compass of the lofty sky;
And in the midst thereof, like burning gold,
  The flaming chariot of the world's great eye:
The watery clouds that in the air up-roll'd
  With sundry kinds of painted colours fly;
And fair Aurora, lifting up her head,
Still blushing, rise from old Tithonus' bed.

The hills and mountains raised from the plains,
  The plains extended level with the ground,
The grounds divided into sundry veins,
  The veins enclos'd with rivers running round;
These rivers making way through nature's chains,
  With headlong course, into the sea profound;
The raging sea, beneath the vallies low,
Where lakes, and rills, and rivulets do flow:

The lofty woods, the forests wide and long,
  Adorned with leaves and branches fresh and green,
In whose cool bowers the birds with many a song,
  Do welcome with their quire the Summer's Queen;
The meadows fair, with Flora's gifts, among
  Are intermixt, with verdant grass between;
The silver-scaled fish that softly swim
Within the sweet-brook's crystal, watery stream.

All these, and many more of his creation
  That made the heavens, the Angler oft doth see;
Taking therein no little delectation,
  To think how strange, how wonderful they be:
Framing thereof an inward contemplation
  To set his heart from other fancies free;
And whilst he looks on these with joyful eye,
His mind is rapt above the starry sky.

Sir, I am glad my memory has not lost these last verses, because they are somewhat more pleasant and more suitable to May-day than my harsh discourse. And I am glad your patience hath held out so long as to hear them and me, for both together have brought us within the sight of the Thatched House. And I must be your debtor, if you think it worth your attention, for the rest of my promised discourse, till some other opportunity, and a like time of leisure.

VENATOR. Sir, you have angled me on with much pleasure to the Thatched House; and I now find your words true, 'that good company makes the way seem short'; for trust me, Sir, I thought we had wanted three miles of this house, till you showed it to me. But now we are at it, we'll turn into it, and refresh ourselves with a cup of drink, and a little rest.

PISCATOR. Most gladly, Sir, and we'll drink a civil cup to all the Otter-hunters that are to meet you to-morrow.

VENATOR. That we will, Sir, and to all the lovers of Angling too, of which number I am now willing to be one myself; for, by the help of your good discourse and company, I have put on new thoughts, both of the art of angling and of all that profess it; and if you will but meet me to-morrow at the time and place appointed, and bestow one day with me and my friends, in hunting the Otter, I will dedicate the next two days to wait upon you; and we two will, for that time, do nothing but angle, and talk of fish and fishing.

PISCATOR. It is a match, Sir. I'll not fail you, God willing, to be at Amwell Hill to-morrow morning before sun-rising.

[*THE SECOND DAY*]

CHAPTER II

Observations of the Otter and Chub

VENATOR. My friend Piscator, you have kept time with my thoughts; for the sun is just rising, and I myself just now come to this place, and the dogs have just now put down an Otter. Look down at the bottom of the hill there, in that meadow, chequered with water-lilies and lady-smocks, there you may see what work they make; look! look! you may see all busy; men and dogs, dogs and men, all busy.

PISCATOR. Sir, I am right glad to meet you, and glad to have so fair an entrance into this day's sport, and glad to see so many dogs, and more men, all in pursuit of the Otter. Let's compliment no longer, but join unto them. Come, honest Venator, let's be gone, let us make haste; I long to be doing; no reasonable hedge or ditch shall hold me.

VENATOR. Gentleman Huntsman, where found you this Otter?

HUNTSMAN. Marry, Sir, we found her a mile from this place a-fishing. She has this morning eaten the greatest part of this Trout; she has only left thus much of it as you see, and was fishing for more; when we came we found her just at it: but we were here very early, we were here an hour before sunrise, and have given her no rest since we came; sure she will hardly escape all these dogs and men. I am to have the skin if we kill her.

VENATOR. Why, Sir, what is the skin worth?

HUNTSMAN. It is worth ten shillings to make gloves; the gloves of an Otter are the best fortification for your hands that can be thought on against wet weather.

PISCATOR. I pray, honest Huntsman, let me ask you a pleasant question: do you hunt a beast or a fish?

HUNTSMAN. Sir, it is not in my power to resolve you; I leave it to be resolved by the college of Carthusians, who have made vows never to eat flesh. But, I have heard, the question hath been debated among many great clerks, and they seem to differ about it; yet most agree that her tail is fish: and if her body be fish too, then I may say that a fish will walk upon land: for an Otter does so, sometimes five or six or ten miles in a night, to catch for her young ones, or to glut herself with fish. And I can tell you that Pigeons will fly forty miles for a breakfast: but, Sir, I am sure the Otter devours much fish, and kills and spoils much more than he eats. And I can tell you, that this dog-fisher, for so the Latins call him, can smell a fish in the water a hundred yards from him—Gesner says much farther—and that his stones are good against the falling sickness; and that there is an herb, Benione, which, being hung in a linen cloth near a fish-pond, or any haunt that he uses, makes him to avoid the place; which proves he smells both by water and land. And, I can tell you, there is brave hunting this water-dog in Cornwall; where there have been so many, that our learned Camden says there is a river called Ottersey, which was so named by reason of the abundance of Otters that bred and fed in it.

And thus much for my knowledge of the Otter; which you may now see above water at vent, and the dogs close with him; I now see he will not last long. Follow, therefore, my masters, follow; for Sweetlips was like to have him at this last vent.

VENATOR. Oh me! all the horse are got over the river, what shall we do now? shall we follow them over the water?

HUNTSMAN. No, Sir, no; be not so eager; stay a little, and follow me; for both they and the dogs will be suddenly on this side again, I warrant you, and the Otter too, it may be. Now have at him with Kilbuck, for he vents again.

VENATOR. Marry! so he does; for, look! he vents in that corner. Now, now, Ringwood has him: now, he is gone again, and has bit the poor dog. Now Sweetlips has

her; hold her, Sweetlips! now all the dogs have her; some above and some under water: but, now, now she is tired, and past losing. Come, bring her to me, Sweetlips. Look! 'tis a Bitch-otter, and she has lately whelp'd. Let's go to the place where she was put down; and, not far from it, you will find all her young ones, I dare warrant you, and kill them all too.

HUNTSMAN. Come, Gentlemen! come all! let's go to the place where we put down the Otter. Look you! hereabout it was that she kennelled; look you! here it was indeed; for here's her young ones, no less than five: come, let us kill them all.

PISCATOR. No: I pray, Sir, save me one, and I'll try if I can make her tame, as I know an ingenuous gentleman in Leicestershire, Mr. Nich. Segrave, has done; who hath not only made her tame, but to catch fish, and do many other things of much pleasure.

HUNTSMAN. Take one with all my heart; but let us kill the rest. And now let's go to an honest ale-house, where we may have a cup of good barley wine, and sing 'Old Rose,' and all of us rejoice together.

VENATOR. Come, my friend Piscator, let me invite you along with us. I'll bear your charges this night, and you shall bear mine to-morrow; for my intention is to accompany you a day or two in fishing.

PISCATOR. Sir, your request is granted; and I shall be right glad both to exchange such a courtesy, and also to enjoy your company.

[*THE THIRD DAY*]

VENATOR. Well, now let's go to your sport of Angling.

PISCATOR. Let's be going, with all my heart. God keep you all, Gentlemen; and send you meet, this day, with another Bitch-otter, and kill her merrily, and all her young ones too.

VENATOR. Now, Piscator, where will you begin to fish?

PISCATOR. We are not yet come to a likely place; I must walk a mile further yet before I begin.

VENATOR. Well then, I pray, as we walk, tell me freely, how do you like your lodging, and mine host and the company? Is not mine host a witty man?

PISCATOR. Sir, I will tell you, presently, what I think of your host: but, first, I will tell you, I am glad these Otters were killed; and I am sorry there are no more Otter-killers; for I know that the want of Otter-killers, and the not keeping the fence-months for the preservation of fish, will, in time, prove the destruction of all rivers. And those very few that are left, that make conscience of the laws of the nation, and of keeping days of abstinence, will be forced to eat flesh, or suffer more inconveniences than are yet foreseen.

VENATOR. Why, Sir, what be those that you call the fence-months?

PISCATOR. Sir, they be principally three, namely, March, April, and May: for these be the usual months that Salmon come out of the sea to spawn in most fresh rivers. And their fry would, about a certain time, return back to the salt water, if they were not hindered by weirs and unlawful gins, which the greedy fishermen set, and so destroy them by thousands; as they would, being so taught by nature, change the fresh for salt water. He that shall view the wise Statutes made in the 13th of Edward the First, and the like in Richard the Second, may see several provisions made against the destruction of fish: and though I profess no knowledge of the law, yet I am sure the regulation of these defects might be easily mended. But I remember that a wise friend of mine did usually say, 'that which is everybody's business is nobody's business': if it were otherwise, there could not be so many nets and fish, that are under the statute size, sold daily amongst us; and of which the conservators of the waters should be ashamed.

But, above all, the taking fish in spawning-time may be said to be against nature: it is like taking the dam on the

nest when she hatches her young, a sin so against nature, that Almighty God hath in the Levitical law made a law against it.

But the poor fish have enemies enough besides such unnatural fishermen; as namely, the Otters that I spake of, the Cormorant, the Bittern, the Osprey, the Sea-gull, the Hern, the Kingfisher, the Gorara, the Puet, the Swan, Goose, Duck, and the Craber, which some call the Water-rat: against all which any honest man may make a just quarrel, but I will not; I will leave them to be quarrelled with and killed by others, for I am not of a cruel nature, I love to kill nothing but fish.

And, now, to your question concerning your host. To speak truly, he is not to me a good companion, for most of his conceits were either Scripture jests, or lascivious jests; for which I count no man witty: for the devil will help a man, that way inclined, to the first; and his own corrupt nature, which he always carries with him, to the latter. But a companion that feasts the company with wit and mirth, and leaves out the sin which is usually mixed with them, he is the man; and indeed such a companion should have his charges borne; and to such company I hope to bring you this night; for at Trout-hall, not far from this place, where I purpose to lodge to-night, there is usually an Angler that proves good company. And let me tell you, good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue. But for such discourse as we heard last night, it infects others: the very boys will learn to talk and swear, as they heard mine host, and another of the company that shall be nameless. I am sorry the other is a gentleman, for less religion will not save their soul's than a beggar's: I think more will be required at the last great day. Well! you know what example is able to do; and I know what the poet says in the like case, which is worthy to be noted by all parents and people of civility:

> many a one
> Owes to his country his religion;
> And in another, would as strongly grow,
> Had but his nurse or mother taught him so.

This is reason put into verse, and worthy the consideration of a wise man. But of this no more; for though I love civility, yet I hate severe censures. I'll to my own art; and I doubt not but at yonder tree I shall catch a Chub: and then we'll turn to an honest cleanly hostess, that I know right well; rest ourselves there; and dress it for our dinner.

VENATOR. Oh, Sir! a Chub is the worst fish that swims; I hope for a Trout to my dinner.

PISCATOR. Trust me, Sir, there is not a likely place for a Trout hereabout: and we staid so long to take our leave of your huntsmen this morning, that the sun is got so high, and shines so clear, that I will not undertake the catching of a Trout till evening. And though a Chub be, by you and many others, reckoned the worst of fish, yet you shall see I'll make it a good fish by dressing it.

VENATOR. Why, how will you dress him?

PISCATOR. I'll tell you by-and-by, when I have caught him. Look you here, Sir, do you see? but you must stand very close, there lie upon the top of the water, in this very hole twenty Chubs. I'll catch only one, and that shall be the biggest of them all: and that I will do so, I'll hold you twenty to one, and you shall see it done.

VENATOR. Ay, marry! Sir, now you talk like an artist; and I'll say you are one, when I shall see you perform what you say you can do: but I yet doubt it.

PISCATOR. You shall not doubt it long; for you shall see me do it presently. Look! the biggest of these Chubs has had some bruise upon his tail, by a Pike or some other accident; and that looks like a white spot. That very Chub I mean to put into your hands presently; sit you but down in the shade, and stay but a little while; and I'll warrant you, I'll bring him to you.

VENATOR. I'll sit down; and hope well, because you seem to be so confident.

PISCATOR. Look you, Sir, there is a trial of my skill; there he is: that very Chub, that I showed you, with the white spot on his tail. And I'll be as certain to make

him a good dish of meat as I was to catch him: I'll now lead you to an honest ale-house, where we shall find a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall. There my hostess, which I may tell you is both cleanly, and handsome, and civil, hath dressed many a one for me; and shall now dress it after my fashion, and I warrant it good meat.

VENATOR. Come, Sir, with all my heart, for I begin to be hungry, and long to be at it, and indeed to rest myself too; for though I have walked but four miles this morning, yet I begin be weary; yesterday's hunting hangs still upon me.

PISCATOR. Well, Sir, and you shall quickly be at rest, for yonder is the house I mean to bring you to.

Come, hostess, how do you? Will you first give us a cup of your best drink, and then dress this Chub, as you dressed my last, when I and my friend were here about eight or ten days ago? But you must do me one courtesy, it must be done instantly.

HOSTESS. I will do it, Mr. Piscator, and with all the speed I can.

PISCATOR. Now, Sir, has not my hostess made haste? and does not the fish look lovely?

VENATOR. Both, upon my word, Sir; and therefore let's say grace and fall to eating of it.

PISCATOR. Well, Sir, how do you like it?

VENATOR. Trust me, 'tis as good meat as I ever tasted. Now let me thank you for it, drink to you and beg a courtesy of you; but it must not be denied me.

PISCATOR. What is it, I pray, Sir? You are so modest, that methinks I may promise to grant it before it is asked.

VENATOR. Why, Sir, it is, that from henceforth you would allow me to call you Master, and that really I may be your scholar; for you are such a companion, and have so quickly caught and so excellently cooked this fish, as makes me ambitious to be your scholar.

PISCATOR. Give me your hand; from this time forward I will be your Master, and teach you as much of this art as I am able; and will, as you desire me, tell you some-

what of the nature of most of the fish that we are to angle for, and I am sure I both can and will tell you more than any common angler yet knows.

CHAPTER III

How to fish for, and to dress, the Chavender or Chub

PISCATOR. The Chub, though he eat well, thus dressed, yet as he is usually dressed, he does not. He is objected against, not only for being full of small forked bones, dispersed through all his body, but that he eats waterish, and that the flesh of him is not firm, but short and tasteless. The French esteem him so mean, as to call him *Un Villain*; nevertheless he may be so dressed as to make him very good meat; as, namely, if he be a large Chub, then dress him thus:

First, scale him, and then wash him clean, and then take out his guts; and to that end make the hole as little, and near to his gills, as you may conveniently, and especially make clean his throat from the grass and weeds that are usually in it; for if that be not very clean, it will make him to taste very sour. Having so done, put some sweet herbs into his belly; and then tie him with two or three splinters to a spit, and roast him, basted often with vinegar, or rather verjuice and butter, with good store of salt mixed with it.

Being thus dressed, you will find him a much better dish of meat than you, or most folk, even than anglers themselves, do imagine: for this dries up the fluid watery humour with which all Chubs do abound. But take this rule with you, That a Chub newly taken and newly dressed, is so much better than a Chub of a day's keeping after he is dead, that I can compare him to nothing so fitly as to cherries newly gathered from a tree, and others that have been bruised and lain a day or two in water.

But the Chub being thus used, and dressed presently, and not washed after he is gutted (for note, that lying long in water, and washing the blood out of any fish after they be gutted, abates much of their sweetness), you will find the Chub, being dressed in the blood, and quickly, to be such meat as will recompense your labour, and disabuse your opinion.

Or you may dress the Chavender or Chub thus:

When you have scaled him, and cut off his tail and fins, and washed him very clean, then chine or slit him through the middle, as a salt-fish is usually cut; then give him three or four cuts or scotches on the back with your knife, and broil him on charcoal, or wood coal, that are free from smoke; and all the time he is a-broiling, baste him with the best sweet butter, and good store of salt mixed with it. And, to this, add a little thyme cut exceedingly small, or bruised into the butter. The Cheven thus dressed hath the watery taste taken away, for which so many except against him. Thus was the Cheven dressed that you now liked so well, and commended so much. But note again, that if this Chub that you eat of had been kept till to-morrow, he had not been worth a rush. And remember, that his throat be washed very clean, I say very clean, and his body not washed after he is gutted, as indeed no fish should be.

Well, scholar, you see what pains I have taken to recover the lost credit of the poor despised Chub. And now I will give you some rules how to catch him: and I am glad to enter you into the art of fishing by catching a Chub, for there is no fish better to enter a young Angler, he is so easily caught, but then it must be this particular way:

Go to the same hole in which I caught my Chub, where, in most hot days, you will find a dozen or twenty Chevens floating near the top of the water. Get two or three grasshoppers, as you go over the meadow: and get secretly behind the tree, and stand as free from motion as is possible. Then put a grasshopper on your hook, and let your hook hang a quarter of a yard short of the water,

to which end you must rest your rod on some bough of the tree. But it is likely the Chubs will sink down towards the bottom of the water, at the first shadow of your rod; for a Chub is the fearfullest of fishes, and will do so if but a bird flies over him and makes the least shadow on the water; but they will presently rise up to the top again, and there lie soaring till some shadow affrights them again. I say, when they lie upon the top of the water, look out the best Chub (which you, setting yourself in a fit place, may very easily see), and move your rod, as softly as a snail moves, to that Chub you intend to catch; let your bait fall gently upon the water three or four inches before him, and he will infallibly take the bait. And you will be as sure to catch him; for he is one of the leather-mouthed fishes, of which a hook does scarce ever lose its hold; and therefore give him play enough before you offer to take him out of the water. Go your way presently; take my rod, and do as I bid you; and I will sit down and mend my tackling till you return back.

VENATOR. Truly, my loving master, you have offered me as fair as I could wish. I'll go and observe your directions.

Look you, master, what I have done, that which joys my heart, caught just such another Chub as yours was.

PISCATOR. Marry, and I am glad of it: I am like to have a towardly scholar of you. I now see, that with advice and practice, you will make an Angler in a short time. Have but a love to it; and I'll warrant you.

VENATOR. But master! what if I could not have found a grasshopper?

PISCATOR. Then I may tell you, that a black snail, with his belly slit, to show his white, or a piece of soft cheese, will usually do as well. Nay, sometimes a worm, or any kind of fly, as the ant-fly, the flesh-fly, or wall-fly; or the dor or beetle, which you may find under a cow-turd; or a bob, which you will find in the same place, and in time will be a bettle; it is a short white worm, like to and bigger than a gentle; or a cod-worm; or a case-worm; any of these will do very well to fish in such a manner.

And after this manner you may catch a Trout in a hot evening: when as you walk by a brook, and shall see or hear him leap at flies, then, if you get a grasshopper, put it on your hook, with your line about two yards long; standing behind a bush or tree where his hole is: and make your bait stir up and down on the top of the water. You may, if you stand close, be sure of a bite, but not sure to catch him, for he is not a leather-mouthed fish. And after this manner you may fish for him with almost any kind of live fly, but especially with a grasshopper.

VENATOR. But before you go further, I pray, good master, what mean you by a leather-mouthed fish?

PISCATOR. By a leather-mouthed fish, I mean such as have their teeth in their throat, as the Chub or Cheven: and so the Barbel, the Gudgeon, and Carp, and divers others have. And the hook being stuck into the leather, or skin, of the mouth of such fish, does very seldom or never lose its hold: but on the contrary, a Pike, a Perch, or Trout, and so some other fish, which have not their teeth in their throats, but in their mouths, which you shall observe to be very full of bones, and the skin very thin, and little of it. I say, of these fish the hook never takes so sure hold, but you often lose your fish, unless he have gorged it.

VENATOR. I thank you, good master, for this observation. But now what shall be done with my Chub or Cheven that I have caught?

PISCATOR. Marry, Sir, it shall be given away to some poor body; for I'll warrant you I'll give you a Trout for your supper: and it is a good beginning of your art to offer your first-fruits to the poor, who will both thank you and God for it, which I see by your silence you seem to consent to. And for your willingness to part with it so charitably, I will also teach more concerning Chub-fishing. You are to note, that in March and April he is usually taken with worms; in May, June, and July, he will bite at any fly, or at cherries, or at beetles with their legs and wings cut off, or at any kind of snail, or at the black bee that breeds in clay walls. And he never refuses

a grasshopper on the top of a swift stream, nor at the bottom the young humble bee that breeds in long grass, and is ordinarily found by the mower of it. In August, and in the cooler months, a yellow paste, made of the strongest cheese, and pounded in a mortar, with a little butter and saffron, so much of it as, being beaten small, will turn it to a lemon colour. And some make a paste for the winter months, at which time the Chub is accounted best (for then it is observed, that the forked bones are lost, or turned into a kind of gristle, especially if he be baked), of cheese and turpentine. He will bite also at a minnow, or penk, as a Trout will: of which I shall tell you more hereafter, and of divers other baits. But take this for a rule, that, in hot weather, he is to be fished for towards the mid-water, or near the top; and in colder weather, nearer the bottom; and if you fish for him on the top, with a beetle, or any fly, then be sure to let your line be very long, and to keep out of sight. And having told you, that his spawn is excellent meat, and that the head of a large Cheven, the throat being well washed, is the best part of him, I will say no more of this fish at the present, but wish you may catch the next you fish for.

But, lest you may judge me too nice in urging to have the Chub dressed so presently after he is taken, I will commend to your consideration how curious former times have been in the like kind.

You shall read in Seneca, his *Natural Questions* (Lib. III., cap. 17), that the ancients were so curious in the newness of their fish, that that seemed not new enough that was not put alive into the guest's hand; and he says, that to that end they did usually keep them living in glass bottles, in their dining-rooms, and they did glory much in their entertaining of friends, to have that fish taken from under their table alive that was instantly to be fed upon; and he says, they took great pleasure to see their Mullets change to several colours when they were dying. But enough of this; for I doubt I have staid too long from giving you some Observations of the Trout, and how to fish for him, which shall take up the next of my spare time.

CHAPTER IV

Observations of the Nature and Breeding of the Trout, and how to fish for him, and the Milk-Maid's Song

PISCATOR. The Trout is a fish highly valued, both in this and foreign nations. He may be justly said, as the old poet said of wine, and we English say of venison, to be a generous fish: a fish that is so like the buck, that he also has his seasons; for it is observed, that he comes in and goes out of season with the stag and buck. Gesner says, his name is of a German offspring; and says he is a fish that feeds clean and purely, in the swiftest streams, and on the hardest gravel; and that he may justly contend with all fresh water fish, as the Mullet may with all sea fish, for precedency and daintiness of taste; and that being in right season, the most dainty palates have allowed precedency to him.

And before I go farther in my discourse, let me tell you, that you are to observe, that as there be some barren does that are good in summer, so there be some barren Trouts that are good in winter; but there are not many that are so; for usually they be in their perfection in the month of May, and decline with the buck. Now you are to take notice, that in several countries, as in Germany, and in other parts, compared to ours, fish do differ much in their bigness, and shape, and other ways; and so do Trouts. It is well known that in the Lake Leman, the Lake of Geneva, there are Trouts taken of three cubits long; as is affirmed by Gesner, a writer of good credit; and Mercator says, the Trouts that are taken in the Lake of Geneva are a great part of the merchandize of that famous city. And you are further to know, that there be certain waters that breed Trouts remarkable, both for their number and smallness. I know a little brook in Kent, that breeds them to a number incredible, and you may take them twenty or forty in an hour, but none greater

than about the size of a Gudgeon. There are also, in divers rivers, especially that relate to, or be near to the sea, as Winchester, or the Thames about Windsor, a little Trout called a Samlet, or Skegger Trout, in both which places I have caught twenty or forty at a standing, that will bite as fast and as freely as Minnows: these be by some taken to be young Salmons; but in those waters they never grow to be bigger than a Herring.

There is also in Kent, near to Canterbury, a Trout called there a Fordidge Trout, a Trout that bears the name of the town where it is usually caught, that is accounted the rarest of fish; many of them near the bigness of a Salmon, but known by their different colour; and in their best season they cut very white: and none of these have been known to be caught with an angle, unless it were one that was caught by Sir George Hastings, an excellent angler, and now with God: and he hath told me, he thought that Trout bit not for hunger but wantonness; and it is the rather to be believed, because both he, then, and many others before him, have been curious to search into their bellies, what the food was by which they lived; and have found out nothing by which they might satisfy their curiosity.

Concerning which you are to take notice, that it is reported by good authors, that grasshoppers and some fish have no mouths, but are nourished and take breath by the porousness of their gills, man knows not how: and this may be believed, if we consider that when the raven hath hatched her eggs, she takes no further care, but leaves her young ones to the care of the God of nature, who is said, in the Psalms, 'to feed the young ravens that call upon him.' And they be kept alive and fed by a dew; or worms that breed in their nests; or some other ways that we mortals know not. And this may be believed of the Fordidge Trout, which, as it is said of the stork, that he knows his season, so he knows his times (I think almost his day), of coming into that river out of the sea; where he lives, and, it is like, feeds, nine months in the year, and fasts three in the river of Fordidge. And

you are to note, that those townsmen are very punctual in observing the time of beginning to fish for them; and boast much, that their river affords a Trout that exceeds all others. And just so does Sussex boast of several fish; as, namely, a Shelsey Cockle, a Chichester Lobster, an Arundel Mullet, and an Amerly Trout.

And, now, for some confirmation of the Fordidge Trout: you are to know that this Trout is thought to eat nothing in the fresh water; and it may be the better believed, because it is well known, that swallows, and bats, and wagtails, which are called half-year birds, and not seen to fly in England for six months in a year, but about Michaelmas leave us for a hotter climate, yet some of them that have been left behind their fellows, have been found, many thousands at a time, in hollow trees, or clay caves, where they have been observed to live, and sleep out the whole winter, without meat.[1] And so Albertus observes, That there is one kind of frog that hath her mouth naturally shut up about the end of August, and that she lives so all the winter: and though it be strange to some, yet it is known to too many among us to be doubted.[2]

And so much for these Fordidge Trouts, which never afford an angler sport, but either live their time of being in the fresh water, by their meat formerly gotten in the sea, not unlike the swallow or frog; or, by the virtue of the fresh water only; or, as the birds of Paradise and the cameleon are said to live, by the sun and the air.

There is also in Northumberland a Trout called a Bull-trout, of a much greater length and bigness than any in these southern parts; and there are, in many rivers that relate to the sea, Salmon-trouts, as much different from others, both in shape and in their spots, as we see sheep in some countries differ one from another in their shape and bigness, and in the fineness of the wool: and, certainly, as some pastures breed larger sheep; so do some rivers, by reason of the ground over which they run, breed larger Trouts.

[1] View Sir Francis Bacon, exper. 899.

[2] See Topsel, *Of Frogs*.

Now the next thing that I will commend to your consideration is, that the Trout is of a more sudden growth than other fish. Concerning which, you are also to take notice, that he lives not so long as the Perch, and divers other fishes do, as Sir Francis Bacon hath observed in his History of Life and Death.

And next you are to take notice, that he is not like the Crocodile, which if he lives never so long, yet always thrives till his death: but 'tis not so with the Trout; for after he is come to his full growth, he declines in his body, and keeps his bigness, or thrives only in his head till his death. And you are to know, that he will, about (especially before), the time of his spawning, get, almost miraculously, through weirs and flood-gates, against the stream; even through such high and swift places as is almost incredible. Next, that the Trout usually spawns about October or November, but in some rivers a little sooner or later; which is the more observable, because most other fish spawn in the spring or summer, when the sun hath warmed both the earth and water, and made it fit for generation. And you are to note, that he continues many months out of season; for it maybe observed of the Trout, that he is like the Buck or the Ox, that will not be fat in many months, though he go in the very same pastures that horses do, which will be fat in one month: and so you may observe, that most other fishes recover strength, and grow sooner fat and in season than the Trout doth.

And next you are to note, that till the sun gets to such a height as to warm the earth and the water, the Trout is sick, and lean, and lousy, and unwholesome; for you shall, in winter, find him to have a big head, and, then, to be lank and thin and lean; at which time many of them have sticking on them Sugs, or Trout-lice; which is a kind of a worm, in shape like a clove, or pin with a big head, and sticks close to him, and sucks his moisture; those, I think, the Trout breeds himself: and never thrives till he free himself from them, which is when warm weather comes; and, then, as he grows stronger, he gets from the dead still

water into the sharp streams and the gravel, and, there, rubs off these worms or lice; and then, as he grows stronger, so he gets him into swifter and swifter streams, and there lies at the watch for any fly or minnow that comes near to him; and he especially loves the May-fly, which is bred of the cod-worm, or cadis; and these make the Trout bold and lusty, and he is usually fatter and better meat at the end of that month than at any time of the year. Now you are to know that it is observed, that usually the best Trouts are either red or yellow; though some, as the Fordidge Trout, be white and yet good; but that is not usual: and it is a note observable, that the female Trout hath usually a less head, and a deeper body than the male Trout, and is usually the better meat. And note, that a hog back and a little head, to either Trout, Salmon or any other fish, is a sign that that fish is in season.

But yet you are to note, that as you see some willows or palm-trees bud and blossom sooner than others do, so some Trouts be, in rivers, sooner in season: and as some hollies, or oaks, are longer before they cast their leaves, so are some Trouts, in rivers, longer before they go out of season.

And you are to note, that there are several kinds of Trouts: but these several kinds are not considered but by very few men; for they go under the general name of Trouts; just as pigeons do, in most places; though it is certain, there are tame and wild pigeons; and of the tame, there be helmits and runts, and carriers and cropers, and indeed too many to name. Nay, the Royal Society have found and published lately, that there be thirty and three kinds of spiders; and yet all, for aught I know, go under that one general name of spider. And it is so with many kinds of fish, and of Trouts especially; which differ in their bigness, and shape, and spots, and colour. The great Kentish hens may be an instance, compared to other hens: and, doubtless, there is a kind of small Trout, which will never thrive to be big; that breeds very many more than others do, that be of a larger size: which you

may rather believe, if you consider that the little wren and titmouse will have twenty young ones at a time, when, usually, the noble hawk, or the musical thrassel or blackbird, exceed not four or five.

And now you shall see me try my skill to catch a Trout; and at my next walking, either this evening or to-morrow morning, I will give you direction how you yourself shall fish for him.

VENATOR. Trust me, master, I see now it is a harder matter to catch a Trout than a Chub; for I have put on patience, and followed you these two hours, and not seen a fish stir, neither at your minnow nor your worm.

PISCATOR. Well, scholar, you must endure worse luck sometime, or you will never make a good angler. But what say you now? there is a Trout now, and a good one too, if I can but hold him; and two or three turns more will tire him. Now you see he lies still, and the sleight is to land him: reach me that landing-net. So, Sir, now he is mine own: what say you now, is not this worth all my labour and your patience?

VENATOR. On my word, master, this is a gallant Trout; what shall we do with him?

PISCATOR. Marry, e'en eat him to supper: we'll go to my hostess from whence we came; she told me, as I was going out of door, that my brother Peter, a good angler and a cheerful companion, had sent word he would lodge there to-night, and bring a friend with him. My hostess has two beds, and I know you and I may have the best: we'll rejoice with my brother Peter and his friend, tell tales, or sing ballads, or make a catch, or find some harmless sport to content us, and pass away a little time without offence to God or man.

VENATOR. A match, good master, let's go to that house, for the linen looks white, and smells of lavender, and I long to lie in a pair of sheets that smell so. Let's be going, good master, for I am hungry again with fishing.

PISCATOR. Nay, stay a little, good scholar. I caught my last Trout with a worm; now I will put on a minnow,

and try a quarter of an hour about yonder trees for another; and, so, walk towards our lodging. Look you, scholar, thereabout we shall have a bite presently, or not at all. Have with you, Sir: o' my word I have hold of him. Oh! it is a great logger-headed Chub; come, hang him upon that willow twig, and let's be going. But turn out of the way a little, good scholar! toward yonder high honeysuckle hedge; there we'll sit and sing, whilst this shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives yet a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows.

Look! under that broad beech-tree I sat down, when I was last this way a-fishing; and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree near to the brow of that primrose-hill. There I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble-stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into foam; and sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs; some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun; and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possest my soul with content, that I thought, as the poet has happily exprest it,

> I was for that time lifted above earth;
> And possest joys not promis'd in my birth.

As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me; 'twas a handsome milk-maid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do; but she cast away all care, and sung like a nightingale. Her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it; it was that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow, now at least fifty years ago; and the milk-maid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh, in his younger

days. They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good; I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age. Look yonder! on my word, yonder, they both be a-milking again. I will give her the Chub, and persuade them to sing those two songs to us.

God speed you, good woman! I have been a-fishing; and am going to Bleak-Hall to my bed; and having caught more fish than will sup myself and my friend, I will bestow this upon you and your daughter, for I use to sell none.

MILK-WOMAN. Marry! God requite you, Sir, and we'll eat it cheerfully. And if you come this way a-fishing two months hence, a grace of God! I'll give you a syllabub of new verjuice, in a new-made haycock, for it. And my Maudlin shall sing you one of her best ballads; for she and I both love all anglers, they be such honest, civil, quiet men. In the meantime will you drink a draught of red cow's milk? you shall have it freely.

PISCATOR. No, I thank you; but, I pray, do us a courtesy that shall stand you and your daughter in nothing, and yet we will think ourselves still something in your debt: it is but to sing us a song that was sung by your daughter when I last passed over this meadow, about eight or nine days since.

MILK-WOMAN. What song was it, I pray? Was it, 'Come, Shepherds, deck your herds'? or, 'As at noon Dulcina rested'? or, 'Phillida flouts me'? or, 'Chevy Chace'? or, 'Johnny Armstrong'? or, 'Troy Town'?

PISCATOR. No, it is none of those; it is a Song that your daughter sung the first part, and you sung the answer to it.

MILK-WOMAN. O, I know it now. I learned the first part in my golden age, when I was about the age of my poor daughter; and the latter part, which indeed fits me best now, but two or three years ago, when the cares of the world began to take hold of me: but you shall, God willing, hear them both; and sung as well as we can, for we both love anglers. Come, Maudlin, sing

the first part to the gentlemen, with a merry heart; and I'll sing the second when you have done.

THE MILKMAID'S SONG

Come, live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That valleys, groves, or hills, or fields,
Or woods, and steepy mountains yields;

Where we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed our flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses;
And, then, a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs.
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come, live with me, and be my love.

Thy silver dishes, for thy meat,
As precious as the Gods do eat,
Shall, on an ivory table, be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning.
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

VENATOR. Trust me, master, it is a choice song, and sweetly sung by honest Maudlin. I now see it was not without cause that our good Queen Elizabeth did so often wish herself a milk-maid all the month of May, because they are not troubled with fears and cares, but sing sweetly all the day, and sleep securely all the night:

and without doubt, honest, innocent, pretty Maudlin does so. I'll bestow Sir Thomas Overbury's milk-maid's wish upon her, 'that she may die in the Spring; and, being dead, may have good store of flowers stuck round about her winding-sheet.'

THE MILK-MAID'S MOTHER'S ANSWER

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold;
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold;
Then Philomel becometh dumb;
And age complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields.
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten;
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

What should we talk of dainties, then,
Of better meat than's fit for men?
These are but vain: that's only good
Which God hath blessed, and sent for food.

But could youth last, and love still breed;
Had joys no date, nor age no need;
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

MOTHER. Well! I have done my song. But stay honest anglers; for I will make Maudlin sing you one short song more. Maudlin! sing that song that you

sung last night, when young Coridon the shepherd played so purely on his oaten pipe to you and your cousin Betty.

MAUDLIN. I will, mother.

I married à wife of late,
The more's my unhappy fate:
I married her for love,
As my fancy did me move,
And not for a worldly estate:
But oh! the green sickness
Soon changed her likeness;
And all her beauty did fail.
But 'tis not so
With those that go
Thro' frost and snow,
As all men know,
And carry the milking-pail.

PISCATOR. Well sung, good woman; I thank you. I'll give you another dish of fish one of these days; and then beg another song of you. Come, scholar! let Maudlin alone: do not you offer to spoil her voice. Look! yonder comes mine hostess, to call us to supper. How now! is my brother Peter come?

HOSTESS. Yes, and a friend with him. They are both glad to hear that you are in these parts; and long to see you; and long to be at supper, for they be very hungry.

CHAPTER V

More Directions how to fish for, and how to make for the Trout an Artificial Minnow and Flies, with some Merriment

PISCATOR. Well met, brother Peter! I heard you and a friend would lodge here to-night; and that hath made me to bring my friend to lodge here too. My friend is one that would fain be a brother of the angle: he hath been an angler but this day; and I have taught him how to catch

a Chub, by dapping with a grasshopper; and the Chub he caught was a lusty one of nineteen inches long. But pray, brother Peter, who is your companion?

PETER. Brother Piscator, my friend is an honest countryman, and his name is Coridon; and he is a downright witty companion, that met me here purposely to be pleasant and eat a Trout; and I have not yet wetted my line since we met together; but I hope to fit him with a Trout for his breakfast; for I'll be early up.

PISCATOR. Nay, brother, you shall not stay so long; for, look you! here is a Trout will fill six reasonable bellies.

Come, hostess, dress it presently; and get us what other meat the house will afford; and give us some of your best barley-wine, the good liquor that our honest forefathers did use to drink of; the drink which preserved their health, and made them live so long, and to do so many good deeds.

PETER. O' my word, this Trout is perfect in season. Come, I thank you, and here is a hearty draught to you, and to all the brothers of the angle wheresoever they be, and to my young brother's good fortune to-morrow. I will furnish him with a rod, if you will furnish him with the rest of the tackling: we will set him up, and make him a fisher. And I will tell him one thing for his encouragement, that his fortune hath made him happy to be scholar to such a master; a master that knows as much, both of the nature and breeding of fish, as any man; and can also tell him as well how to catch and cook them, from the Minnow to the Salmon, as any that I ever met withal.

PISCATOR. Trust me, brother Peter, I find my scholar to be so suitable to my own humour, which is to be free and pleasant and civilly merry, that my resolution is to hide nothing that I know from him. Believe me, scholar, this is my resolution; and so here's to you a hearty draught, and to all that love us and the honest art of Angling.

VENATOR. Trust me, good master, you shall not sow

your seed in barren ground; for I hope to return you an increase answerable to your hopes: but, however, you shall find me obedient, and thankful, and serviceable to my best ability.

PISCATOR. 'Tis enough, honest scholar! come, let's to supper. Come, my friend Coridon, this Trout looks lovely; it was twenty-two inches when it was taken; and the belly of it looked, some part of it, as yellow as a marigold, and part of it as white as a lily; and yet, methinks, it looks better in this good sauce.

CORIDON. Indeed, honest friend, it looks well, and tastes well: I thank you for it, and so doth my friend Peter, or else he is to blame.

PETER. Yes, and so I do: we all thank you: and when we have supped, I will get my friend Coridon to sing you a song for requital.

CORIDON. I will sing a song, if anybody will sing another, else, to be plain with you, I will sing none. I am none of those that sing for meat, but for company: I say,

> 'Tis merry in hall,
> When men sing all.'

PISCATOR. I'll promise you I'll sing a song that was lately made, at my request, by Mr. William Basse; one that hath made the choice songs of the 'Hunter in his Career,' and of 'Tom of Bedlam,' and many others of note; and this, that I will sing, is in praise of Angling.

CORIDON. And then mine shall be the praise of a Countryman's life. What will the rest sing of?

PETER. I will promise you, I will sing another song in praise of Angling to-morrow night; for we will not part till then; but fish to-morrow, and sup together: and the next day every man leave fishing, and fall to his business.

VENATOR. 'Tis a match; and I will provide you a song or a catch against then, too, which shall give some addition of mirth to the company; for we will be civil and as merry as beggars.

PISCATOR. 'Tis a match, my masters. Let's e'en say grace, and turn to the fire, drink the other cup to whet

our whistles, and so sing away all sad thoughts. Come on, my masters, who begins? I think it is best to draw cuts, and avoid contention.

PETER. It is a match. Look, the shortest cut falls to Coridon.

CORIDON. Well, then, I will begin, for I hate contention.

CORIDON'S SONG

Oh the sweet contentment
The countryman doth find!
    Heigh trolollie lollie loe,
    Heigh trolollie lee.
That quiet contemplation
Possesseth all my mind:
    Then care away,
    And wend along with me.

For Courts are full of flattery,
As hath too oft been tried;
    Heigh trolollie lollie loe, etc.
The City full of wantonness,
And both are full of pride:
    Then care away, etc.

But oh, the honest countryman
Speaks truly from his heart,
    Heigh trolollie lollie loe, etc.
His pride is in his tillage,
His horses, and his cart:
    Then care away, etc.

Our clothing is good sheep-skins,
Grey russet for our wives;
    Heigh trolollie lollie loe, etc.
'Tis warmth and not gay clothing
That doth prolong our lives:
    Then care away, etc.

The ploughman, tho' he labour hard,
Yet on the holy-day,
    Heigh trolollie lollie loe, etc.
No emperor so merrily
Does pass his time away:
    Then care away, etc.

To recompense our tillage,
The heavens afford us showers;
    Heigh trolollie lollie loe, etc.

And for our sweet refreshments
The earth affords us bowers:
Then care away, etc.

The cuckow and the nightingale
Full merrily do sing,
Heigh trolollie lollie loe, etc.
And with their pleasant roundelays
Bid welcome to the Spring:
Then care away, etc.

This is not half the happiness
The countryman enjoys;
Heigh trolollie lollie loe, etc.
Though others think they have as much,
Yet he that says so lies:
Then come away,
Turn countrymen with me.

Jo. Chalkhill.

Piscator. Well sung, Coridon, this song was sung with mettle; and it was choicely fitted to the occasion: I shall love you for it as long as I know you. I would you were a brother of the angle; for a companion that is cheerful, and free from swearing and scurrilous discourse, is worth gold. I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning; nor men, that cannot well bear it, to repent the money they spend when they be warmed with drink. And take this for a rule: you may pick out such times and such companies, that you make yourselves merrier for a little than a great deal of money; for ''Tis the company and not the charge that makes the feast'; and such a companion you prove: I thank you for it.

But I will not compliment you out of the debt that I owe you, and therefore I will begin my song, and wish it may be so well liked.

THE ANGLER'S SONG

As inward love breeds outward talk,
The hound some praise, and some the hawk,
Some, better pleas'd with private sport,
Use tennis, some a mistress court:
But these delights I neither wish,
Nor envy, while I freely fish.

Who hunts, doth oft in danger ride;
Who hawks, lures oft both far and wide;
Who uses games shall often prove
A loser; but who falls in love,
    Is fetter'd in fond Cupid's snare:
    My angle breeds me no such care.

Of recreation there is none
So free as fishing is alone;
All other pastimes do no less
Than mind and body both possess:
    My hand alone my work can do,
    So I can fish and study too.

I care not, I, to fish in seas,
Fresh rivers best my mind do please,
Whose sweet calm course I contemplate,
And seek in life to imitate:
    In civil bounds I fain would keep,
    And for my past offences weep.

And when the timorous Trout I wait
To take, and he devours my bait,
How poor a thing, sometimes I find,
Will captivate a greedy mind:
    And when none bite, I praise the wise
    Whom vain allurements ne'er surprise.

But yet, though while I fish, I fast,
I make good fortune my repast;
And thereunto my friend invite,
In whom I more than that delight:
    Who is more welcome to my dish
    Than to my angle was my fish.

As well content no prize to take,
As use of taken prize to make:
For so our Lord was pleaséd, when
He fishers made fishers of men;
    Where, which is in no other game,
    A man may fish and praise his name.

The first men that our Saviour dear
Did choose to wait upon him here,
Blest fishers were, and fish the last
Food was that he on earth did taste:
    I therefore strive to follow those
    Whom he to follow him hath chose.

W. B.

CORIDON. Well sung, brother, you have paid your debt in good coin. We anglers are all beholden to the good man that made this song. Come, hostess, give us more ale, and let's drink to him. And now let's every one go to bed, that we may rise early: but first let's pay our reckoning, for I will have nothing to hinder me in the morning; for my purpose is to prevent the sun-rising.

PETER. A match. Come, Coridon, you are to be my bed-fellow. I know, brother, you and your scholar will lie together. But where shall we meet to-morrow night? for my friend Coridon and I will go up the water towards Ware.

PISCATOR. And my scholar and I will go down towards Waltham.

CORIDON. Then let's meet here, for here are fresh sheets that smell of lavender; and I am sure we cannot expect better meat, or better usage in any place.

PETER. 'Tis a match. Good-night to everybody.

PISCATOR. And so say I.

VENATOR. And so say I.

[*THE FOURTH DAY*]

PISCATOR. Good-morrow, good hostess, I see my brother Peter is still in bed. Come, give my scholar and me a morning drink, and a bit of meat to breakfast: and be sure to get a dish of meat or two against supper, for we shall come home as hungry as hawks. Come, scholar, let's be going.

VENATOR. Well now, good master, as we walk towards the river, give me direction, according to your promise, how I shall fish for a Trout.

PISCATOR. My honest scholar, I will take this very convenient opportunity to do it.

The Trout is usually caught with a worm, or a minnow, which some call a penk, or with a fly, viz. either a natural

or an artificial fly: concerning which three, I will give you some observations and directions.

And, first, for worms. Of these there be very many sorts: some breed only in the earth, as the earth-worm; others of, or amongst plants, as the dug-worm; and others breed either out of excrements, or in the bodies of living creatures, as in the horns of sheep or deer; or some of dead flesh, as the maggot or gentle, and others.

Now these be most of them particularly good for particular fishes. But for the Trout, the dew-worm, which some also call the lob-worm, and the brandling, are the chief; and especially the first for a great Trout, and the latter for a less. There be also of lob-worms, some called squirrel-tails, a worm that has a red head, a streak down the back, and a broad tail, which are noted to be the best, because they are the toughest and most lively, and live longest in the water; for you are to know that a dead worm is but a dead bait, and like to catch nothing, compared to a lively, quick, stirring worm. And for a brandling, he is usually found in an old dung-hill, or some very rotten place near to it, but most usually in cow-dung, or hog's-dung, rather than horse-dung, which is somewhat too hot and dry for that worm. But the best of them are to be found in the bark of the tanners, which they cast up in heaps after they have used it about their leather.

There are also divers other kinds of worms, which, for colour and shape, alter even as the ground out of which they are got; as the marsh-worm, the tag-tail, the flag-worm, the dock-worm, the oak-worm, the gilt-tail, the twachel or lob-worm, which of all others is the most excellent bait for a salmon, and too many to name, even as many sorts as some think there be of several herbs or shrubs, or of several kinds of birds in the air: of which I shall say no more, but tell you, that what worms soever you fish with, are the better for being well scoured, that is, long kept before they be used: and in case you have not been so provident, then the way to cleanse and scour them quickly, is, to put them all night in water, if

they be lob-worms, and then put them into your bag with fennel. But you must not put your brandlings above an hour in water, and then put them into fennel, for sudden use: but if you have time, and purpose to keep them long, then they be best preserved in an earthen pot, with good store of moss, which is to be fresh every three or four days in summer, and every week or eight days in winter; or, at least, the moss taken from them, and clean washed, and wrung betwixt your hands till it be dry, and then put it to them again. And when your worms, especially the brandling, begins to be sick and lose of his bigness, then you may recover him, by putting a little milk or cream, about a spoonful in a day, into them, by drops on the moss; and if there be added to the cream an egg beaten and boiled in it, then it will both fatten and preserve them long. And note, that when the knot, which is near to the middle of the brandling, begins to swell, then he is sick; and, if he be not well looked to, is near dying. And for moss, you are to note, that there be divers kinds of it, which I could name to you, but I will only tell you that that which is likest a buck's-horn is the best, except it be soft white moss, which grows on some heaths, and is hard to be found. And note, that in a very dry time, when you are put to an extremity for worms, walnut-tree leaves squeezed into water, or salt in water, to make it bitter or salt, and then that water poured on the ground where you shall see worms are used to rise in the night, will make them to appear above ground presently. And you may take notice, some say that camphire put into your bag with your moss and worms gives them a strong and so tempting a smell, that the fish fare the worse and you the better for it.

And now, I shall shew you how to bait your hook with a worm so as shall prevent you from much trouble, and the loss of many a hook, too, when you fish for a Trout with a running line; that is to say, when you fish for him by hand at the ground. I will direct you in this as plainly as I can, that you may not mistake.

Suppose it be a big lob-worm: put your hook into him

somewhat above the middle, and out again a little below the middle: having so done, draw your worm above the arming of your hook; but note, that, at the entering of your hook, it must not be at the head-end of the worm, but at the tail-end of him, that the point of your hook may come out toward the head-end; and, having drawn him above the arming of your hook, then put the point of your hook again into the very head of your worm, till it come near to the place where the point of the hook first came out, and then draw back that part of the worm that was above the shank or arming of your hook, and so fish with it. And if you mean to fish with two worms, then put the second on before you turn back the hook's-head of the first worm. You cannot lose above two or three worms before you attain to what I direct you; and having attained it, you will find it very useful, and thank me for it: for you will run on the ground without tangling.

Now for the Minnow or Penk: he is not easily found and caught till March, or in April, for then he appears first in the river; nature having taught him to shelter and hide himself, in the winter, in ditches that be near to the river; and there both to hide, and keep himself warm, in the mud, or in the weeds, which rot not so soon as in a running river, in which place if he were in winter, the distempered floods that are usually in that season would suffer him to take no rest, but carry him headlong to mills and weirs, to his confusion. And of these Minnows: first, you are to know, that the biggest size is not the best; and next, that the middle size and the whitest are the best; and then you are to know, that your minnow must be so put on your hook, that it must turn round when 'tis drawn against the stream; and, that it may turn nimbly, you must put it on a big-sized hook, as I shall now direct you, which is thus: Put your hook in at his mouth, and out at his gill; then, having drawn your hook two or three inches beyond or through his gill, put it again into his mouth, and the point and beard out at his tail; and then tie the hook and his tail about, very neatly, with a white thread, which will make it the apter to turn quick

in the water; that done, pull back that part of your line which was slack when you did put your hook into the minnow the second time; I say, pull that part of your line back, so that it shall fasten the head, so that the body of the minnow shall be almost straight on your hook: this done, try how it will turn, by drawing it across the water or against the stream; and if it do not turn nimbly, then turn the tail a little to the right or left hand, and try again, till it turn quick; for if not, you are in danger to catch nothing: for know, that it is impossible that it should turn too quick. And you are yet to know, that in case you want a minnow, then a small loach, or a stickle-bag, or any other small fish that will turn quick, will serve as well. And you are yet to know that you may salt them, and by that means keep them ready and fit for use three or four days, or longer; and that, of salt, bay-salt is the best.

And here let me tell you, what many old anglers know right well, that at some times, and in some waters, a minnow is not to be got; and therefore, let me tell you, I have, which I will shew to you, an artificial minnow, that will catch a Trout as well as an artificial fly: and it was made by a handsome woman that had a fine hand, and a live minnow lying by her: the mould or body of the minnow was cloth, and wrought upon, or over it, thus, with a needle; the back of it with very sad French green silk, and paler green silk towards the belly, shadowed as perfectly as you can imagine, just as you see a minnow: the belly was wrought also with a needle, and it was, a part of it, white silk; and another part of it with silver thread: the tail and fins were of a quill, which was shaven thin: the eyes were of two little black beads: and the head was so shadowed, and all of it so curiously wrought, and so exactly dissembled, that it would beguile any sharp-sighted Trout in a swift stream. And this minnow I will now shew you; look, here it is, and, if you like it, lend it you, to have two or three made by it; for they be easily carried about an angler, and be of excellent use: for note, that a large Trout will come as fiercely at a minnow as the

highest-mettled hawk doth seize on a partridge, or a greyhound on a hare. I have been told that one hundred and sixty minnows have been found in a Trout's belly: either the Trout had devoured so many, or the miller that gave it a friend of mine had forced them down his throat after he had taken him.

Now for Flies; which is the third bait wherewith Trouts are usually taken. You are to know, that there are so many sorts of flies as there be of fruits: I will name you but some of them; as the dun-fly, the stone-fly, the red-fly, the moor-fly, the tawny-fly, the shell-fly, the cloudy or blackish-fly, the flag-fly, the vine-fly; there be of flies, caterpillars, and canker-flies, and bear-flies; and indeed too many either for me to name, or for you to remember. And their breeding is so various and wonderful, that I might easily amaze myself, and tire you in a relation of them.

And, yet, I will exercise your promised patience by saying a little of the caterpillar, or the palmer-fly or worm; that by them you may guess what a work it were, in a discourse, but to run over those very many flies, worms, and little living creatures, with which the sun and summer adorn and beautify the river-banks and meadows, both for the recreation and contemplation of us anglers; pleasures which, I think, myself enjoy more than any other man that is not of my profession.

Pliny holds an opinion, that many have their birth or being, from a dew that in the spring falls upon the leaves of trees; and that some kinds of them are from a dew left upon herbs or flowers; and others from a dew left upon coleworts or cabbages: all which kinds of dews being thickened and condensed, are by the sun's generative heat, most of them, hatched, and in three days made living creatures: and these of several shapes and colours; some being hard and tough, some smooth and soft; some are horned in their head, some in their tail, some have none; some have hair, some none: some have sixteen feet, some less, and some have none: but, as our Topsel hath with great diligence observed, those which have none, move

upon the earth, or upon broad leaves, their motion being not unlike to the waves of the sea. Some of them he also observes to be bred of the eggs of other caterpillars, and that those in their time turn to be butterflies; and again, that their eggs turn the following year to be caterpillars. And some affirm, that every plant has its particular fly or caterpillar, which it breeds and feeds. I have seen, and may therefore affirm it, a green caterpillar, or worm, as big as a small peascod, which had fourteen legs, eight on the belly, four under the neck, and two near the tail. It was found on a hedge of privet; and was taken thence, and put into a large box, and a little branch or two of privet put to it, on which I saw it feed as sharply as a dog gnaws a bone: it lived thus, five or six days, and thrived, and changed the colour two or three times, but by some neglect in the keeper of it, it then died, and did not turn to a fly: but if it had lived, it had doubtless turned to one of those flies that some call Flies of prey, which those that walk by the rivers may, in summer, see fasten on smaller flies, and, I think, make them their food. And 'tis observable, that as there be these flies of prey, which be very large; so there be others, very little, created, I think, only to feed them, and breed out of I know not what; whose life, they say, nature intended not to exceed an hour; and yet that life is thus made shorter by other flies, or accident.

'Tis endless to tell you what the curious searchers into nature's productions have observed of these worms and flies: but yet I shall tell you what Aldrovandus, our Topsel, and others, say of the Palmer-worm, or Caterpillar: that whereas others content themselves to feed on particular herbs or leaves (for most think, those very leaves that gave them life and shape, give them a particular feeding and nourishment, and that upon them they usually abide), yet he observes, that this is called a pilgrim, or palmer-worm, for his very wandering life, and various food; not contenting himself, as others do, with any one certain place for his abode, nor any certain kind of herb or flower for his feeding, but will boldly and

disorderly wander up and down, and not endure to be kept to a diet, or fixt to a particular place.

Nay, the very colours of caterpillars are, as one has observed, very elegant and beautiful. I shall, for a taste of the rest, describe one of them; which I will, some time the next month, shew you feeding on a willow tree; and you shall find him punctually to answer this very description: his lips and mouth somewhat yellow; his eyes black as jet; his forehead purple; his feet and hinder parts green; his tail two-forked and black; the whole body stained with a kind of red spots, which run along the neck and shoulder-blade, not unlike the form of St Andrew's cross, or the letter X, made thus crosswise, and a white line drawn down his back to his tail; all which add much beauty to his whole body. And it is to me observable, that at a fixed age this caterpillar gives over to eat, and towards winter comes to be covered over with a strange shell or crust, called an aurelia; and so lives a kind of dead life, without eating, all the winter. And as others of several kinds turn to be several kinds of flies and vermin, the Spring following, so this caterpillar then turns to be a painted butterfly[1].

Come, come, my scholar, you see the river stops our morning walk: and I will also here stop my discourse: only as we sit down under this honeysuckle hedge, whilst I look a line to fit the rod that our brother Peter hath lent you, I shall, for a little confirmation of what I have said, repeat the observation of Du Bartas:

God, not contented to each kind to give
And to infuse the virtue generative,
Made, by his wisdom, many creatures breed
Of lifeless bodies, without Venus' deed.

So, the cold humour breeds the Salamander,
Who, in effect, like to her birth's commander,
With child with hundred winters, with her touch
Quencheth the fire, tho' glowing ne'er so much.

[1] View Sir Francis Bacon, exper. 728 and 90 in his *Natural History*.

So of the fire, in burning furnace, springs
The fly Pyrausta with the flaming wings:
Without the fire, it dies: within it joys,
Living in that which each thing else destroys.

So, slow Boôtes underneath him sees,[1]
In th' icy islands, goslings hatch'd of trees;
Whose fruitful leaves, falling into the water,
Are turned, 'tis known, to living fowls soon after.

So, rotten planks of broken ships do change
To barnacles. O transformation strange!
'Twas first a green tree; then, a broken hull;
Lately a mushroom; now, a flying gull.

[Sixth Day of Du Bartas.]

VENATOR. O my good master, this morning walk has been spent to my great pleasure and wonder: but, I pray, when shall I have your direction how to make artificial flies, like to those that the Trout loves best; and, also, how to use them?

PISCATOR. My honest scholar, it is now past five of the clock: we will fish till nine; and then go to breakfast. Go you to yonder sycamore-tree, and hide your bottle of drink under the hollow root of it; for about that time, and in that place, we will make a brave breakfast with a piece of powdered beef, and a radish or two, that I have in my fish-bag: we shall, I warrant you, make a good, honest, wholesome hungry breakfast. And I will then give you direction for the making and using of your flies: and in the meantime, there is your rod and line; and my advice is, that you fish as you see me do, and let's try which can catch the first fish.

VENATOR. I thank you, master. I will observe and practise your direction as far as I am able.

PISCATOR. Look you, scholar; you see I have hold of a good fish: I now see it is a Trout. I pray, put that net under him; and touch not my line, for if you do, then we break all. Well done, scholar: I thank you.

Now for another. Trust me, I have another bite. Come, scholar, come lay down your rod, and help me to land this as you did the other. So now we shall be sure to have a good dish of fish for supper.

[1] View Gerard's *Herbal and Camden.*

VENATOR. I am glad of that: but I have no fortune: sure, master, yours is a better rod and better tackling.

PISCATOR. Nay, then, take mine; and I will fish with yours. Look you, scholar, I have another. Come, do as you did before. And now I have a bite at another. Oh me! he has broke all: there's half a line and a good hook lost.

VENATOR. Ay, and a good Trout too.

PISCATOR. Nay, the Trout is not lost; for pray take notice, no man can lose what he never had.

VENATOR. Master, I can neither catch with the first nor second angle: I have no fortune.

PISCATOR. Look you, scholar, I have yet another. And now, having caught three brace of Trouts, I will tell you a short tale as we walk towards our breakfast. A scholar, a preacher I should say, that was to preach to procure the approbation of a parish that he might be their lecturer, had got from his fellow-pupil the copy of a sermon that was first preached with great commendation by him that composed it: and though the borrower of it preached it, word for word, as it was at first, yet it was utterly disliked as it was preached by the second to his congregation, which the sermon-borrower complained of to the lender of it: and was thus answered: 'I lent you, indeed, my fiddle, but not my fiddle-stick; for you are to know, that every one cannot make musick with my words, which are fitted for my own mouth.' And so, my scholar, you are to know, that as the ill pronunciation or ill accenting of words in a sermon spoils it, so the ill carriage of your line, or not fishing even to a foot in a right place, makes you lose your labour: and you are to know, that though you have my fiddle, that is, my very rod and tacklings with which you see I catch fish, yet you have not my fiddle-stick, that is, you yet have not skill to know how to carry your hand and line, nor how to guide it to a right place: and this must be taught you; for you are to remember, I told you Angling is an art, either by practice or a long observation, or both. But take this for a rule, When you fish for a Trout with a worm, let your line

have so much, and not more lead than will fit the stream in which you fish; that is to say, more in a great troublesome stream than in a smaller that is quieter; as near as may be, so much as will sink the bait to the bottom, and keep it still in motion, and not more.

But now, let's say grace, and fall to breakfast. What say you, scholar, to the providence of an old angler? Does not this meat taste well? and was not this place well chosen to eat it? for this sycamore-tree will shade us from the sun's heat.

VENATOR. All excellent good; and my stomach excellent good, too. And I now remember, and find that true which devout Lessius says, 'that poor men, and those that fast often, have much more pleasure in eating than rich men, and gluttons, that always feed before their stomachs are empty of their last meat and call for more; for by that means they rob themselves of that pleasure that hunger brings to poor men.' And I do seriously approve of that saying of yours, 'that you had rather be a civil, well-governed, well-grounded, temperate, poor angler, than a drunken lord': but I hope there is none such. However, I am certain of this, that I have been at many very costly dinners that have not afforded me half the content that this has done; for which I thank God and you.

And now, good master, proceed to your promised direction for making and ordering my artificial fly.

PISCATOR. My honest scholar, I will do it; for it is a debt due unto you by my promise. And because you shall not think yourself more engaged to me than indeed you really are, I will freely give you such directions as were lately given to me by an ingenuous brother of the angle, an honest man, and a most excellent fly-fisher.

You are to note, that there are twelve kinds of artificial made Flies, to angle with upon the top of the water. Note, by the way, that the fittest season of using these is in a blustering windy day, when the waters are so troubled that the natural fly cannot be seen, or rest

upon them. The first is the dun-fly, in March: the body is made of dun wool; the wings, of the partridge's feathers. The second is another dun-fly: the body, of black wool; and the wings made of the black drake's feathers, and of the feathers under his tail. The third is the stone-fly, in April: the body is made of black wool; made yellow under the wings and under the tail, and so made with wings of the drake. The fourth is the ruddy-fly, in the beginning of May: the body made of red wool, wrapt about with black silk; and the feathers are the wings of the drake; with the feathers of a red capon also, which hang dangling on his sides next to the tail. The fifth is the yellow or greenish fly, in May likewise: the body made of yellow wool; and the wings made of the red cock's hackle or tail. The sixth is the black-fly, in May also: the body made of black wool, and lapt about with the herle of a peacock's tail: the wings are made of the wings of a brown capon, with his blue feathers in his head. The seventh is the sad yellow-fly in June: the body is made of black wool, with a yellow list on either side; and the wings taken off the wings of a buzzard, bound with black braked hemp. The eighth is the moorish-fly; made, with the body, of duskish wool; and the wings made of the blackish mail of the drake. The ninth is the tawny-fly, good until the middle of June: the body made of tawny wool; the wings made contrary one against the other, made of the whitish mail of the wild drake. The tenth is the wasp-fly in July; the body made of black wool, lapt about with yellow silk; the wings made of the feathers of the drake, or of the buzzard. The eleventh is the shell-fly, good in mid-July; the body made of greenish wool, lapt about with the herle of a peacock's tail; and the wings made of the wings of the buzzard. The twelfth is the dark drake-fly, good in August: the body made with black wool, lapt about with black silk; his wings are made with the mail of the black drake, with a black head. Thus have you a jury of flies, likely to betray and condemn all the Trouts in the river.

I shall next give you some other directions for fly-

fishing, such as are given by Mr. Thomas Barker, a gentleman that hath spent much time in fishing: but I shall do it with a little variation.

First, let your rod be light, and very gentle: I take the best to be of two pieces. And let not your line exceed, especially for three or four links next to the hook, I say, not exceed three or four hairs at the most, though you may fish a little stronger above, in the upper part of your line: but if you can attain to angle with one hair, you shall have more rises, and catch more fish. Now you must be sure not to cumber yourself with too long a line, as most do. And before you begin to angle, cast to have the wind on your back; and the sun, if it shines, to be before you; and to fish down the stream; and carry the point or top of your rod downward, by which means the shadow of yourself, and rod too, will be the least offensive to the fish; for the sight of any shade amazes the fish, and spoils your sport, of which you must take great care.

In the middle of March, till which time a man should not in honesty catch a Trout; or in April, if the weather be dark, or a little windy or cloudy; the best fishing is with the palmer-worm, of which I last spoke to you; but of these there be divers kinds, or at least of divers colours: these and the May-fly are the ground of all fly-angling: which are to be thus made:

First, you must arm your hook with the line, in the inside of it: then take your scissors, and cut so much of a brown mallard's feather as, in your own reason, will make the wings of it, you having, withal, regard to the bigness or littleness of your hook; then lay the outmost part of your feather next to your hook; then the point of your feather next the shank of your hook, and, having so done, whip it three or four times about the hook with the same silk with which your hook was armed; and having made the silk fast, take the hackle of a cock or capon's neck, or a plover's top, which is usually better: take off the one side of the feather, and then take the hackle, silk or crewel, gold or silver thread; make these fast at the

bent of the hook, that is to say, below your arming; then you must take the hackle, the silver or gold thread, and work it up to the wings, shifting or still removing your finger as you turn the silk about the hook, and still looking, at every stop or turn, that your gold, or what materials soever you make your fly of, do lie right and neatly; and if you find they do so, then when you have made the head, make all fast; and then work your hackle up to the head, and make that fast: and then, with a needle, or pin, divide the wing into two; and then, with the arming silk, whip it about cross-ways betwixt the wings: and then with your thumb you must turn the point of the feather towards the bent of the hook; and then work three or four times about the shank of the hook; and then view the proportion; and if all be neat, and to your liking, fasten.

I confess, no direction can be given to make a man of a dull capacity able to make a fly well: and yet I know this, with a little practice, will help an ingenious angler in a good degree. But to see a fly made by an artist in that kind, is the best teaching to make it. And, then, an ingenious angler may walk by the river, and mark what flies fall on the water that day; and catch one of them, if he sees the Trouts leap at a fly of that kind: and then having always hooks ready-hung with him, and having a bag always with him, with bear's hair, or the hair of a brown or sad-coloured heifer, hackles of a cock or capon, several coloured silk and crewel to make the body of the fly, the feathers of a drake's head, black or brown sheep's wool, or hog's wool, or hair, thread of gold and of silver; silk of several colours, especially sad-coloured, to make the fly's head: and there be also other coloured feathers, both of little birds and of speckled fowl: I say, having those with him in a bag, and trying to make a fly, though he miss at first, yet shall he at last hit it better, even to such a perfection as none can well teach him. And if he hit to make his fly right, and have the luck to hit, also, where there is store of Trouts, a dark day, and a right wind, he will catch such store of them, as will encourage him to grow more and more in love with the art of fly-making.

VENATOR. But, my loving master, if any wind will not serve, then I wish I were in Lapland, to buy a good wind of one of the honest witches, that sell so many winds there, and so cheap.

PISCATOR. Marry, scholar, but I would not be there, nor indeed from under this tree; for look how it begins to rain, and by the clouds, if I mistake not, we shall presently have a smoking shower, and therefore sit close; this sycamore-tree will shelter us: and I will tell you, as they shall come into my mind, more observations of fly-fishing for a Trout.

But first for the wind: you are to take notice that of the winds the south wind is said to be best. One observes, that

> when the wind is south,
> It blows your bait into a fish's mouth.

Next to that, the west wind is believed to be the best: and having told you that the east wind is the worst, I need not tell you which wind is the best in the third degree: and yet, as Solomon observes, that 'he that considers the wind shall never sow'; so he that busies his head too much about them, if the weather be not made extreme cold by an east wind, shall be a little superstitious: for as it is observed by some, that 'there is no good horse of a bad colour'; so I have observed, that if it be a cloudy day, and not extreme cold, let the wind sit in what corner it will and do its worst, I heed it not. And yet take this for a rule, that I would willingly fish, standing on the lee-shore: and you are to take notice, that the fish lies or swims nearer the bottom, and in deeper water, in winter than in summer; and also nearer the bottom in any cold day, and then gets nearest the lee-side of the water.

But I promised to tell you more of the Fly-fishing for a Trout; which I may have time enough to do, for you see it rains May-butter. First for a May-fly: you may make his body with greenish-coloured crewel, or willowish colour; darkening it in most places with waxed silk; or ribbed with black hair; or, some of them, ribbed with

silver thread; and such wings, for the colour, as you see the fly to have at that season, nay, at that very day on the water. Or you may make the Oak-fly: with an orange, tawny, and black ground; and the brown of a mallard's feather for the wings. And you are to know, that these two are most excellent flies, that is, the May-fly and the Oak-fly.

And let me again tell you, that you keep as far from the water as you can possibly, whether you fish with a fly or worm; and fish down the stream. And when you fish with a fly, if it be possible, let no part of your line touch the water, but your fly only; and be still moving your fly upon the water, or casting it into the water, you yourself being also always moving down the stream.

Mr. Barker commends several sorts of the Palmer-flies; not only those ribbed with silver and gold, but others that have their bodies all made of black; or some with red, and a red hackle. You may also make the Hawthorn-fly: which is all black, and not big, but very small, the smaller the better. Or the oak-fly, the body of which is orange colour and black crewel, with a brown wing. Or a fly made with a peacock's feather is excellent in a bright day: you must be sure you want not in your magazine-bag the peacock's feather; and grounds of such wool and crewel as will make the grasshopper. And note, that usually the smallest flies are the best; and note also, that the light fly does usually make most sport in a dark day, and the darkest and least fly in a bright or clear day: and lastly note, that you are to repair upon any occasion to your magazine-bag: and upon any occasion, vary and make them lighter or sadder, according to your fancy, or the day.

And now I shall tell you, that the fishing with a natural-fly is excellent, and affords much pleasure. They may be found thus: the May-fly, usually in and about that month, near to the river-side, especially against rain: the Oak-fly, on the butt or body of an oak or ash, from the beginning of May to the end of August; it is a

brownish fly and easy to be so found, and stands usually with his head downward, that is to say, towards the root of the tree: the small black-fly, or Hawthorn-fly, is to be had on any hawthorn bush after the leaves be come forth. With these and a short line, as I shewed to angle for a Chub, you may dape or dop, and also with a grasshopper, behind a tree, or in any deep hole; still making it to move on the top of the water as if it were alive, and still keeping yourself out of sight, you shall certainly have sport if there be Trouts; yea, in a hot day, but especially in the evening of a hot day, you will have sport.

And now, scholar, my direction for fly-fishing is ended with this shower, for it has done raining. And now look about you, and see how pleasantly that meadow looks; nay, and the earth smells so sweetly too. Come let me tell you what holy Mr. Herbert says of such days and flowers as these, and then we will thank God that we enjoy them, and walk to the river and sit down quietly, and try to catch the other brace of Trouts.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie;
My music shews you have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives,
But when the whole world turns to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

VENATOR. I thank you, good master, for your good direction for fly-fishing, and for the sweet enjoyment of

the pleasant day, which is so far spent without offence to God or man: and I thank you for the sweet close of your discourse with Mr. Herbert's verses; who, I have heard, loved angling; and I do the rather believe it, because he had a spirit suitable to anglers, and to those primitive Christians that you love, and have so much commended.

PISCATOR. Well, my loving scholar, and I am pleased to know that you are so well pleased with my direction and discourse.

And since you like these verses of Mr. Herbert's so well, let me tell you what a reverend and learned divine that professes to imitate him, and has indeed done so most excellently, hath writ of our book of Common Prayer; which I know you will like the better, because he is a friend of mine, and I am sure no enemy to angling.

What! Prayer by the book? and Common? Yes; Why not?
The spirit of grace
And supplication
Is not left free alone
For time and place,
But manner too: to read, or speak, by rote,
Is all alike to him that prays,
In 's heart, what with his mouth he says.

They that in private, by themselves alone,
Do pray, may take
What liberty they please,
In choosing of the ways
Wherein to make
Their soul's most intimate affections known
To him that sees in secret, when
They are most conceal'd from other men.

But he, that unto others leads the way
In public prayer,
Should do it so,
As all, that hear, may know
They need not fear
To tune their hearts unto his tongue, and say
Amen; not doubt they were betray'd
To blaspheme, when they meant to have pray'd.

Devotion will add life unto the letter:
And why should not
That, which authority
Prescribes, esteemed be
Advantage got?
If the prayer be good, the commoner the better,
Prayer in the Church's words, as well
As sense, of all prayers bears the bell.

CH. HARVIE.

And now, scholar, I think it will be time to repair to our angle-rods, which we left in the water to fish for themselves; and you shall choose which shall be yours; and it is an even lay, one of them catches.

And, let me tell you, this kind of fishing with a dead rod, and laying night-hooks, are like putting money to use; for they both work for the owners when they do nothing but sleep, or eat, or rejoice, as you know we have done this last hour, and sat as quietly and as free from cares under this sycamore, as Virgil's Tityrus and his Meliboeus did under their broad beech-tree. No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip-banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams, which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed, my good scholar, we may say of angling, as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did'; and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.

I'll tell you, scholar; when I sat last on this primrose-bank, and looked down these meadows, I thought of them as Charles the emperor did of the city of Florence: 'That they were too pleasant to be looked on, but only on holy-days.' As I then sat on this very grass, I turned my present thoughts into verse: 'twas a Wish, which I'll repeat to you:

THE ANGLER'S WISH

I in these flowery meads would be :
These crystal streams should solace me ;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise
I with my Angle would rejoice ;
Sit here, and see the turtle-dove
Court his chaste mate to acts of love :

Or, on that bank, feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty: please my mind,
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
And then washed off by April showers :
Here hear my Kenna sing[1] a song ;
There, see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a leverock build her nest :
Here, give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitch'd thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love :
Thus, free from law-suits, and the noise
Of princes' courts, I would rejoice :

Or, with my Bryan, and a book,
Loiter long days near Shawford-brook;
There sit by him, and eat my meat,
There see the sun both rise and set:
There bid good morning to next day;
There meditate my time away,
And Angle on; and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

When I had ended this composure, I left this place, and saw a brother of the angle sit under that honeysuckle hedge, one that will prove worth your acquaintance. I sat down by him, and presently we met with an accidental piece of merriment, which I will relate to you, for it rains still.

On the other side of this very hedge sat a gang of gypsies; and near to them sat a gang of beggars. The gypsies were then to divide all the money that had been got that week, either by stealing linen or poultry, or by fortune-telling or legerdemain, or, indeed, by any other

[1] Like Hermit poor.

sleights and secrets belonging to their mysterious government. And the sum that was got that week proved to be but twenty and some odd shillings. The odd money was agreed to be distributed amongst the poor of their own corporation: and for the remaining twenty shillings, that was to be divided unto four gentlemen gypsies, according to their several degrees in their commonwealth. And the first or chiefest gypsy was, by consent, to have a third part of the twenty shillings, which all men know is 6s. 8d. The second was to have a fourth part of the 20s., which all men know to be 5s. The third was to have a fifth part of the 20s., which all men know to be 4s. The fourth and last gypsy was to have a sixth part of the 20s., which all men know to be 3s. 4d.

As, for example,

3 times 6s. 8d. are	-	-	-	20s.
And so is 4 times 5s.	-	-	-	20s.
And so is 5 times 4s.	-	-	-	20s.
And so is 6 times 3s. 4d.	-	-	-	20s.

And yet he that divided the money was so very a gypsy, that though he gave to every one these said sums, yet he kept one shilling of it for himself.

As, for example,

	s.	d.
	6	8
	5	0
	4	0
	3	4
make but	19	0

But now you shall know, that when the four gypsies saw that he got one shilling by dividing the money, though not one of them knew any reason to demand more, yet, like lords and courtiers, every gypsy envied him that was the gainer; and wrangled with him; and every one said the remaining shilling belonged to him; and so they fell to so high a contest about it, as none that knows the faithfulness of one gypsy to another will easily believe; only we that have lived these last twenty years are certain that

money has been able to do much mischief. However, the gypsies were too wise to go to law, and did therefore choose their choice friends Rook and Shark, and our late English Gusman, to be their arbitrators and umpires. And so they left this honeysuckle hedge; and went to tell fortunes and cheat, and get more money and lodging in the next village.

When these were gone, we heard as high a contention amongst the beggars, whether it was easiest to rip a cloak, or to unrip a cloak? One beggar affirmed it was all one: but that was denied, by asking her, If doing and undoing were all one? Then another said, 'twas easiest to unrip a cloak; for that was to let it alone: but she was answered, by asking her, how she unript it if she let it alone? and she confest herself mistaken. These and twenty such like questions were proposed and answered, with as much beggarly logick and earnestness as was ever heard to proceed from the mouth of the most pertinacious schismatic; and sometimes all the beggars, whose number was neither more nor less than the poets' nine Muses, talked all together about this ripping and unripping; and so loud, that not one heard what the other said: but, at last, one beggar craved audience; and told them that old father Clause, whom Ben Jonson, in his Beggar's Bush, created King of their corporation, was to lodge at an ale-house, called 'Catch-her-by-the-way,' not far from Waltham Cross, and in the high road towards London; and he therefore desired them to spend no more time about that and such like questions, but refer all to father Clause at night, for he was an upright judge, and in the meantime draw cuts, what song should be next sung, and who should sing it. They all agreed to the motion; and the lot fell to her that was the youngest, and veriest virgin of the company. And she sung Frank Davison's song, which he made forty years ago; and all the others of the company joined to sing the burthen with her. The ditty was this; but first the burthen:

Bright shines the sun; play, Beggars, play;
Here's scraps enough to serve to-day.

What noise of viols is so sweet,
  As when our merry clappers ring?
What mirth doth want where beggars meet?
  A Beggar's life is for a King.
Eat, drink, and play; sleep when we list;
Go where we will, so stocks be mist.
  Bright shines the sun; play, Beggars, play;
  Here's scraps enough to serve to-day.

The world is ours, and ours alone;
  For we alone have world at will;
We purchase not; all is our own;
  Both fields and streets we Beggars fill.
Nor care to get, nor fear to keep,
Did ever break a beggar's sleep.
  Play, Beggars, play; play, Beggars, play;
  Here's scraps enough to serve to-day.

A hundred herds of black and white
  Upon our gowns securely feed;
And yet if any dare us bite,
  He dies therefore, as sure as creed.
Thus Beggars lord it as they please;
And only Beggars live at ease.
  Bright shines the sun; play, Beggars, play;
  Here's scraps enough to serve to-day.

VENATOR. I thank you, good master, for this piece of merriment, and this song, which was well humoured by the maker, and well remembered by you.

PISCATOR. But, I pray, forget not the catch which you promised to make against night; for our countryman, honest Coridon, will expect your catch, and my song, which I must be forced to patch up, for it is so long since I learnt it, that I have forgot a part of it. But, come, now it hath done raining, let's stretch our legs a little in a gentle walk to the river, and try what interest our angles will pay us for lending them so long to be used by the Trouts; lent them indeed, like usurers, for our profit and their destruction.

VENATOR. Oh me! look you, master, a fish! a fish! Oh, alas, master, I have lost her.

PISCATOR. Ay, marry, Sir, that was a good fish indeed:

if I had had the luck to have taken up that rod, then 'tis twenty to one he should not have broke my line by running to the rod's end, as you suffered him. I would have held him within the bent of my rod, unless he had been fellow to the great Trout that is near an ell long, which was of such a length and depth, that he had his picture drawn, and now is to be seen at mine host Rickabie's, at the George in Ware, and it may be, by giving that very great Trout the rod, that is, by casting it to him into the water, I might have caught him at the long run, for so I use always to do when I meet with an overgrown fish; and you will learn to do so too, hereafter, for I tell you, scholar, fishing is an art, or, at least, it is an art to catch fish.

VENATOR. But, master, I have heard that the great Trout that you speak of is a Salmon.

PISCATOR. Trust me, scholar, I know not what to say to it. There are many country people that believe hares change sexes every year: and there be very many learned men think so too, for in their dissecting them they find many reasons to incline them to that belief. And to make the wonder seem yet less, that hares change sexes, note that Dr. Mer. Casaubon affirms, in his book, 'Of credible and incredible things,' that Gasper Peucerus, a learned physician, tells us of a people that once a year turn wolves, partly in shape, and partly in conditions. And so, whether this were a Salmon when he came into fresh water, and his not returning into the sea hath altered him to another colour or kind, I am not able to say; but I am certain he hath all the signs of being a Trout, both for his shape, colour, and spots; and yet many think he is not.

VENATOR. But, master, will this Trout which I had hold of die? for it is like he hath the hook in his belly.

PISCATOR. I will tell you, scholar, that unless the hook be fast in his very gorge, 'tis more than probable he will live, and a little time, with the help of the water, will rust the hook, and it will in time wear away, as the gravel doth in the horse-hoof, which only leaves a false quarter.

And now, scholar, let's go to my rod. Look you,

scholar, I have a fish too, but it proves a logger-headed Chub: and this is not much amiss, for this will pleasure some poor body, as we go to our lodging to meet our brother Peter and honest Coridon. Come, now bait your hook again, and lay it into the water, for it rains again; and we will even retire to the Sycamore-tree, and there I will give you more directions concerning fishing, for I would fain make you an artist.

VENATOR. Yes, good master, I pray let it be so.

PISCATOR. Well, scholar, now we are sate down and are at ease, I shall tell you a little more of Trout-fishing, before I speak of the Salmon, which I purpose shall be next, and then of the Pike or Luce.

You are to know, there is night as well as day fishing for a Trout; and that, in the night, the best Trouts come out of their holes. And the manner of taking them is on the top of the water with a great lob or garden-worm, or rather two, which you are to fish with in a stream where the waters run somewhat quietly, for in a stream the bait will not be so well discerned. I say, in a quiet or dead place, near to some swift, there draw your bait over the top of the water, to and fro, and if there be a good Trout in the hole, he will take it, especially if the night be dark, for then he is bold, and lies near the top of the water, watching the motion of any frog or water-rat, or mouse, that swims betwixt him and the sky; these he hunts after, if he sees the water but wrinkle or move in one of these dead holes, where these great old Trouts usually lie, near to their holds; for you are to note, that the great old Trout is both subtle and fearful, and lies close all day, and does not usually stir out of his hold, but lies in it as close in the day as the timorous hare does in her form; for the chief feeding of either is seldom in the day, but usually in the night, and then the great Trout feeds very boldly.

And you must fish for him with a strong line, and not a little hook; and let him have time to gorge your hook, for he does not usually forsake it, as he oft will in the day-fishing. And if the night be not dark, then fish so with an artificial fly of a light colour, and at the snap: nay,

he will sometimes rise at a dead mouse, or a piece of cloth, or anything that seems to swim across the water, or to be in motion. This is a choice way, but I have not oft used it, because it is void of the pleasures that such days as these, that we two now enjoy, afford an angler.

And you are to know, that in Hampshire, which I think exceeds all England for swift, shallow, clear, pleasant brooks, and store of Trouts, they use to catch Trouts in the night, by the light of a torch or straw, which, when they have discovered, they strike with a Trout-spear, or other ways. This kind of way they catch very many: but I would not believe it till I was an eye-witness of it, nor do I like it now I have seen it.

VENATOR. But, master, do not Trouts see us in the night?

PISCATOR. Yes, and hear, and smell too, both then and in the day-time: for Gesner observes, the Otter smells a fish forty furlongs off him in the water: and that it may be true, seems to be affirmed by Sir Francis Bacon, in the eighth century of his *Natural History*, who there proves that waters may be the medium of sounds, by demonstrating it thus: 'That if you knock two stones together very deep under the water, those that stand on a bank near to that place may hear the noise without any diminution of it by the water.' He also offers the like experiment concerning the letting an anchor fall, by a very long cable or rope, on a rock, or the sand, within the sea. And this being so well observed and demonstrated as it is by that learned man, has made me to believe that Eels unbed themselves and stir at the noise of thunder, and not only, as some think, by the motion or stirring of the earth which is occasioned by that thunder.

And this reason of Sir Francis Bacon (Exper. 792) has made me crave pardon of one that I laughed at for affirming that he knew Carps came to a certain place, in a pond, to be fed at the ringing of a bell or the beating of a drum. And, however, it shall be a rule for me to make as little noise as I can when I am fishing, until Sir Francis Bacon be confuted, which I shall give any man leave to do.

And lest you may think him singular in this opinion, I will tell you, this seems to be believed by our learned Doctor Hakewill, who in his *Apology of God's power and providence* (f. 360), quotes Pliny to report that one of the emperors had particular fish-ponds, and, in them, several fish that appeared and came when they were called by their particular names. And St. James tells us (chap. 1 and 7), that all things in the sea have been tamed by mankind. And Pliny (lib. ix. 35) tells us, that Antonia, the wife of Drusus, had a Lamprey at whose gills she hung jewels or ear-rings; and that others have been so tender-hearted as to shed tears at the death of fishes which they have kept and loved. And these observations, which will to most hearers seem wonderful, seem to have a further confirmation from Martial (lib. iv. epigr. 30), who writes thus:

Piscator, fuge; ne nocens, etc.

Angler! would'st thou be guiltless? then forbear;
For these are sacred fishes that swim here,
Who know their sovereign, and will lick his hand,
Than which none's greater in the world's command;
Nay more, they've names, and, when they called are,
Do to their several owner's call repair.

All the further use that I shall make of this shall be, to advise anglers to be patient, and forbear swearing, lest they be heard, and catch no fish.

And so I shall proceed next to tell you, it is certain that certain fields near Leominster, a town in Herefordshire, are observed to make the sheep that graze upon them more fat than the next, and also to bear finer wool; that is to say, that that year in which they feed in such a particular pasture, they shall yield finer wool than they did that year before they came to feed in it; and coarser, again, if they shall return to their former pasture; and, again, return to a finer wool, being fed in the fine wool ground: which I tell you, that you may the better believe that I am certain, if I catch a Trout in one meadow, he shall be white and faint, and very like to be lousy; and, as certainly, if I catch a Trout in the next meadow, he shall be strong, and

red, and lusty, and much better meat. Trust me, scholar, I have caught many a Trout in a particular meadow, that the very shape and the enamelled colour of him hath been such as hath joyed me to look on him: and I have then, with much pleasure, concluded with Solomon, 'Everything is beautiful in his season.'

I should, by promise, speak next of the Salmon; but I will, by your favour, say a little of the Umber or Grayling; which is so like a Trout for his shape and feeding, that I desire I may exercise your patience with a short discourse of him; and then, the next shall be of the Salmon.

CHAPTER VI

Observations of the Umber or Grayling and Directions how to fish for them

PISCATOR. The Umber and Grayling are thought by some to differ as the Herring and Pilchard do. But though they may do so in other nations, I think those in England differ nothing but in their names. Aldrovandus says, they be of a Trout kind; and Gesner says, that in his country, which is Switzerland, he is accounted the choicest of all fish. And in Italy, he is, in the month of May, so highly valued, that he is sold there at a much higher rate than any other fish. The French, which call the Chub Un Villain, call the Umber of the lake Leman Un Umble Chevalier; and they value the Umber or Grayling so highly, that they say he feeds on gold; and say, that many have been caught out of their famous river of Loire, out of whose bellies grains of gold have been often taken. And some think that he feeds on water-thyme, and smells of it at his first taking out of the water; and they may think so with as good reason as we do that our Smelts smell like violets at their being first caught,

which I think is a truth. Aldrovandus says, the Salmon, the Grayling, and Trout, and all fish that live in clear and sharp streams, are made by their mother Nature of such exact shape and pleasant colours purposely to invite us to a joy and contentedness in feasting with her. Whether this is a truth or not, is not my purpose to dispute: but 'tis certain, all that write of the Umber declare him to be very medicinable. And Gesner says, that the fat of an Umber or Grayling, being set, with a little honey, a day or two in the sun, in a little glass, is very excellent against redness or swarthiness, or anything that breeds in the eyes. Salvian takes him to be called Umber from his swift swimming, or gliding out of sight more like a shadow or a ghost than a fish. Much more might be said both of his smell and taste: but I shall only tell you that St. Ambrose, the glorious bishop of Milan, who lived when the church kept fasting-days, calls him the flower-fish, or flower of fishes; and that he was so far in love with him, that he would not let him pass without the honour of a long discourse; but I must; and pass on to tell you how to take this dainty fish.

First note, that he grows not to the bigness of a Trout; for the biggest of them do not usually exceed eighteen inches. He lives in such rivers as the Trout does; and is usually taken with the same baits as the Trout is, and after the same manner; for he will bite both at the minnow, or worm, or fly, though he bites not often at the minnow, and is very gamesome at the fly; and much simpler, and therefore bolder than a Trout; for he will rise twenty times at a fly, if you miss him, and yet rise again. He has been taken with a fly made of the red feathers of a paroquet, a strange outlandish bird; and he will rise at a fly not unlike a gnat, or a small moth, or, indeed, at most flies that are not too big. He is a fish that lurks close all Winter, but is very pleasant and jolly after mid-April, and in May, and in the hot months. He is of a very fine shape, his flesh is white, his teeth, those little ones that he has, are in his throat, yet he has so tender a mouth, that he is oftener lost after an angler has hooked him than any

other fish. Though there be many of these fishes in the delicate river Dove, and in Trent, and some other smaller rivers, as that which runs by Salisbury, yet he is not so general a fish as the Trout, nor to me so good to eat or to angle for. And so I shall take my leave of him: and now come to some observations of the Salmon, and how to catch him.

CHAPTER VII

Observations of the Salmon, with Directions how to fish for him

PISCATOR. The Salmon is accounted the King of fresh-water fish; and is ever bred in rivers relating to the sea, yet so high, or far from it, as admits of no tincture of salt, or brackishness. He is said to breed or cast his spawn, in most rivers, in the month of August: some say, that then they dig a hole or grave in a safe place in the gravel, and there place their eggs or spawn, after the melter has done his natural office, and then hide it most cunningly, and cover it over with gravel and stones; and then leave it to their Creator's protection, who, by a gentle heat which he infuses into that cold element, makes it brood, and beget life in the spawn, and to become Samlets early in the spring next following.

The Salmons having spent their appointed time, and done this natural duty in the fresh waters, they then haste to the sea before winter, both the melter and spawner; but if they be stopt by flood-gates or weirs, or lost in the fresh waters, then those so left behind by degrees grow sick and lean, and unseasonable, and kipper, that is to say, have bony gristles grow out of their lower chaps, not unlike a hawk's beak, which hinders their feeding; and, in time, such fish so left behind pine away and die. 'Tis observed, that he may live thus one year from the

sea; but he then grows insipid and tasteless, and loses both his blood and strength, and pines and dies the second year. And 'tis noted, that those little Salmons called Skeggers, which abound in many rivers relating to the sea, are bred by such sick Salmons that might not go to the sea, and that though they abound, yet they never thrive to any considerable bigness.

But if the old Salmon gets to the sea, then that gristle which shews him to be kipper, wears away, or is cast off, as the eagle is said to cast his bill, and he recovers his strength, and comes next summer to the same river, if it be possible, to enjoy the former pleasures that there possest him; for, as one has wittily observed, he has, like some persons of honour and riches which have both their winter and summer houses, the fresh rivers for summer, and the salt water for winter, to spend his life in; which is not, as Sir Francis Bacon hath observed in his *History of Life and Death*, above ten years. And it is to be observed, that though the Salmon does grow big in the Sea, yet he grows not fat but in fresh rivers; and it is observed, that the farther they get from the sea, they be both the fatter and better.

Next, I shall tell you, that though they make very hard shift to get out of the fresh rivers into the sea, yet they will make harder shift to get out of the salt into the fresh rivers, to spawn, or possess the pleasures that they have formerly found in them: to which end, they will force themselves through floodgates, or over weirs, or hedges, or stops in the water, even to a height beyond common belief. Gesner speaks of such places as are known to be above eight feet high above water. And our Camden mentions in his *Britannia*, the like wonder to be in Pembrokeshire, where the river Tivy falls into the sea; and that the fall is so downright, and so high, that the people stand and wonder at the strength and sleight by which they see the Salmon use to get out of the sea into the said river; and the manner and height of the place is so notable, that it is known, far, by the name of the Salmon-leap. Concerning which, take this also out

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of Michael Drayton, my honest old friend; as he tells it you, in his *Polyolbion*:

> And when the Salmon seeks a fresher stream to find;
> (Which hither from the sea comes, yearly, by his kind)
> As he towards season grows, and stems the watry tract
> Where *Tivy*, falling down, makes an high cataract,
> Forc'd by the rising rocks that there her course oppose,
> As tho' within her bounds they meant her to inclose;
> Here when the labouring fish does at the foot arrive,
> And finds that by his strength he does but vainly strive;
> His tail takes in his mouth, and, bending like a bow
> That's to full compass drawn, aloft himself doth throw,
> Then springing at his height, as doth a little wand
> That bended end to end, and started from man's hand,
> Far off itself doth cast; so does the Salmon vault:
> And if, at first, he fail, his second summersault
> He instantly essays, and, from his nimble ring
> Still yerking, never leaves until himself he fling
> Above the opposing stream.

This Michael Drayton tells you, of this leap or summersault of the Salmon.

And, next, I shall tell you, that it is observed by Gesner and others, that there is no better Salmon than in England; and that though some of our northern counties have as fat, and as large, as the river Thames, yet none are of so excellent a taste.

And as I have told you that Sir Francis Bacon observes, the age of a Salmon exceeds not ten years; so let me next tell you, that his growth is very sudden: it is said, that after he is got into the sea, he becomes, from a Samlet not so big as a Gudgeon, to be a Salmon, in as short a time as a gosling becomes to be a goose. Much of this has been observed, by tying a riband, or some known tape or thread, in the tail of some young Salmons which have been taken in weirs as they have swimmed towards the salt water; and then by taking a part of them again, with the known mark, at the same place, at their return from sea, which is usually about six months after; and the like experiment hath been tried upon young swallows, who have, after six months' absence, been observed to return to the same chimney, there to make

their nests and habitations for the summer following; which has inclined many to think, that every Salmon usually returns to the same river in which it was bred, as young pigeons taken out of the same dovecote have also been observed to do.

And you are yet to observe further, that the He-salmon is usually bigger than the Spawner; and that he is more kipper, and less able to endure a winter in the fresh water than the She is: yet she is, at that time of looking less kipper and better, as watry, and as bad meat.

And yet you are to observe, that as there is no general rule without an exception, so there are some few rivers in this nation that have Trouts and Salmon in season in winter, as 'tis certain there be in the river Wye in Monmouthshire, where they be in season, as Camden observes, from September till April. But, my scholar, the observation of this and many other things I must in manners omit, because they will prove too large for our narrow compass of time, and, therefore, I shall next fall upon my directions how to fish for this Salmon.

And, for that: First you shall observe, that usually he stays not long in a place, as Trouts will, but, as I said, covets still to go nearer the spring-head: and that he does not, as the Trout and many other fish, lie near the water-side or bank, or roots of trees, but swims in the deep and broad parts of the water, and usually in the middle, and near the ground, and that there you are to fish for him, and that he is to be caught, as the Trout is, with a worm, a minnow, which some call a penk, or with a fly.

And you are to observe, that he is very seldom observed to bite at a minnow, yet sometimes he will, and not usually at a fly, but more usually at a worm, and then most usually at a lob or garden-worm, which should be well scoured, that is to say, kept seven or eight days in moss before you fish with them: and if you double your time of eight into sixteen, twenty, or more days, it is still the better; for the worms will still be clearer, tougher, and

more lively, and continue so longer upon your hook. And they may be kept longer by keeping them cool, and in fresh moss; and some advise to put camphire into it.

Note also, that many used to fish for a Salmon with a ring of wire on the top of their rod, through which the line may run to as great a length as is needful, when he is hooked. And to that end, some use a wheel about the middle of their rod, or near their hand, which is to be observed better by seeing one of them than by a large demonstration of words.

And now I shall tell you that which may be called a secret. I have been a-fishing with old Oliver Henly, now with God, a noted fisher both for Trout and Salmon; and have observed, that he would usually take three or four worms out of his bag, and put them into a little box in his pocket, where he would usually let them continue half an hour or more, before he would bait his hook with them. I have asked him his reason, and he has replied, 'He did but pick the best out to be in readiness against he baited his hook the next time': but he has been observed, both by others and myself, to catch more fish than I, or any other body that has ever gone a-fishing with him, could do, and especially Salmons. And I have been told lately, by one of his most intimate and secret friends, that the box in which he put those worms was anointed with a drop, or two or three, of the oil of ivy-berries, made by expression or infusion; and told, that by the worms remaining in that box an hour, or a like time, they had incorporated a kind of smell that was irresistibly attractive, enough to force any fish within the smell of them to bite. This I heard not long since from a friend, but have not tried it; yet I grant it probable, and refer my reader to Sir Francis Bacon's *Natural History*, where he proves fishes may hear, and, doubtless, can more probably smell: and I am certain Gesner says, the Otter can smell in the water; and I know not but that fish may do so too. 'Tis left for a lover of angling, or any that desires to improve that art, to try this conclusion.

I shall also impart two other experiments, but not tried by myself, which I will deliver in the same words that they were given me by an excellent angler and a very friend, in writing: he told me the latter was too good to be told, but in a learned language, lest it should be made common.

'Take the stinking oil drawn out of polypody of the oak by a retort, mixed with turpentine and hive-honey, and anoint your bait therewith, and it will doubtless draw the fish to it.' The other is this: 'Vulnera hederae grandissimae inflicta sudant balsamum oleo gelato, albicantique persimile, odoris verò longè suavissimi.' ''Tis supremely sweet to any fish, and yet assa foetida may do the like.'

But in these I have no great faith; yet grant it probable; and have had from some chymical men, namely, from Sir George Hastings and others, an affirmation of them to be very advantageous. But no more of these; especially not in this place.

I might here, before I take my leave of the Salmon, tell you, that there is more than one sort of them, as namely, a Tecon, and another called in some places a Samlet, or by some a Skegger; but these, and others which I forbear to name, may be fish of another kind, and differ as we know a Herring and a Pilchard do, which, I think, are as different as the rivers in which they breed, and must, by me, be left to the disquisitions of men of more leisure, and of greater abilities than I profess myself to have.

And lastly, I am to borrow so much of your promised patience, as to tell you, that the trout, or Salmon, being in season, have, at their first taking out of the water, which continues during life, their bodies adorned, the one with such red spots, and the other with such black or blackish spots, as give them such an addition of natural beauty as, I think, was never given to any woman by the artificial paint or patches in which they so much pride themselves in this age. And so I shall leave them both; and proceed to some observations of the Pike.

CHAPTER VIII

Observations of the Luce or Pike, with Directions how to fish for him

PISCATOR. The mighty Luce or Pike is taken to be the tyrant, as the Salmon is the king, of the fresh waters. 'Tis not to be doubted, but that they are bred, some by generation, and some not; as namely, of a weed called pickerel-weed, unless learned Gesner be much mistaken, for he says, this weed and other glutinous matter, with the help of the sun's heat, in some particular months, and some ponds, apted for it by nature, do become Pikes. But, doubtless, divers Pikes are bred after this manner, or are brought into some ponds some such other ways as is past man's finding out, of which we have daily testimonies.

Sir Francis Bacon, in his *History of Life and Death*, observes the Pike to be the longest lived of any fresh-water fish; and yet he computes it to be not usually above forty years; and others think it to be not above ten years: and yet Gesner mentions a Pike taken in Swedeland, in the year 1449, with a ring about his neck, declaring he was put into that pond by Frederick the Second, more than two hundred years before he was last taken, as by the inscription in that ring, being Greek, was interpreted by the then Bishop of Worms. But of this no more; but that it is observed, that the old or very great Pikes have in them more of state than goodness; the smaller or middle-sized Pikes being, by the most and choicest palates observed to be the best meat: and, contrary, the Eel is observed to be the better for age and bigness.

All Pikes that live long prove chargeable to their keepers, because their life is maintained by the death of so many other fish, even those of their own kind; which has made him by some writers to be called the

Tyrant of the Rivers, or the Fresh-water Wolf, by reason of his bold, greedy, devouring disposition; which is so keen, as Gesner relates, A man going to a pond, where it seems a Pike had devoured all the fish, to water his mule, had a Pike bit his mule by the lips; to which the Pike hung so fast, that the mule drew him out of the water; and by that accident, the owner of the mule angled out the Pike. And the same Gesner observes, that a maid in Poland had a Pike bit her by the foot, as she was washing clothes in a pond. And I have heard the like of a woman in Killingworth pond, not far from Coventry. But I have been assured by my friend Mr. Segrave, of whom I spake to you formerly, that keeps tame Otters, that he hath known a Pike, in extreme hunger, fight with one of his Otters for a Carp that the Otter had caught, and was then bringing out of the water. I have told you who relate these things; and tell you they are persons of credit; and shall conclude this observation, by telling you, what a wise man has observed, 'It is a hard thing to persuade the belly, because it has no ears.'

But if these relations be disbelieved, it is too evident to be doubted, that a Pike will devour a fish of his own kind that shall be bigger than his belly or throat will receive, and swallow a part of him, and let the other part remain in his mouth till the swallowed part be digested, and then swallow that other part that was in his mouth, and so put it over by degrees; which is not unlike the Ox, and some other beasts taking their meat, not out of their mouth immediately into their belly, but first into some place betwixt, and then chew it, or digest it by degrees after, which is called chewing the cud. And, doubtless, Pikes will bite when they are not hungry; but, as some think, even for very anger, when a tempting bait comes near to them.

And it is observed, that the Pike will eat venomous things, as some kind of frogs are, and yet live without being harmed by them; for, as some say, he has in him a natural balsam, or antidote against all poison. And he

has a strange heat, that though it appear to us to be cold, can yet digest or put over any fish-flesh, by degrees, without being sick. And others observe, that he never eats the venomous frog till he have first killed her, and then as ducks are observed to do to frogs in spawning-time, at which time some frogs are observed to be venomous, so thoroughly washed her, by tumbling her up and down in the water, that he may devour her without danger. And Gesner affirms, that a Polonian gentleman did faithfully assure him, he had seen two young geese at one time in the belly of a Pike. And doubtless a Pike in his height of hunger will bite at and devour a dog that swims in a pond; and there have been examples of it, or the like; for as I told you, 'The belly has no ears when hunger comes upon it.'

The Pike is also observed to be a solitary, melancholy, and a bold fish; melancholy, because he always swims or rests himself alone, and never swims in shoals or with company, as Roach and Dace, and most other fish do: and bold, because he fears not a shadow, or to see or be seen of anybody, as the Trout and Chub, and all other fish do.

And it is observed by Gesner, that the jaw-bones, and hearts, and galls of Pikes, are very medicinable for several diseases, or to stop blood, to abate fevers, to cure agues, to oppose or expel the infection of the plague, and to be many ways medicinable and useful for the good of mankind: but he observes, that the biting of a Pike is venomous, and hard to be cured.

And it is observed, that the Pike is a fish that breeds but once a year; and that other fish, as namely Loaches, do breed oftener: as we are certain tame Pigeons do almost every month; and yet the Hawk, a bird of prey, as the Pike is a fish, breeds but once in twelve months. And you are to note, that his time of breeding, or spawning, is usually about the end of February, or, somewhat later, in March, as the weather proves colder or warmer: and to note, that his manner of breeding is thus: a he and a she Pike will usually go together out of a river into some

ditch or creek; and that there the spawner casts her eggs, and the melter hovers over her all that time that she is casting her spawn, but touches her not.

I might say more of this, but it might be thought curiosity or worse, and shall therefore forbear it; and take up so much of your attention as to tell you that the best of Pikes are noted to be in rivers; next, those in great ponds or meres; and the worst, in small ponds.

But before I proceed further, I am to tell you, that there is a great antipathy betwixt the Pike and some frogs: and this may appear to the reader of Dubravius, a bishop in Bohemia, who, in his book *Of Fish and Fish-ponds*, relates what he says he saw with his own eyes, and could not forbear to tell the reader. Which was:

'As he and the bishop Thurzo were walking by a large pond in Bohemia, they saw a frog, when the Pike lay very sleepily and quiet by the shore side, leap upon his head; and the frog having expressed malice or anger by his swoln cheeks and staring eyes, did stretch out his legs and embrace the Pike's head, and presently reached them to his eyes, tearing with them, and his teeth, those tender parts: the Pike, moved with anguish, moves up and down the water, and rubs himself against weeds, and whatever he thought might quit him of his enemy; but all in vain, for the frog did continue to ride triumphantly, and to bite and torment the Pike till his strength failed; and then the frog sunk with the Pike to the bottom of the water: then presently the frog appeared again at the top, and croaked, and seemed to rejoice like a conqueror, after which he presently retired to his secret hole. The bishop, that had beheld the battle, called his fisherman to fetch his nets, and by all means to get the Pike that they might declare what had happened: and the Pike was drawn forth, and both his eyes eaten out; at which when they began to wonder, the fisherman wished them to forbear, and assured them he was certain that Pikes were often so served.'

I told this, which is to be read in the sixth chapter of the book of Dubravius, unto a friend, who replied, 'It

was as improbable as to have the mouse scratch out the cat's eyes.' But he did not consider, that there be Fishing-frogs, which the Dalmatians call the Water-devil, of which I might tell you as wonderful a story: but I shall tell you that 'tis not to be doubted but that there be some frogs so fearful of the water-snake, that when they swim in a place in which they fear to meet with him, they then get a reed across into their mouths; which, if they two meet by accident, secures the frog from the strength and malice of the snake; and note, that the frog usually swims the fastest of the two.

And let me tell you, that as there be water and land-frogs, so there be land and water-snakes. Concerning which take this observation, that the land-snake breeds and hatches her eggs, which become young snakes, in some old dung-hill, or a like hot place: but the water-snake, which is not venomous, and as I have been assured by a great observer of such secrets, does not hatch, but breed her young alive, which she does not then forsake, but bides with them, and in case of danger will take them all into her mouth and swim away from any apprehended danger, and then let them out again when she thinks all danger to be past: these be accidents that we Anglers sometimes see, and often talk of.

But whither am I going? I had almost lost myself, by remembering the discourse of Dubravius. I will therefore stop here; and tell you, according to my promise, how to catch this Pike.

His feeding is usually of fish or frogs; and sometimes a weed of his own, called pickerel-weed, of which I told you some think Pikes are bred; for they have observed, that where none have been put into ponds, yet they have there found many; and that there has been plenty of that weed in those ponds, and that that weed both breeds and feeds them: but whether those Pikes, so bred, will ever breed by generation as the others do, I shall leave to the disquisitions of men of more curiosity and leisure than I profess myself to have: and shall proceed to tell you, that you may fish for a Pike, either with a ledger or a walking-

bait; and you are to note, that I call that a Ledger-bait, which is fixed or made to rest in one certain place when you shall be absent from it; and I call that a Walking-bait, which you take with you, and have ever in motion. Concerning which two, I shall give you this direction; that your ledger-bait is best to be a living bait (though a dead one may catch), whether it be a fish or a frog: and that you may make them live the longer, you may, or indeed you must, take this course:

First, for your Live-bait. Of fish, a roach or dace is, I think, best and most tempting; and a perch is the longest lived on a hook, and having cut off his fin on his back, which may be done without hurting him, you must take your knife, which cannot be too sharp, and betwixt the head and the fin on the back, cut or make an incision, or such a scar, as you may put the arming-wire of your hook into it, with as little bruising or hurting the fish as art and diligence will enable you to do; and so carrying your arming-wire along his back, unto or near the tail of your fish, betwixt the skin and the body of it, draw out that wire or arming of your hook at another scar near to his tail: then tie him about it with thread, but no harder than of necessity, to prevent hurting the fish; and the better to avoid hurting the fish, some have a kind of probe to open the way for the more easy entrance and passage of your wire or arming: but as for these, time and a little experience will teach you better than I can by words. Therefore I will for the present say no more of this; but come next to give you some directions how to bait your hook with a frog.

Venator. But, good master, did you not say even now, that some frogs were venomous; and is it not dangerous to touch them?

Piscator. Yes, but I will give you some rules or cautions concerning them. And first you are to note, that there are two kinds of frogs, that is to say, if I may so express myself, a flesh and a fish-frog. By flesh-frogs, I mean frogs that breed and live on the land; and of these there be several sorts also, and of several colours, some

being speckled, some greenish, some blackish, or brown: the green frog, which is a small one, is, by Topsel, taken to be venomous; and so is the paddock, or frog-paddock, which usually keeps or breeds on the land, and is very large and bony, and big, especially the she-frog of that kind: yet these will sometimes come into the water, but it is not often: and the land-frogs are some of them observed by him, to breed by laying eggs; and others to breed of the slime and dust of the earth, and that in winter they turn to slime again, and that the next summer that very slime returns to be a living creature; this is the opinion of Pliny. And Cardanus undertakes to give a reason for the raining of frogs: but if it were in my power, it should rain none but water-frogs; for those I think are not venomous, especially the right water-frog, which, about February and March, breeds in ditches, by slime, and blackish eggs in that slime: about which time of breeding, the he and she frogs are observed to use divers summersaults, and to croak and make a noise, which the land-frog, or paddock-frog, never does.

Now of these water-frogs, if you intend to fish with a frog for a Pike, you are to choose the yellowest that you can get, for that the Pike ever likes best. And thus use your frog, that he may continue long alive:

Put your hook into his mouth, which you may easily do from the middle of April till August; and then the frog's mouth grows up, and he continues so for at least six months without eating, but is sustained, none but He whose name is Wonderful knows how: I say, put your hook, I mean the arming-wire, through his mouth, and out at his gills; and then with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg, with only one stitch, to the arming-wire of your hook; or tie the frog's leg, above the upper joint, to the armed-wire; and, in so doing, use him as though you loved him, that is, harm him as little as you may possibly, that he may live the longer.

And now, having given you this direction for the baiting your ledger-hook with a live fish or frog, my next must be to tell you, how your hook thus baited must or

may be used; and it is thus: having fastened your hook to a line, which if it be not fourteen yards long should not be less than twelve, you are to fasten that line to any bough near to a hole where a Pike is, or is likely to lie, or to have a haunt; and then wind your line on any forked stick, all your line, except half a yard of it or rather more; and split that forked stick, with such a nick or notch at one end of it as may keep the line from any more of it ravelling from about the stick than so much of it as you intend. And choose your forked stick to be of that bigness as may keep the fish or frog from pulling the forked stick under the water till the Pike bites; and then the Pike having pulled the line forth of the cleft or nick of that stick in which it was gently fastened, he will have line enough to go to his hold and pouch the bait. And if you would have this ledger-bait to keep at a fixt place undisturbed by wind or other accident, which may drive it to the shore-side (for you are to note, that it is likeliest to catch a Pike in the midst of the water), then hang a small plummet of lead, a stone, or piece of tile, or a turf, in a string, and cast it into the water with the forked stick to hang upon the ground, to be a kind of anchor to keep the forked stick from moving out of your intended place till the Pike come: this I take to be a very good way to use so many ledger-baits as you intend to make trial of.

Or if you bait your hooks thus with live fish or frogs, and in a windy day, fasten them thus to a bough or bundle of straw, and by the help of that wind can get them to move across a pond or mere, you are like to stand still on the shore and see sport presently, if there be any store of Pikes. Or these live baits may make sport, being tied about the body or wings of a goose or duck, and she chased over a pond. And the like may be done with turning three or four live baits, thus fastened to bladders, or boughs, or bottles of hay or flags, to swim down a river, whilst you walk quietly alone on the shore, and are still in expectation of sport. The rest must be taught you by practice; for time will not allow me to say more of this kind of fishing with live baits.

And for your Dead-bait for a Pike: for that you may be taught by one day's going a-fishing with me, or any other body that fishes for him; for the baiting your hook with a dead gudgeon or a roach, and moving it up and down the water, is too easy a thing to take up any time to direct you to do it. And yet, because I cut you short in that, I will commute for it by telling you that that was told me for a secret: it is this: Dissolve gum of ivy in oil of spike, and therewith anoint your dead bait for a Pike; and then cast it into a likely place; and when it has lain a short time at the bottom, draw it towards the top of the water, and so up the stream; and it is more than likely that you have a Pike follow with more than common eagerness. And some affirm, that any bait anointed with the marrow of the thigh-bone of a heron is a great temptation to any fish.

These have not been tried by me, but told me by a friend of note, that pretended to do me a courtesy. But if this direction to catch a Pike thus do you no good, yet I am certain this direction how to roast him when he is caught is choicely good; for I have tried it, and it is somewhat the better for not being common. But with my direction you must take this caution, that your Pike must not be a small one, that is, it must be more than half a yard, and should be bigger.

'First, open your Pike at the gills, and if need be, cut also a little slit towards the belly. Out of these, take his guts; and keep his liver, which you are to shred very small, with thyme, sweet marjoram, and a little winter-savoury; to these put some pickled oysters, and some anchovies, two or three; both these last whole, for the anchovies will melt, and the oysters should not; to these, you must add also a pound of sweet butter, which you are to mix with the herbs that are shred, and let them all be well salted. If the Pike be more than a yard long, then you may put into these herbs more than a pound, or if he be less, then less butter will suffice: These, being thus mixt, with a blade or two of mace, must be put into the Pike's belly; and then his belly so sewed up as to keep all

the butter in his belly if it be possible; if not, then as much of it as you possibly can. But take not off the scales. Then you are to thrust the spit through his mouth, out at his tail. And then take four or five or six split sticks, or very thin laths, and a convenient quantity of tape or filleting; these laths are to be tied round about the Pike's body, from his head to his tail, and the tape tied somewhat thick, to prevent his breaking or falling off from the spit. Let him be roasted very leisurely; and often basted with claret wine, and anchovies, and butter, mixt together; and also with what moisture falls from him into the pan. When you have roasted him sufficiently, you are to hold under him, when you unwind or cut the tape that ties him, such a dish as you purpose to eat him out of; and let him fall into it with the sauce that is roasted in his belly; and by this means the Pike will be kept unbroken and complete. Then, to the sauce which was within, and also that sauce in the pan, you are to add a fit quantity of the best butter, and to squeeze the juice of three or four oranges. Lastly, you may either put it into the Pike, with the oysters, two cloves of garlick, and take it whole out, when the Pike is cut off the spit; or, to give the sauce a haut goût, let the dish into which you let the Pike fall be rubbed with it: The using or not using of this garlick is left to your discretion. M. B.

This dish of meat is too good for any but anglers, or very honest men; and I trust you will prove both, and therefore I have trusted you with this secret.

Let me next tell you, that Gesner tells us, there are no Pikes in Spain, and that the largest are in the lake Thrasymene in Italy; and the next, if not equal to them, are the Pikes of England; and that in England, Lincolnshire boasteth to have the biggest. Just so doth Sussex boast of four sorts of fish, namely, an Arundel Mullet, a Chichester Lobster, a Shelsey Cockle, and an Amerly Trout.

But I will take up no more of your time with this relation, but proceed to give you some Observations of the Carp, and how to angle for him; and to dress him, but not till he is caught.

CHAPTER IX

Observations of the Carp, with Directions how to fish for him

THE Carp is the queen of rivers; a stately, a good, and a very subtile fish; that was not at first bred, nor hath been long in England, but is now naturalized. It is said, they were brought hither by one Mr. Mascal, a gentleman that then lived at Plumsted in Sussex, a county that abounds more with this fish than any in this nation.

You may remember that I told you Gesner says there are no Pikes in Spain; and doubtless there was a time, about a hundred or a few more years ago, when there were no Carps in England, as may seem to be affirmed by Sir Richard Baker, in whose Chronicle you may find these verses:

> Hops and turkeys, carps and beer,
> Came into England all in a year.

And doubtless, as of sea-fish the Herring dies soonest out of water, and of fresh-water fish the Trout, so, except the Eel, the Carp endures most hardness, and lives longest out of its own proper element; and, therefore, the report of the Carp's being brought out of a foreign country into this nation is the more probable.

Carps and Loaches are observed to breed several months in one year, which Pikes and most other fish do not; and this is partly proved by tame and wild rabbits; as also by some ducks, which will lay eggs nine of the twelve months; and yet there be other ducks that lay not longer than about one month. And it is the rather to be believed, because you shall scarce or never take a male Carp without a melt, or a female without a roe or spawn, and for the most part very much, and especially all the summer season; and it is observed, that they breed more naturally in ponds than in running waters, if they breed there at all; and that those that live in rivers are taken by men of the best palates to be much the better meat.

And it is observed that in some ponds Carps will not breed, especially in cold ponds; but where they will breed, they breed innumerably: Aristotle and Pliny say, six times in a year, if there be no Pikes nor Perch to devour their spawn, when it is cast upon grass or flags, or weeds, where it lies ten or twelve days before it be enlivened.

The Carp, if he have water-room and good feed, will grow to a very great bigness and length; I have heard, to be much above a yard long. It is said by Jovius, who hath writ of fishes, that in the lake Lurian in Italy, carps have thriven to be more than fifty pounds weight: which is the more probable, for as the bear is conceived and born suddenly, and being born is but short lived; so, on the contrary, the elephant is said to be two years in his dam's belly, some think he is ten years in it, and being born, grows in bigness twenty years: and it is observed too, that he lives to the age of a hundred years. And 'tis also observed, that the crocodile is very long-lived; and more than that, that all that long life he thrives in bigness; and so I think some Carps do, especially in some places, though I never saw one above twenty-three inches, which was a great and goodly fish; but have been assured there are of a far greater size, and in England too.

Now, as the increase of Carps is wonderful for their number, so there is not a reason found out, I think, by any, why they should breed in some ponds, and not in others, of the same nature for soil and all other circumstances. And as their breeding, so are their decays also very mysterious: I have both read it, and been told by a gentleman of tried honesty, that he has known sixty or more large Carps put into several ponds near to a house, where, by reason of the stakes in the ponds, and the owner's constant being near to them, it was impossible they should be stole away from him; and that when he has, after three or four years, emptied the pond, and expected an increase from them by breeding young ones (for that they might do so he had, as the rule is, put in three melters for one spawner), he has, I say, after three or four years, found neither a young nor old Carp remaining.

And the like I have known of one that had almost watched the pond, and, at a like distance of time, at the fishing of a pond, found, of seventy or eighty large Carps, not above five or six: and that he had forborne longer to fish the said pond, but that he saw, in a hot day in summer, a large Carp swim near the top of the water with a frog upon his head; and that he, upon that occasion, caused his pond to be let dry: and I say, of seventy or eighty Carps, only found five or six in the said pond, and those very sick and lean, and with every one a frog sticking so fast on the head of the said Carps, that the frog would not be got off without extreme force or killing. And the gentleman that did affirm this to me, told me he saw it; and did declare his belief to be, and I also believe the same, that he thought the other Carps, that were so strangely lost, were so killed by the frogs, and then devoured.

And a person of honour, now living in Worcestershire,[1] assured me he had seen a necklace, or collar of tadpoles, hang like a chain or necklace of beads about a Pike's neck, and to kill him: Whether it were for meat or malice, must be, to me, a question.

But I am fallen into this discourse by accident; of which I might say more, but it has proved longer than I intended, and possibly may not to you be considerable: I shall therefore give you three or four more short observations of the Carp, and then fall upon some directions how you shall fish for him.

The age of Carps is by Sir Francis Bacon, in his *History of Life and Death*, observed to be but ten years; yet others think they live longer. Gesner says, a Carp has been known to live in the Palatine above a hundred years. But most conclude, that, contrary to the Pike or Luce, all Carps are the better for age and bigness. The tongues of Carps are noted to be choice and costly meat, especially to them that buy them: but Gesner says, Carps have no tongue like other fish, but a piece of fleshlike fish in their mouth like to a tongue, and should be called a palate: but it is certain it is choicely good, and that the

[1] Mr. Fr. Ru.

Carp is to be reckoned amongst those leather-mouthed fish which, I told you, have their teeth in their throat; and for that reason he is very seldom lost by breaking his hold, if your hook be once stuck into his chaps.

I told you that Sir Francis Bacon thinks that the Carp lives but ten years: but Janus Dubravius has writ a book *Of fish and fish-ponds* in which he says, that Carps begin to spawn at the age of three years, and continue to do so till thirty: he says also, that in the time of their breeding, which is in summer, when the sun hath warmed both the earth and water, and so apted them also for generation, that then three or four male Carps will follow a female; and that then, she putting on a seeming coyness, they force her through weeds and flags, where she lets fall her eggs or spawn, which sticks fast to the weeds; and then they let fall their melt upon it, and so it becomes in a short time to be a living fish: and, as I told you, it is thought that the Carp does this several months in the year; and most believe, that most fish breed after this manner, except the Eel. And it has been observed, that when the spawner has weakened herself by doing that natural office, that two or three melters have helped her from off the weeds, by bearing her up on both sides, and guarding her into the deep. And you may note, that though this may seem a curiosity not worth observing, yet others have judged it worth their time and costs to make glass hives, and order them in such a manner as to see how bees have bred and made their honeycombs, and how they have obeyed their king, and governed their commonwealth. But it is thought that all Carps are not bred by generation; but that some breed other ways, as some Pikes do.

The physicians make the galls and stones in the heads of Carps to be very medicinable. But it is not to be doubted but that in Italy they make great profit of the spawn of Carps, by selling it to the Jews, who make it into red caviare; the Jews not being by their law admitted to eat of caviare made of the Sturgeon, that being a fish that wants scales, and, as may appear in Leviticus xi., by them reputed to be unclean.

Much more might be said out of him, and out of Aristotle, which Dubravius often quotes in his *Discourse of Fishes*: but it might rather perplex than satisfy you; and therefore I shall rather choose to direct you how to catch, than spend more time in discoursing either of the nature or the breeding of this Carp, or of any more circumstances concerning him. But yet I shall remember you of what I told you before, that he is a very subtle fish, and hard to be caught.

And my first direction is, that if you will fish for a Carp, you must put on a very large measure of patience, especially to fish for a River Carp: I have known a very good fisher angle diligently four or six hours in a day, for three or four days together, for a River Carp, and not have a bite. And you are to note, that, in some ponds, it is as hard to catch a Carp as in a river; that is to say, where they have store of feed, and the water is of a clayish colour. But you are to remember that I have told you there is no rule without an exception; and therefore being possest with that hope and patience which I wish to all fishers, especially to the Carp-angler, I shall tell you with what bait to fish for him. But first you are to know, that it must be either early, or late; and let me tell you, that in hot weather, for he will seldom bite in cold, you cannot be too early, or too late at it. And some have been so curious as to say, the tenth of April is a fatal day for Carps.

The Carp bites either at worms, or at paste: and of worms I think the bluish marsh or meadow worm is best; but possibly another worm, not too big, may do as well, and so may a green gentle: and as for pastes, there are almost as many sorts as there are medicines for the toothache; but doubtless sweet pastes are best; I mean, pastes made with honey or with sugar: which, that you may the better beguile this crafty fish, should be thrown into the pond or place in which you fish for him, some hours, or longer, before you undertake your trial of skill with the angle-rod; and doubtless, if it be thrown into the water a day or two before, at

several times, and in small pellets, you are the likelier, when you fish for the Carp, to obtain your desired sport. Or, in a large pond, to draw them to any certain place, that they may the better and with more hope be fished for, you are to throw into it, in some certain place, either grains, or blood mixed with cow-dung or with bran; or any garbage, as chicken's guts or the like; and then, some of your small sweet pellets with which you propose to angle: and these small pellets being a few of them also thrown in as you are angling, will be the better.

And your paste must be thus made: take the flesh of a rabbit, or cat, cut small; and bean-flour; and if that may not be easily got, get other flour; and then, mix these together, and put to them either sugar, or honey, which I think better: and then beat these together in a mortar, or sometimes work them in you hands, your hands being very clean; and then make it into a ball, or two, or three, as you like best, for your use: but you must work or pound it so long in the mortar, as to make it so tough as to hang upon your hook without washing from it, yet not too hard: or, that you may the better keep it on your hook, you may knead with your paste a little, and not too much, white or yellowish wool.

And if you would have this paste keep all the year, for any other fish, then mix with it virgin-wax and clarified honey, and work them together with your hands, before the fire; then make these into balls, and they will keep all the year.

And if you fish for a Carp with gentles, then put upon your hook a small piece of scarlet about this bigness [redacted], it being soaked in or anointed with oil of petre, called by some, oil of the rock: and if your gentles be put, two or three days before, into a box or horn anointed with honey, and so put upon your hook as to preserve them to be living, you are as like to kill this crafty fish this way as any other: but still, as you are fishing, chew a little white or brown bread in your mouth, and cast it into the pond about the place where your float swims. Other baits there

be; but these, with diligence and patient watchfulness, will do better than any that I have ever practised or heard of. And yet I shall tell you, that the crumbs of white bread and honey made into a paste is a good bait for a Carp; and you know, it is more easily made. And having said thus much of the Carp, my next discourse shall be of the Bream, which shall not prove so tedious; and therefore I desire the continuance of your attention.

But, first, I will tell you how to make this Carp, that is so curious to be caught, so curious a dish of meat as shall make him worth all your labour and patience. And though it is not without some trouble and charges, yet it will recompense both.

Take a Carp, alive if possible; scour him, and rub him clean with water and salt, but scale him not; then open him; and put him, with his blood and his liver, which you must save when you open him, into a small pot or kettle: then take sweet marjoram, thyme, and parsley, of each half a handful; a sprig of rosemary, and another of savoury; bind them into two or three small bundles, and put them into your Carp, with four or five whole onions, twenty pickled oysters, and three anchovies. Then pour upon your Carp as much claret wine as will only cover him; and season your claret well with salt, cloves, and mace, and the rinds of oranges and lemons. That done, cover your pot and set it on a quick fire till it be sufficiently boiled. Then take out the Carp; and lay it, with the broth, into the dish; and pour upon it a quarter of a pound of the best fresh butter, melted, and beaten with half a dozen spoonfuls of the broth, the yolks of two or three eggs, and some of the herbs shred: garnish your dish with lemons, and so serve it up. And much good do you! Dr. T.

CHAPTER X

Observations of the Bream and Directions to catch him

PISCATOR. The Bream, being at a full growth, is a large and stately fish. He will breed both in rivers and ponds: but loves best to live in ponds, and where, if he likes the water and air, he will grow not only to be very large, but as fat as a hog. He is by Gesner taken to be more pleasant, or sweet, than wholesome. This fish is long in growing; but breeds exceedingly in a water that pleases him; yea, in many ponds so fast, as to overstore them, and starve the other fish.

He is very broad, with a forked tail, and his scales set in excellent order; he hath large eyes, and a narrow sucking mouth; he hath two sets of teeth, and a lozenge-like bone, a bone to help his grinding. The melter is observed to have two large melts; and the female, two large bags of eggs or spawn.

Gesner reports, that in Poland a certain and a great number of large breams were put into a pond, which in the next following winter were frozen up into one entire ice, and not one drop of water remaining, nor one of these fish to be found, though they were diligently searched for; and yet the next spring, when the ice was thawed, and the weather warm, and fresh water got into the pond, he affirms they all appeared again. This Gesner affirms; and I quote my author, because it seems almost as incredible as the Resurrection to an atheist: but it may win something, in point of believing it, to him that considers the breeding or renovation of the silk-worm, and of many insects. And that is considerable, which Sir Francis Bacon observes in his *History of Life and Death* (fol. 20), that there be some herbs that die and spring every year, and some endure longer.

But though some do not, yet the French esteem this fish highly; and to that end have this proverb, 'He that

hath Breams in his pond, is able to bid his friend welcome'; and it is noted, that the best part of a Bream is his belly and head.

Some say, that Breams and Roaches will mix their eggs and melt together; and so there is in many places a bastard breed of Breams, that never come to be either large or good, but very numerous.

The baits good to catch this Bream are many. First, paste made of brown bread and honey; gentles; or the brood of wasps that be young (and then not unlike gentles), and should he hardened in an oven, or dried on a tile before the fire to make them tough. Or, there is, at the root of docks or flags or rushes, in watery places, a worm not unlike a maggot, at which Tench will bite freely. Or he will bite at a grasshopper with his legs nipt off, in June and July; or at several flies, under water, which may be found on flags that grow near to the water-side. I doubt not but that there be many other baits that are good; but I will turn them all into this most excellent one, either for a Carp or Bream, in any river or mere: it was given to me by a most honest and excellent angler; and hoping you will prove both, I will impart it to you.

1. Let your bait be as big a red worm as you can find, without a knot: get a pint or quart of them in an evening, in garden-walks, or chalky commons, after a shower of rain; and put them with clean moss well washed and picked, and the water squeezed out of the moss as dry as you can, into an earthen pot or pipkin set dry; and change the moss fresh every three or four days, for three weeks or a month together; then your bait will be at the best, for it will be clear and lively.

2. Having thus prepared your baits, get your tackling ready and fitted for this sport. Take three long angling-rods; and as many and more silk, or silk and hair, lines; and as many large swan or goose-quill floats. Then take a piece of lead made after this manner, and fasten them to the low ends of your lines: then fasten your link-hook also to the lead; and let there be about a foot or ten inches between the lead and the

hook: but be sure the lead be heavy enough to sink the float or quill, a little under the water; and not the quill to bear up the lead, for the lead must lie on the ground. Note, that your link next the hook may be smaller than the rest of your line, if you dare adventure, for fear of taking the Pike or Perch, who will assuredly visit your hooks, till they be taken out, as I will show you afterwards, before either Carp or Bream will come near to bite. Note also, that when the worm is well baited, it will crawl up and down as far as the lead will give leave, which much enticeth the fish to bite without suspicion.

3. Having thus prepared your baits, and fitted your tackling, repair to the river, where you have seen them swim in skulls or shoals, in the summer-time, in a hot afternoon, about three or four of the clock; and watch their going forth of their deep holes, and returning, which you may well discern, for they return about four of the clock, most of them seeking food at the bottom, yet one or two will lie on the top of the water, rolling and tumbling themselves, whilst the rest are under him at the bottom; and so you shall perceive him to keep sentinel: then mark where he plays most and stays longest, which commonly is in the broadest and deepest place of the river; and there, or near thereabouts, at a clear bottom and a convenient landing-place, take one of your angles ready fitted as aforesaid, and sound the bottom, which should be about eight or ten feet deep; two yards from the bank is best. Then consider with yourself, whether that water will rise or fall by the next morning, by reason of any water-mills near; and, according to your discretion, take the depth of the place, where you mean after to cast your ground-bait, and to fish, to half an inch; that the lead lying on or near the ground-bait, the top of the float may only appear upright half an inch above the water.

Thus you having found and fitted for the place and depth thereof, then go home and prepare your ground-bait, which is, next to the fruit of your labours, to be regarded.

THE GROUND-BAIT

You shall take a peck, or a peck and a half, according to the greatness of the stream and deepness of the water, where you mean to angle, of sweet gross-ground barley-malt; and boil it in a kettle (one or two warms is enough): then strain it through a bag into a tub (the liquor whereof hath often done my horse much good); and when the bag and malt is near cold, take it down to the water-side, about eight or nine of the clock in the evening, and not before: cast in two parts of your ground-bait, squeezed hard between both your hands; it will sink presently to the bottom; and be sure it may rest in the very place where you mean to angle: if the stream run hard, or move a little, cast your malt in handfuls a little the higher, upwards the stream. You may, between your hands, close the malt so fast in handfuls, that the water will hardly part it with the fall.

Your ground thus baited, and tackling fitted, leave your bag, with the rest of your tackling and ground-bait, near the sporting-place all night; and in the morning, about three or four of the clock, visit the water-side, but not too near, for they have a cunning watchman, and are watchful themselves too.

Then, gently take one of your three rods, and bait your hook; casting it over your ground-bait, and gently and secretly draw it to you till the lead rest about the middle of the ground-bait.

Then take a second rod, and cast in about a yard above, and your third a yard below the first rod; and stay the rods in the ground: but go yourself so far from the water-side, that you perceive nothing but the top of the floats, which you must watch most diligently. Then when you have a bite, you shall perceive the top of your float to sink suddenly into the water: yet, nevertheless, be not too hasty to run to your rods, until you see that the line goes clear away; then creep to the water-side, and give as much line as possibly you can: if it be a good Carp or Bream, they will go to the farther side of

the river: then strike gently, and hold your rod at a bent, a little while; but if you both pull together, you are sure to lose your game, for either your line, or hook, or hold, will break: and after you have overcome them, they will make noble sport, and are very shy to be landed. The Carp is far stronger and more mettlesome than the Bream.

Much more is to be observed in this kind of fish and fishing, but it is far fitter for experience and discourse than paper. Only, thus much is necessary for you to know, and to be mindful and careful of, that if the Pike or Perch do breed in that river, they will be sure to bite first, and must first be taken. And for the most part they are very large; and will repair to your ground-bait, not that they will eat of it, but will feed and sport themselves among the young fry that gather about and hover over the bait.

The way to discern the Pike and to take him, if you mistrust your Bream hook (for I have taken a Pike a yard long several times at my Bream hooks, and sometimes he hath had the luck to share my line), may be thus:

Take a small Bleak, or Roach, or Gudgeon, and bait it; and set it, alive, among your rods, two feet deep from the cork, with a little red worm on the point of the hook: then take a few crumbs of white bread, or some of the ground-bait, and sprinkle it gently amongst your rods. If Mr. Pike be there, then the little fish will skip out of the water at his appearance, but the live-set bait is sure to be taken.

Thus continue your sport from four in the morning till eight, and if it be a gloomy windy day, they will bite all day long: but this is too long to stand to your rods, at one place; and it will spoil your evening sport that day, which is this.

About four of the clock in the afternoon repair to your baited place; and as soon as you come to the water-side, cast in one-half of the rest of your ground-bait, and stand off; then whilst the fish are gathering together, for there they will most certainly come for their supper, you may take a pipe of tobacco: and then, in with your three

rods, as in the morning. You will find excellent sport that evening, till eight of the clock: then cast in the residue of your ground-bait, and next morning, by four of the clock, visit them again for four hours, which is the best sport of all; and after that, let them rest till you and your friends have a mind to more sport.

From St. James's-tide until Bartholomew-tide is the best; when they have had all the summer's food, they are the fattest.

Observe, lastly, that after three or four days' fishing together, your game will be very shy and wary, and you shall hardly get above a bite or two at a baiting: then your only way is to desist from your sport, about two or three days: and in the meantime, on the place you last baited, and again intend to bait, you shall take a turf of green but short grass, as big or bigger than a round trencher; to the top of this turf, on the green side, you shall, with a needle and green thread, fasten one by one, as many little red worms as will near cover all the turf: then take a round board or trencher, make a hole in the middle thereof, and through the turf placed on the board or trencher, with a string or cord as long as is fitting, tied to a pole, let it down to the bottom of the water, for the fish to feed upon without disturbance about two or three days; and after that you have drawn it away you may fall to, and enjoy your former recreation. B. A.

CHAPTER XI

Observations of the Tench and Advice how to angle for him

PISCATOR. The Tench, the physician of fishes, is observed to love ponds better than rivers, and to love pits better than either: yet Camden observes, there is a river in Dorsetshire that abounds with Tenches, but doubtless they retire to the most deep and quiet places in it.

This fish hath very large fins, very small and smooth scales, a red circle about his eyes, which are big and of a gold colour, and from either angle of his mouth there hangs down a little barb. In every Tench's head there are two little stones which foreign physicians make great use of, but he is not commended for wholesome meat, though there be very much use made of them for outward applications. Rondeletius says, that at his being at Rome, he saw a great cure done by applying a Tench to the feet of a very sick man. This, he says, was done after an unusual manner, by certain Jews. And it is observed that many of those people have many secrets yet unknown to Christians; secrets that have never yet been written, but have been since the days of their Solomon (who knew the nature of all things, even from the cedar to the shrub), delivered by tradition, from the father to the son, and so from generation to generation, without writing; or, unless it were casually, without the least communicating them to any other nation or tribe; for to do that they account a profanation. And, yet, it is thought that they, or some spirit worse than they, first told us, that lice, swallowed alive, were a certain cure for the yellow-jaundice. This, and many other medicines, were discovered by them, or by revelation; for, doubtless, we attained them not by study.

Well, this fish, besides his eating, is very useful, both dead and alive, for the good of mankind. But I will meddle no more with that, my honest, humble art teaches no such boldness: there are too many foolish meddlers in physic and divinity that think themselves fit to meddle with hidden secrets, and so bring destruction to their followers. But I'll not meddle with them, any farther than to wish them wiser; and shall tell you next, for I hope I may be so bold, that the Tench is the physician of fishes, for the Pike especially, and that the Pike, being either sick or hurt, is cured by the touch of the Tench. And it is observed that the tyrant Pike will not be a wolf to his physician, but forbears to devour him, though he be never so hungry.

This fish, that carries a natural balsam in him to cure

both himself and others, loves yet to feed in very foul water, and amongst weeds. And yet, I am sure, he eats pleasantly, and, doubtless, you will think so too, if you taste him. And I shall therefore proceed to give you some few, and but a few, directions how to catch this Tench, of which I have given you these observations.

He will bite at a paste, made of brown bread and honey, or at a marsh-worm, or a lob-worm; he inclines very much to any paste with which tar is mixed, and he will bite also at a smaller worm with his head nipped off, and a cod-worm put on the hook before that worm. And I doubt not but that he will also, in the three hot months (for in the nine colder he stirs not much), bite at a flag-worm or at a green gentle; but can positively say no more of the Tench, he being a fish I have not often angled for; but I wish my honest scholar may, and be ever fortunate when he fishes.

CHAPTER XII

Observations of the Perch and Directions how to fish for him

PISCATOR. The Perch is a very good, and a very bold biting fish. He is one of the fishes of prey that, like the Pike and Trout, carries his teeth in his mouth, which is very large: and he dare venture to kill and devour several other kinds of fish. He has a hooked or hog back, which is armed with sharp and stiff bristles, and all his skin armed, or covered over with thick, dry, hard scales, and hath, which few other fish have, two fins on his back. He is so bold that he will invade one of his own kind, which the Pike will not do so willingly; and you may, therefore, easily believe him to be a bold biter.

The Perch is of great esteem in Italy, saith Aldrovandus: and especially the least are there esteemed a dainty dish. And Gesner prefers the Perch and Pike above the Trout, or any fresh-water fish: he says the Germans have this

proverb, 'More wholesome than a Perch of Rhine': and he says the River-Perch is so wholesome, that physicians allow him to be eaten by wounded men, or by men in fevers, or by women in child-bed.

He spawns but once a year; and is, by physicians, held very nutritive; yet, by many, to be hard of digestion. They abound more in the river Po, and in England, says Rondeletius, than other parts: and have in their brain a stone, which is, in foreign parts, sold by apothecaries, being there noted to be very medicinable against the stone in the reins. These be a part of the commendations which some philosophical brains have bestowed upon the fresh-water Perch: yet they commend the Sea-Perch, which is known by having but one fin on his back, of which they say we English see but a few, to be a much better fish.

The Perch grows slowly, yet will grow, as I have been credibly informed, to be almost two feet long; for an honest informer told me, such a one was not long since taken by Sir Abraham Williams, a gentleman of worth, and a brother of the angle, that yet lives, and I wish he may: this was a deep-bodied fish, and doubtless durst have devoured a Pike of half his own length. For I have told you, he is a bold fish; such a one as but for extreme hunger the Pike will not devour. For to affright the Pike, and save himself, the Perch will set up his fins, much like as a turkey-cock will sometimes set up his tail.

But, my scholar, the Perch is not only valiant to defend himself, but he is, as I said, a bold-biting fish: yet he will not bite at all seasons of the year; he is very abstemious in winter, yet will bite then in the midst of the day, if it be warm: and note, that all fish bite best about the midst of a warm day in winter. And he hath been observed, by some, not usually to bite till the mulberry-tree buds; that is to say, till extreme frosts be past the spring; for, when the mulberry-tree blossoms, many gardeners observe their forward fruit to be past the danger of frosts; and some have made the like observation of the Perch's biting.

But bite the Perch will, and that very boldly. And as,

one has wittily observed, if there be twenty or forty in a hole, they may be, at one standing, all catched one after another; they being, as he says, like the wicked of the world, not afraid, though their fellows and companions perish in their sight. And you may observe, that they are not like the solitary Pike, but love to accompany one another, and march together in troops.

And the baits for this bold fish are not many: I mean, he will bite as well at some, or at any of these three, as at any or all others whatsoever: a worm, a minnow, or a little frog, of which you may find many in hay-time. And of worms; the dunghill worm called a brandling I take to be best, being well scoured in moss or fennel; or he will bite at a worm that lies under cow-dung, with a bluish head. And if you rove for a Perch with a minnow, then it is best to be alive; you sticking your hook through his back fin; or a minnow with the hook in his upper lip, and letting him swim up and down, about mid-water, or a little lower, and you still keeping him to about that depth by a cork, which ought not to be a very little one: and the like way you are to fish for the Perch with a small frog, your hook being fastened through the skin of his leg, towards the upper part of it: and, lastly, I will give you but this advice, that you give the Perch time enough when he bites; for there was scarce ever any angler that has given him too much. And now I think best to rest myself; for I have almost spent my spirits with talking so long.

VENATOR. Nay, good master, one fish more, for you see it rains still: and you know our angles are like money put to usury; they may thrive, though we sit still, and do nothing but talk and enjoy one another. Come, come, the other fish, good master.

PISCATOR. But, scholar, have you nothing to mix with this discourse, which now grows both tedious and tiresome? Shall I have nothing from you, that seem to have both a good memory and a cheerful spirit?

VENATOR. Yes, master, I will speak you a copy of verses that were made by Doctor Donne, and made to

shew the world that he could make soft and smooth verses, when he thought smoothness worth his labour: and I love them the better, because they allude to Rivers, and Fish and Fishing. They be these:

Come, live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove,
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,
With silken lines, and silver hooks.

There will the river whisp'ring run,
Warm'd by thy eyes more than the sun;
And there the enamel'd fish will stay,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channel hath,
Most amorously to thee will swim,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou, to be so seen, beest loath
By sun or moon thou dark'nest both;
And if mine eyes have leave to see,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legs with shells and weeds,
Or treacherously poor fish beset
With strangling snares or windowy net;

Let coarse bold hands, from slimy nest,
The bedded fish in banks outwrest;
Let curious traitors sleave silk flies,
To 'witch poor wand'ring fishes' eyes.

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
For thou thyself art thine own bait;
That fish that is not catcht thereby,
Is wiser afar, alas, than I.

Piscator. Well remembered, honest scholar. I thank you for these choice verses; which I have heard formerly, but had quite forgot, till they were recovered by your happy memory. Well, being I have now rested myself a little, I will make you some requital, by telling you some

observations of the Eel; for it rains still: and because, as you say, our angles are as money put to use, that thrives when we play, therefore we'll sit still, and enjoy ourselves a little longer under this honeysuckle hedge.

CHAPTER XIII

Observations of the Eel, and other Fish that want Scales, and how to fish for them

PISCATOR. It is agreed by most men, that the Eel is a most dainty fish: the Romans have esteemed her the Helena of their feasts; and some the queen of palate-pleasure. But most men differ about their breeding: some say they breed by generation, as other fish do; and others, that they breed, as some worms do, of mud; as rats and mice, and many other living creatures, are bred in Egypt, by the sun's heat when it shines upon the overflowing of the river Nilus; or out of the putrefaction of the earth, and divers other ways. Those that deny them to breed by generation, as other fish do, ask, If any man ever saw an eel to have a spawn or melt? And they are answered, That they may be as certain of their breeding as if they had seen spawn; for they say, that they are certain that Eels have all parts fit for generation, like other fish, but so small as not to be easily discerned, by reason of their fatness; but that discerned they may be; and that the He and the She Eel may be distinguished by their fins. And Rondeletius says, he has seen Eels cling together like dew-worms.

And others say, that Eels, growing old, breed other Eels out of the corruption of their own age; which, Sir Francis Bacon says, exceeds not ten years. And others say, that as pearls are made of glutinous dewdrops, which are condensed by the sun's heat in those countries, so Eels are bred of a particular dew, falling in the months of May

or June on the banks of some particular ponds or rivers, apted by nature for that end; which in a few days are, by the sun's heat, turned into Eels: and some of the ancients have called the Eels that are thus bred, the offspring of Jove. I have seen, in the beginning of July, in a river not far from Canterbury, some parts of it covered over with young Eels, about the thickness of a straw; and these Eels did lie on the top of that water, as thick as motes are said to be in the sun: and I have heard the like of other rivers, as namely, in Severn, where they are called Yelvers; and in a pond, or mere near unto Staffordshire, where, about a set time in summer, such small Eels abound so much, that many of the poorer sort of people that inhabit near to it, take such Eels out of this mere with sieves or sheets; and make a kind of Eel-cake of them, and eat it like as bread. And Gesner quotes Venerable Bede, to say, that in England there is an island called Ely, by reason of the innumerable number of Eels that breed in it. But that Eels may be bred as some worms, and some kind of bees and wasps are, either of dew, or out of the corruption of the earth, seems to be made probable by the barnacles and young goslings bred by the sun's heat and the rotten planks of an old ship, and hatched of trees; both which are related for truths by Du Bartas and Lobel, and also by our learned Camden, and laborious Gerhard in his *Herbal.*

It is said by Rondeletius, that those Eels that are bred in rivers that relate to or be nearer to the sea, never return to the fresh waters (as the Salmon does always desire to do), when they have once tasted the salt water; and I do the more easily believe this, because I am certain that powdered beef is a most excellent bait to catch an Eel. And though Sir Francis Bacon will allow the Eel's life to be but ten years, yet he, in his *History of Life and Death*, mentions a Lamprey, belonging to the Roman emperor, to be made tame, and so kept for almost threescore years; and that such useful and pleasant observations were made of this Lamprey, that Crassus the orator, who kept her, lamented her death; and we read in Doctor Hakewill, that Horten-

sius was seen to weep at the death of a Lamprey that he had kept long, and loved exceedingly.

It is granted by all, or most men, that Eels, for about six months, that is to say, the six cold months of the year, stir not up or down, neither in the rivers, nor in the pools in which they usually are, but get into the soft earth or mud; and there many of them together bed themselves, and live without feeding upon anything, as I have told you some swallows have been observed to do in hollow trees, for those six cold months. And this the Eel and Swallow do, as not being able to endure winter weather: for Gesner quotes Albertus to say, that in the year 1125, that year's winter being more cold than usually, Eels did, by nature's instinct, get out of the water into a stack of hay in a meadow upon dry ground; and there bedded themselves: but yet, at last, a frost killed them. And our Camden relates, that, in Lancashire, fishes were digged out of the earth with spades, where no water was near to the place. I shall say little more of the Eel, but that, as it is observed he is impatient of cold, so it hath been observed, that, in warm weather, an Eel has been known to live five days out of the water.

And lastly, let me tell you, that some curious searchers into the natures of fish observe, that there be several sorts or kinds of Eels; as the silver Eel, and green or greenish Eel, with which the river of Thames abounds, and those are called Grigs; and a blackish Eel, whose head is more flat and bigger than ordinary Eels; and also an Eel whose fins are reddish, and but seldom taken in this nation, and yet taken sometimes. These several kind of Eels are, say some, diversely bred; as, namely, out of the corruption of the earth; and some by dew, and other ways, as I have said to you: and yet it is affirmed by some for a certain, that the silver Eel is bred by generation, but not by spawning as other fish do; but that her brood come alive from her, being then little live Eels no bigger nor longer than a pin; and I have had too many testimonies of this, to doubt the truth of it myself; and if I thought it needful I might prove it, but I think it is needless.

And this Eel, of which I have said so much to you, may be caught with divers kinds of baits: as namely, with powdered beef; with a lob or garden worm; with a minnow; or gut of a hen, chicken, or the guts of any fish, or with almost anything, for he is a greedy fish. But the Eel may be caught, especially, with a little, a very little Lamprey, which some call a Pride, and may, in the hot months, be found many of them in the river Thames, and in many mud-heaps in other rivers; yea, almost as usually as one finds worms in a dunghill.

Next note, that the Eel seldom stirs in the day, but then hides himself; and therefore he is usually caught by night, with one of these baits of which I have spoken; and may be then caught by laying hooks, which you are to fasten to the bank, or twigs of a tree; or by throwing a string across the stream, with many hooks at it, and those baited with the aforesaid baits; and a clod, or plummet, or stone, thrown into the river with this line, that so you may in the morning find it near to some fixed place; and then take it up with a drag-hook, or otherwise. But these things are, indeed, too common to be spoken of; and an hour's fishing with any angler will teach you better, both for these and many other common things in the practical part of angling, than a week's discourse. I shall therefore conclude this direction for taking the Eel, by telling you, that in a warm day in summer, I have taken many a good Eel by Snigling, and have been much pleased with that sport.

And because you, that are but a young angler, know not what Snigling is, I will now teach it to you. You remember I told you that Eels do not usually stir in the day-time; for then they hide themselves under some covert, or under boards or planks about flood-gates, or weirs, or mills, or in holes on the river banks; so that you, observing your time in a warm day, when the water is lowest, may take a strong small hook, tied to a strong line, or to a string about a yard long; and then into one of these holes, or between any boards about a mill, or under any great stone or plank, or any place where you think an

Eel may hide or shelter herself, you may, with the help of a short stick, put in your bait, but leisurely, and as far as you may conveniently; and it is scarce to be doubted, but if there be an Eel within the sight of it, the Eel will bite instantly, and as certainly gorge it; and you need not doubt to have him if you pull him not out of the hole too quickly, but pull him out by degrees; for he, lying folded double in his hole, will, with the help of his tail, break all, unless you give him time to be wearied with pulling, and so get him out by degrees, not pulling too hard.

And to commute for your patient hearing this long direction, I shall next tell you, How to make this Eel a most excellent dish of meat.

First, wash him in water and salt; then pull off his skin below his vent or navel, and not much further: having done that, take out his guts as clean as you can, but wash him not: then give him three or four scotches with a knife; and then put into his belly and those scotches, sweet herbs, an anchovy, and a little nutmeg grated or cut very small; and your herbs and anchovies must also be cut very small, and mixt with good butter and salt: having done this, then pull his skin over him, all but his head, which you are to cut off, to the end you may tie his skin about that part where his head grew, and it must be so tied as to keep all his moisture within his skin: and having done this, tie him with tape or pack-thread to a spit, and roast him leisurely; and baste him with water and salt till his skin breaks, and then with butter; and having roasted him enough, let what was put into his belly, and what he drips, be his sauce. S. F.

When I go to dress an Eel thus, I wish he were as long and as big as that which was caught in Peterborough river, in the year 1667; which was a yard and three quarters long. If you will not believe me, then go and see at one of the coffee-houses in King Street in Westminster.

But now let me tell you, that though the Eel, thus drest, be not only excellent good, but more harmless than any other way, yet it is certain that physicians account the

Eel dangerous meat; I will advise you therefore, as Solomon says of honey (Prov. 25), 'Hast thou found it, eat no more than is sufficient, lest thou surfeit, for it is not good to eat much honey.' And let me add this, that the uncharitable Italian bids us 'give Eels and no wine to our enemies.'

And I will beg a little more of your attention, to tell you, that Aldrovandus, and divers physicians, commend the Eel very much for medicine, though not for meat. But let me tell you one observation, that the Eel is never out of season; as Trouts, and most other fish, are at set times; at least, most Eels are not.

I might here speak of many other fish, whose shape and nature are much like the Eel, and frequent both the sea and fresh rivers; as, namely, the Lamprel, the Lamprey, and the Lamperne: as also of the mighty Conger, taken often in Severn, about Gloucester: and might also tell in what high esteem many of them are for the curiosity of their taste. But these are not so proper to be talked of by me, because they make us anglers no sport; therefore I will let them alone, as the Jews do, to whom they are forbidden by their law.

And, scholar, there is also a Flounder, a sea-fish which will wander very far into fresh rivers, and there lose himself and dwell: and thrive to a hand's breadth, and almost twice so long: a fish without scales, and most excellent meat: and a fish that affords much sport to the angler, with any small worm, but especially a little bluish worm, gotten out of marsh-ground, or meadows, which should be well scoured. But this, though it be most excellent meat, yet it wants scales, and is, as I told you, therefore an abomination to the Jews.

But, scholar, there is a fish that they in Lancashire boast very much of, called a Char; taken there, and I think there only, in a mere called Winander Mere; a mere, says Camden, that is the largest in this nation, being ten miles in length, and some say as smooth in the bottom as if it were paved with polished marble. This fish never exceeds fifteen or sixteen inches in length; and is spotted like a Trout; and has scarce a bone, but on the back.

But this, though I do not know whether it make the angler sport, yet I would have you take notice of it, because it is a rarity, and of so high esteem with persons of great note.

Nor would I have you ignorant of a rare fish called a Guiniad; of which I shall tell you what Camden and others speak. The river Dee, which runs by Chester, springs in Merionethshire; and, as it runs towards Chester, it runs through Pemble Mere, which is a large water: and it is observed, that though the river Dee abounds with Salmon, and Pemble Mere with the Guiniad, yet there is never any Salmon caught in the mere, nor a Guiniad in the river. And now my next observation shall be of the Barbel.

CHAPTER XIV

Observations of the Barbel and Directions how to fish for him

PISCATOR. The Barbel is so called, says Gesner, by reason of his barb or wattles at his mouth, which are under his nose or chaps. He is one of those leather-mouthed fishes that I told you of, that does very seldom break his hold if he be once hooked: but he is so strong, that he will often break both rod and line, if he proves to be a big one.

But the Barbel, though he be of a fine shape, and looks big, yet he is not accounted the best fish to eat, neither for his wholesomeness nor his taste; but the male is reputed much better than the female, whose spawn is very hurtful, as I will presently declare to you.

They flock together like sheep, and are at the worst in April, about which time they spawn; but quickly grow to be in season. He is able to live in the strongest swifts of the water: and, in summer, they love the

shallowest and sharpest streams: and love to lurk under weeds, and to feed on gravel, against a rising ground; and will root and dig in the sands with his nose like a hog, and there nests himself: yet sometimes he retires to deep and swift bridges, or flood-gates, or weirs; where he will nest himself amongst piles, or in hollow places; and take such hold of moss or weeds, that be the water never so swift, it is not able to force him from the place that he contends for. This is his constant custom in summer, when he and most living creatures sport themselves in the sun: but at the approach of winter, then he forsakes the swift streams and shallow waters, and, by degrees, retires to those parts of the river that are quiet and deeper; in which places, and I think about that time he spawns; and, as I have formerly told you, with the help of the melter, hides his spawn or eggs in holes, which they both dig in the gravel; and then they mutually labour to cover it with the same sand, to prevent it from being devoured by other fish.

There be such store of this fish in the river Danube, that Rondeletius says they may, in some places of it, and in some months of the year, be taken, by those who dwell near to the river, with their hands, eight or ten load at a time. He says, they begin to be good in May, and that they cease to be so in August: but it is found to be otherwise in this nation. But thus far we agree with him, that the spawn of a Barbel, if it be not poison, as he says, yet that it is dangerous meat, and especially in the month of May; which is so certain, that Gesner and Gasius declare it had an ill effect upon them, even to the endangering of their lives.

The fish is of a fine cast and handsome shape, with small scales, which are placed after a most exact and curious manner, and, as I told you, may be rather said not to be ill, than to be good meat. The Chub and he have, I think, both lost part of their credit by ill cookery; they being reputed the worst, or coarsest, of fresh-water fish. But the Barbel affords an angler choice sport, being a lusty and a cunning fish; so lusty and cunning as to

endanger the breaking of the angler's line, by running his head forcibly towards any covert, or hole, or bank, and then striking at the line, to break it off, with his tail; as is observed by Plutarch, in his book *De Industriâ Animalium*: and also so cunning, to nibble and suck off your worm close to the hook, and yet avoid the letting the hook come into his mouth.

The Barbel is also curious for his baits; that is to say, that they be clean and sweet; that is to say, to have your worms well scoured, and not kept in sour and musty moss, for he is a curious feeder: but at a well-scoured lob-worm he will bite as boldly as at any bait, and specially if, the night or two before you fish for him, you shall bait the places where you intend to fish for him, with big worms cut into pieces. And note, that none did ever over-bait the place, nor fish too early or too late for a Barbel. And the Barbel will bite also at gentles, which, not being too much scoured, but green, are a choice bait for him: and so is cheese, which is not to be too hard, but kept a day or two in a wet linen cloth, to make it tough; with this you may also bait the water a day or two before you fish for the Barbel, and be much the likelier to catch store; and if the cheese were laid in clarified honey a short time before, as namely, an hour or two, you were still the likelier to catch fish. Some have directed to cut the cheese into thin pieces, and toast it; and then tie it on the hook with fine silk. And some advise to fish for the Barbel with sheep's tallow and soft cheese, beaten or worked into a paste; and that it is choicely good in August: and I believe it. But, doubtless, the lob-worm well scoured, and the gentle not too much scoured, and cheese ordered as I have directed, are baits enough, and I think will serve in any month: though I shall commend any angler that tries conclusions, and is industrious to improve the art. And now, my honest scholar, the long shower and my tedious discourse are both ended together: and I shall give you but this observation, that when you fish for a Barbel, your rod and line be both long and of good strength; for, as I told you, you will find him a heavy and a dogged fish to

be dealt withal; yet he seldom or never breaks his hold, if he be once strucken. And if you would know more of fishing for the Umber or Barbel, get into favour with Dr Sheldon, whose skill is above others; and of that, the poor that dwell about him have a comfortable experience.

And now let's go and see what interest the Trouts will pay us, for letting our angle-rods lie so long and so quietly in the water for their use. Come, scholar, which will you take up?

VENATOR. Which you think fit, master.

PISCATOR. Why, you shall take up that; for I am certain, by viewing the line, it has a fish at it. Look you, scholar! well done! Come, now take up the other too: well! now you may tell my brother Peter, at night, that you have caught a leash of Trouts this day. And now let's move towards our lodging, and drink a draught of red-cow's milk as we go; and give pretty Maudlin and her honest mother a brace of Trouts for their supper.

VENATOR. Master, I like your motion very well: and I think it is now about milking-time; and yonder they be at it.

PISCATOR. Good speed you, good woman! I thank you both for our songs last night: I and my companion have had such fortune a-fishing this day, that we resolve to give you and Maudlin a brace of Trouts for supper; and we will now taste a draught of your red-cow's milk.

MILK-WOMAN. Marry, and that you shall with all my heart; and I will be still your debtor when you come this way. If you will but speak the word, I will make you a good syllabub of new verjuice; and then you may sit down in a haycock, and eat it; and Maudlin shall sit by and sing you the good old song of the 'Hunting in Chevy Chase,' or some other good ballad, for she hath store of them: Maudlin, my honest Maudlin, hath a notable memory, and she thinks nothing too good for you, because you be such honest men.

VENATOR. We thank you; and intend, once in a month to call upon you again, and give you a little warning; and so, good-night. Good-night, Maudlin. And now, good

master, let's lose no time : but tell me somewhat more of fishing ; and if you please, first, something of fishing for a Gudgeon.

PISCATOR. I will, honest scholar.

CHAPTER XV

Observations of the Gudgeon, the Ruffe, and the Bleak, and how to fish for them

THE GUDGEON is reputed a fish of excellent taste, and to be very wholesome. He is of a fine shape, of a silver colour, and beautified with black spots both on his body and tail. He breeds two or three times in the year; and always in summer. He is commended for a fish of excellent nourishment. The Germans call him Groundling, by reason of his feeding on the ground; and he there feasts himself, in sharp streams and on the gravel. He and the Barbel both feed so: and do not hunt for flies at any time, as most other fishes do. He is an excellent fish to enter a young angler, being easy to be taken with a small red worm, on or very near to the ground. He is one of those leather-mouthed fish that has his teeth in his throat, and will hardly be lost off from the hook if he be once strucken.

They be usually scattered up and down every river in the shallows, in the heat of summer: but in autumn, when the weeds begin to grow sour and rot, and the weather colder, then they gather together, and get into the deeper parts of the water; and are to be fished for there, with your hook always touching the ground, if you fish for him with a float or with a cork. But many will fish for the Gudgeon by hand, with a running line upon the ground, without a cork, as a Trout is fished for: and it is an excellent way, if you have a gentle rod, and as gentle a hand.

There is also another fish called a Pope, and by some a Ruffe; a fish that is not known to be in some rivers: he is much like the Perch for his shape, and taken to be better than the Perch, but will not grow to be bigger than a Gudgeon. He is an excellent fish; no fish that swims is of a pleasanter taste. And he is also excellent to enter a young angler, for he is a greedy biter: and they will usually lie, abundance of them together, in one reserved place, where the water is deep and runs quietly; and an easy angler, if he has found where they lie, may catch forty or fifty, or sometimes twice so many, at a standing.

You must fish for him with a small red worm; and if you bait the ground with earth, it is excellent.

There is also a Bleak or fresh-water Sprat; a fish that is ever in motion, and therefore called by some the river-swallow; for just as you shall observe the swallow to be, most evenings in summer, ever in motion, making short and quick turns when he flies to catch flies, in the air, by which he lives; so does the Bleak at the top of the water. Ausonius would have called him Bleak from his whitish colour: his back is of a pleasant sad or sea-water-green; his belly, white and shining as the mountain snow. And doubtless, though we have the fortune, which virtue has in poor people, to be neglected, yet the Bleak ought to be much valued, though we want Allamot sauce, and the skill that the Italians have, to turn them into anchovies. This fish may be caught with a Pater-noster line; that is, six or eight very small hooks tied along the line, one half a foot above the other: I have seen five caught thus at one time; and the bait has been gentles, than which none is better.

Or this fish may be caught with a fine small artificial fly, which is to be of a very sad brown colour, and very small, and the hook answerable. There is no better sport than whipping for Bleaks in a boat, or on a bank, in the swift water, in a summer's evening, with a hazel top about five or six foot long, and a line twice the length of the rod. I have heard Sir Henry Wotton say, that there be many that in Italy will catch swallows so, or especially martins; this bird-angler standing on the top of a steeple

to do it, and with a line twice so long as I have spoken of. And let me tell you, scholar, that both Martins and Bleaks be most excellent meat.

And let me tell you, that I have known a Heron, that did constantly frequent one place, caught with a hook baited with a big minnow or a small gudgeon. The line and hook must be strong: and tied to some loose staff, so big as she cannot fly away with it: a line not exceeding two yards.

CHAPTER XVI

Is of nothing, or that which is nothing worth

My purpose was to give you some directions concerning Roach and Dace, and some other inferior fish which make the angler excellent sport; for you know there is more pleasure in hunting the hare than in eating her: but I will forbear, at this time, to say any more, because you see yonder come our brother Peter and honest Coridon. But I will promise you, that as you and I fish and walk tomorrow towards London, if I have now forgotten anything that I can then remember, I will not keep it from you.

Well met, gentlemen; this is lucky that we meet so just together at this very door. Come, hostess, where are you? is supper ready? Come, first give us a drink; and be as quick as you can, for I believe we are all very hungry. Well, brother Peter and Coridon, to you both! Come, drink: and then tell me what luck of fish: we two have caught but ten trouts, of which my scholar caught three. Look! here's eight, and a brace we gave away. We have had a most pleasant day for fishing and talking, and are returned home both weary and hungry; and now meat and rest will be pleasant.

Peter. And Coridon and I have not had an unpleasant day: and yet I have caught but five trouts; for, indeed, we went to a good honest ale-house, and there we played

at shovel-board half the day; all the time that it rained we were there, and as merry as they that fished. And I am glad we are now with a dry house over our heads; for, hark! how it rains and blows. Come, hostess, give us more ale, and our supper with what haste you may: and when we have supped, let us have your song, Piscator; and the catch that your scholar promised us; or else, Coridon will be dogged.

PISCATOR. Nay, I will not be worse than my word; you shall not want my song, and I hope I shall be perfect in it.

VENATOR. And I hope the like for my catch, which I have ready too: and therefore let's go merrily to supper, and then have a gentle touch at singing and drinking; but the last with moderation.

CORIDON. Come, now for your song; for we have fed heartily. Come, hostess, lay a few more sticks on the fire. And now, sing when you will.

PISCATOR. Well then, here's to you, Coridon; and now for my song.

O the gallant Fisher's life,
It is the best of any;
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis beloved of many:
Other joys
Are but toys:
Only this
Lawful is;
For our skill
Breeds no ill,
But content and pleasure.

In a morning up we rise,
Ere Aurora's peeping;
Drink a cup to wash our eyes;
Leave the sluggard sleeping:
Then we go
To and fro,
With our knacks
At our backs,
To such streams
As the Thames,
If we have the leisure.

When we please to walk abroad
  For our recreation,
In the fields is our abode,
  Full of delectation:
    Where in a brook
    With a hook,
    Or a lake,
    Fish we take:
    There we sit,
    For a bit,
Till we fish entangle.

We have gentles in a horn,
  We have paste and worms too;
We can watch both night and morn,
  Suffer rain and storms too;
    None do here
    Use to swear;
    Oaths do fray
    Fish away;
    We sit still,
    And watch our quill;
Fishers must not wrangle.

If the sun's excessive heat
  Make our bodies swelter,
To an osier hedge we get
  For a friendly shelter;
    Where, in a dike,
    Perch or Pike,
    Roach or Dace,
    We do chase;
    Bleak or Gudgeon,
    Without grudging;
We are still contented.

Or we sometimes pass an hour
  Under a green willow,
That defends us from a shower,
  Making earth our pillow;
    Where we may
    Think and pray
    Before death
    Stops our breath.
    Other joys
    Are but toys,
And to be lamented.

Jo. Chalkhill.

VENATOR. Well sung, master; this day's fortune and pleasure, and this night's company and song, do all make me more and more in love with angling. Gentlemen, my master left me alone for an hour this day; and I verily believe he retired himself from talking with me that he might be so perfect in this song; was it not, master?

PISCATOR. Yes indeed, for it is many years since I learned it; and having forgotten a part of it, I was forced to patch it up with the help of mine own invention, who am not excellent at poetry, as my part of the song may testify; but of that I will say no more, lest you should think I mean, by discommending it, to beg your commendations of it. And therefore, without replications, let's hear your catch, scholar; which I hope will be a good one, for you are both musical and have a good fancy to boot.

VENATOR. Marry, and that you shall; and as freely as I would have my honest master tell me some more secrets of fish and fishing, as we walk and fish towards London to-morrow. But, master, first let me tell you, that very hour which you were absent from me, I sat down under a willow-tree by the water-side, and considered what you had told me of the owner of that pleasant meadow in which you then left me; that he had a plentiful estate, and not a heart to think so; that he had at this time many law-suits depending; and that they both damped his mirth, and took up so much of his time and thoughts, that he himself had not leisure to take the sweet content that I, who pretended no title to them, took in his fields: for I could there sit quietly; and looking on the water, see some fishes sport themselves in the silver streams, others leaping at flies of several shapes and colours; looking on the hills, I could behold them spotted with woods and groves; looking down the meadows, could see, here a boy gathering lilies and lady-smocks, and there a girl cropping culverkeys and cowslips, all to make garlands suitable to this present month of May: these, and many other field flowers, so perfumed the air, that I thought that very meadow like that field in Sicily of which Diodorus speaks, where the

perfumes arising from the place make all dogs that hunt in it to fall off, and to lose their hottest scent. I say, as I thus sat, joying in my own happy condition, and pitying this poor rich man that owned this and many other pleasant groves and meadows about me, I did thankfully remember what my Saviour said, that the meek possess the earth; or rather, they enjoy what the others possess, and enjoy not; for anglers and meek quiet-spirited men are free from those high, those restless thoughts, which corrode the sweets of life; and they, and they only, can say, as the poet has happily exprest it,

Hail! blest estate of lowliness;
  Happy enjoyments of such minds
As, rich in self-contentedness,
  Can, like the reeds, in roughest winds,
By yielding make that blow but small
At which proud oaks and cedars fall.

There came also into my mind at that time, certain verses in praise of a mean estate and humble mind: they were written by Phineas Fletcher, an excellent divine, and an excellent angler; and the author of excellent *Piscatory Eclogues*, in which you shall see the picture of this good man's mind: and I wish mine to be like it.

No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright;
  No begging wants his middle fortune bite:
But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.

His certain life, that never can deceive him,
  Is full of thousand sweets, and rich content;
The smooth-leav'd beeches in the field receive him,
  With coolest shade, till noon-tide's heat be spent.
His life is neither tost in boisterous seas,
  Or the vexatious world, or lost in slothful ease;
Pleas'd and full blest he lives, when he his God can please.

His bed, more safe than soft, yields quiet sleeps,
  While by his side his faithful spouse has place;
His little son into his bosom creeps,
  The lively picture of his father's face.
His humble house or poor state ne'er torment him;
  Less he could like, if less his God had lent him;
And when he dies, green turfs do for a tomb content him.

Gentlemen, these were a part of the thoughts that then possessed me. And I there made a conversion of a piece of an old catch, and added more to it, fitting them to be sung by us anglers. Come, Master, you can sing well: you must sing a part of it, as it is in this paper.

Man's life is but vain; for 'tis subject to pain,
And sorrow, and short as a bubble;
'Tis a hodge-podge of business, and money, and care,
And care, and money, and trouble.

But we'll take no care when the weather proves fair;
Nor will we vex now though it rain;
We'll banish all sorrow, and sing till to-morrow,
And angle, and angle again.

THE ANGLER'S SONG.

A. 2 Voc. *Set by Mr. H. Lawes.*

Cantus.

Man's life is but vain; for 'tis sub-ject to pain, And

sor-row, and short as a bub-ble; 'Tis a hodge podge of bus'ness, and

mon-ey, and care, And care, and mon-ey, and trou-ble.

But we'll take no care when the wea-ther proves fair; Nor

will we vex now though it rain; We'll ban-ish all sor-row, and

sing till to-mor-row, And an-gle, and an-gle a-gain.

THE ANGLER'S SONG.

A. 2 Voc. *Set by Mr. H. Lawes.*

Bassus.

Man's life is but vain; For 'tis sub-ject to pain, And

sor-row, and short as a bub-ble; 'Tis a hodge podge of bus-'ness, and

mon-ey, and care, And care, and mon-ey, and trou-ble.

But we'll take no care when the wea-ther proves fair; Nor

will we vex now though it rain; We'll ban-ish all sor-row, and

sing till to-mor-row, And an-gle, and an-gle a-gain.

PETER. Aye marry, Sir, this is music indeed; this has cheer'd my heart, and made me remember six verses in praise of musick, which I will speak to you instantly.

Music! miraculous rhetorick, that speak'st sense
Without a tongue, excelling eloquence;
With what ease might thy errors be excus'd,
Wert thou as truly lov'd as th' art abus'd!
But though dull souls neglect, and some reprove thee.
I cannot hate thee, 'cause the Angels love thee.

VENATOR. And the repetition of these last verses of music has called to my memory what Mr. Edmund Waller, a lover of the angle, says of love and musick.

Whilst I listen to thy voice,
Chloris! I feel my heart decay;

That powerful voice
Calls my fleeting soul away:
Oh! suppress that magic sound,
Which destroys without a wound.

Peace, Chloris! peace, or singing die,
That together you and I
To heaven may go;
For all we know
Of what the blesséd do above,
Is, that they sing, and that they love.

PISCATOR. Well remembered, brother Peter; these verses came seasonably, and we thank you heartily. Come, we will all join together, my host and all, and sing my scholar's catch over again; and then each man drink the tother cup, and to bed; and thank God we have a dry house over our heads.

PISCATOR. Well, now, good-night to everybody.

PETER. And so say I.

VENATOR. And so say I.

CORIDON. Good-night to you all; and I thank you.

[*THE FIFTH DAY*]

PISCATOR. Good-morrow, brother Peter, and the like to you, honest Coridon.

Come, my hostess says there is seven shillings to pay: let's each man drink a pot for his morning's draught, and lay down his two shillings, so that my hostess may not have occasion to repent herself of being so diligent, and using us so kindly.

PETER. The motion is liked by everybody, and so, hostess, here's your money: we anglers are all beholding to you; it will not be long ere I'll see you again; and now, brother Piscator, I wish you, and my brother your scholar, a fair day and good fortune. Come, Coridon, this is our way.

CHAPTER XVII

Of Roach and Dace, and how to fish for them, and of Cadis

VENATOR. Good master, as we go now towards London, be still so courteous as to give me more instructions; for I have several boxes in my memory, in which I will keep them all very safe, there shall not one of them be lost.

PISCATOR. Well, scholar, that I will: and I will hide nothing from you that I can remember, and can think may help you forward towards a perfection in this art. And because we have so much time, and I have said so little of Roach and Dace, I will give you some directions concerning them.

Some say the Roach is so called from *rutilus*, which they say signifies red fins. He is a fish of no great reputation for his dainty taste; and his spawn is accounted much better than any other part of him. And you may take notice, that as the Carp is accounted the water-fox, for his cunning; so the Roach is accounted the water-sheep, for his simplicity or foolishness. It is noted, that the Roach and Dace recover strength, and grow in season in a fortnight after spawning; the Barbel and Chub in a month; the Trout in four months; and the Salmon in the like time, if he gets into the sea, and after into fresh water.

Roaches be accounted much better in the river than in a pond, though ponds usually breed the biggest. But there is a kind of bastard small Roach, that breeds in ponds, with a very forked tail, and of a very small size; which some say is bred by the Bream and right Roach; and some ponds are stored with these beyond belief; and knowing-men, that know their difference, call them Ruds: they differ from the true Roach, as much as a Herring from a Pilchard. And these bastard breed of Roach are now scattered in many rivers: but I think not in the Thames, which I believe affords the largest and fattest in this nation, especially below London Bridge. The

Roach is a leather-mouthed fish, and has a kind of saw-like teeth in his throat. And lastly, let me tell you, the Roach makes an angler excellent sport, especially the great Roaches about London, where I think there be the best Roach-anglers. And I think the best Trout-anglers be in Derbyshire; for the waters there are clear to an extremity.

Next, let me tell you, you shall fish for this Roach in Winter, with paste or gentles; in April, with worms or cadis; in the very hot months, with little white snails; or with flies under water, for he seldom takes them at the top, though the Dace will. In many of the hot months, Roaches may also be caught thus: take a May-fly, or ant-fly, sink him with a little lead to the bottom, near to the piles or posts of a bridge, or near to any posts of a weir, I mean any deep place where Roaches lie quietly, and then pull your fly up very leisurely, and usually a Roach will follow your bait up to the very top of the water, and gaze on it there, and run at it, and take it, lest the fly should fly away from him.

I have seen this done at Windsor and Henley Bridge, and a great store of Roach taken; and sometimes, a Dace or Chub. And in August you may fish for them with a paste made only of the crumbs of bread, which should be of pure fine manchet; and that paste must be so tempered betwixt your hands till it be both soft and tough too: a very little water, and time, and labour, and clean hands, will make it a most excellent paste. But when you fish with it, you must have a small hook, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, or the bait is lost, and the fish too; if one may loose that which he never had. With this paste you may, as I said, take both the Roach and the Dace or Dare; for they be much of a kind, in manner of feeding, cunning, goodness, and usually in size. And therefore take this general direction, for some other baits which may concern you to take notice of: they will bite almost at any fly, but especially at ant-flies; concerning which take this direction, for it is very good.

Take the blackish ant-fly out of the mole-hill or ant-hill, in which place you shall find them in the month of June; or if that be too early in the year, then, doubtless, you may find them in July, August, and most of September. Gather them alive, with both their wings: and then put them into a glass that will hold a quart or a pottle; but first put into the glass a handful, or more, of the moist earth out of which you gather them, and as much of the roots of the grass of the said hillock; and then put in the flies gently, that they loose not their wings: lay a clod of earth over it; and then so many as are put into the glass, without bruising, will live there a month or more, and be always in a readiness for you to fish with: but if you would have them keep longer, then get any great earthen pot, or barrel of three or four gallons, which is better, then wash your barrel with water and honey; and having put into it a quantity of earth and grass roots, then put in your flies, and cover it, and they will live a quarter of a year. These, in any stream and clear water, are a deadly bait for Roach or Dace, or for a Chub: and your rule is to fish not less than a handful from the bottom.

I shall next tell you a winter-bait for a Roach, a Dace, or Chub; and it is choicely good. About All-hallantide, and so till frost comes, when you see men ploughing up heath ground, or sandy ground, or greenswards, then follow the plough, and you shall find a white worm, as big as two maggots, and it hath a red head: you may observe in what ground most are, for there the crows will be very watchful and follow the plough very close: it is all soft, and full of whitish guts; a worm that is, in Norfolk and some other counties, called a grub; and is bred of the spawn or eggs of a beetle, which she leaves in holes that she digs in the ground under cow or horse dung, and there rests all winter, and in March or April comes to be first a red and then a black beetle. Gather a thousand or two of these, and put them, with a peck or two of their own earth, into some tub or firkin, and cover and keep them so warm that the frost or cold air, or winds, kill them not:

these you may keep all winter, and kill fish with them at any time; and if you put some of them into a little earth and honey, a day before you use them, you will find them an excellent bait for Bream, Carp, or indeed for almost any fish.

And after this manner you may also keep gentles all winter; which are a good bait then, and much the better for being lively and tough. Or you may breed and keep gentles thus: take a piece of beast's liver, and, with a cross stick, hang it in some corner, over a pot or barrel half full of dry clay; and as the gentles grow big, they will fall into the barrel and scour themselves, and be always ready for use whensoever you incline to fish; and these gentles may be thus created till after Michaelmas. But if you desire to keep gentles to fish with all the year, then get a dead cat or a kite, and let it be fly-blown; and when the gentles begin to be alive and to stir, then bury it and them in soft moist earth, but as free from frost as you can; and these you may dig up at any time when you intend to use them: these will last till March, and about that time turn to be flies.

But if you be nice to foul your fingers, which good anglers seldom are, then take this bait: get a handful of well-made malt, and put it into a dish of water: and then wash and rub it betwixt your hands till you make it clean, and as free from husks as you can; then put that water from it, and put a small quantity of fresh water to it, and set it in something that is fit for that purpose, over the fire, where it is not to boil apace, but leisurely and very softly, until it become somewhat soft, which you may try by feeling it betwixt your finger and thumb; and when it is soft, then put your water from it: and then take a sharp knife, and turning the sprout end of the corn upward with the point of your knife, take the back part of the husk off from it, and yet leaving a kind of inward husk on the corn, or else it is marr'd; and then cut off that sprouted end, I mean a little of it that the white may appear; and so pull off the husk on the cloven side, as I directed you; and then cutting off a very little of the other end, that so

your hook may enter; and if your hook be small and good, you will find this to be a very choice bait, either for winter or summer, you sometimes casting a little of it into the place where your float swims.

And to take the Roach and Dace, a good bait is the young brood of wasps or bees, if you dip their heads in blood; especially good for Bream, if they be baked, or hardened in their husks in an oven, after the bread is taken out of it; or hardened on a fire-shovel: and so also is the thick blood of sheep, being half dried on a trencher, that so you may cut into such pieces as may best fit the size of your hook; and a little salt keeps it from growing black, and makes it not the worse, but better: this is taken to be a choice bait, if rightly ordered.

There be several oils of a strong smell that I have been told of, and to be excellent to tempt fish to bite, of which I could say much. But I remember I once carried a small bottle from Sir George Hastings to Sir Henry Wotton, they were both chemical men, as a great present: it was sent, and receiv'd, and us'd, with great confidence; and yet, upon inquiry, I found it did not answer the expectation of Sir Henry; which, with the help of this and other circumstances, makes me have little belief in such things as many men talk of. Not but that I think that fishes both smell and hear, as I have exprest in my former discourse: but there is a mysterious knack, which though it be much easier than the philosopher's stone, yet is not attainable by common capacities, or else lies locked up in the brain or breast of some chemical man, that, like the Rosicrucians, will not yet reveal it. But let me nevertheless tell you, that camphire, put with moss into your worm-bag with your worms, makes them, if many anglers be not very much mistaken, a tempting bait, and the angler more fortunate. But I stepped by chance into this discourse of oils, and fishes smelling; and though there might be more said, both of it and of baits for Roach and Dace and other float-fish, yet I will forbear it at this time, and tell you, in the next place, how you are to prepare your tackling: concerning which, I will, for sport sake, give you an old

rhyme out of an old fish book; which will prove a part, and but a part, of what you are to provide.

My rod and my line, my float and my lead,
  My hook and my plummet, my whetstone and knife,
My basket, my baits, both living and dead,
  My net, and my meat, for that is the chief:
Then I must have thread, and hairs green and small,
With mine angling purse: and so you have all.

But you must have all these tackling, and twice so many more, with which, if you mean to be a fisher, you must store yourself; and to that purpose I will go with you, either to Mr. Margrave, who dwells amongst the booksellers in St. Paul's Churchyard, or to Mr. John Stubs, near to the Swan in Golding Lane: they be both honest men, and will fit an angler with what tackling he lacks.

VENATOR. Then, good master, let it be at —— for he is nearest to my dwelling. And I pray let's meet there the ninth of May next, about two of the clock; and I'll want nothing that a fisher should be furnished with.

PISCATOR. Well, and I'll not fail you, God willing, at the time and place appointed.

VENATOR. I thank you, good master, and I will not fail you. And, good master, tell me what Baits more you remember; for it will not now be long ere we shall be at Tottenham-High-Cross; and when we come thither I will make you some requital of your pains, by repeating as choice a copy of Verses as any we have heard since we met together; and that is a proud word, for we have heard very good ones.

PISCATOR. Well, scholar, and I shall be then right glad to hear them. And I will, as we walk, tell you whatsoever comes in my mind, that I think may be worth your hearing. You may make another choice bait thus: take a handful or two of the best and biggest wheat you can get; boil it in a little milk, like as frumity is boiled; boil it so till it be soft; and then fry it, very leisurely, with honey, and a little beaten saffron dissolved in milk; and you will find this a choice bait, and good, I think, for any fish, especially for Roach, Dace, Chub, or Grayling: I know not

but that it may be as good for a river Carp, and especially if the ground be a little baited with it.

And you may also note, that the Spawn of most fish is a very tempting bait, being a little hardened on a warm tile and cut into fit pieces. Nay, mulberries, and those blackberries which grow upon briars, be good baits for Chubs or Carps: with these many have been taken in ponds, and in some rivers where such trees have grown near the water, and the fruit customarily dropt into it. And there be a hundred other baits, more than can be well named, which, by constant baiting the water, will become a tempting bait for any fish in it.

You are also to know, that there be divers kinds of Cadis, or Case-worms, that are to be found in this nation, in several distinct counties, and in several little brooks that relate to bigger rivers; as namely, one cadis called a piper, whose husk, or case, is a piece of reed about an inch long, or longer, and as big about as the compass of a two-pence. These worms being kept three or four days in a woollen bag, with sand at the bottom of it, and the bag wet once a day, will in three or four days turn to be yellow; and these be a choice bait for the Chub or Chavender, or indeed for any great fish, for it is a large bait.

There is also a lesser cadis-worm, called a Cock-spur, being in fashion like the spur of a cock, sharp at one end; and the case, or house, in which this dwells, is made of small husks, and gravel, and slime, most curiously made of these, even so as to be wondered at, but not to be made by man, no more than a king-fisher's nest can, which is made of little fishes' bones and have such a geometrical interweaving and connection as the like is not to be done by the art of man. This kind of cadis is a choice bait for any float-fish; it is much less than the piper-cadis, and to be so ordered: and these may be so preserved, ten, fifteen, or twenty days, or it may be longer.

There is also another cadis, called by some a Straw-worm, and by some a Ruff-coat, whose house, or case, is made of little pieces of bents, and rushes, and straws, and water-weeds, and I know not what; which are so knit

together with condensed slime, that they stick about her husk or case, not unlike the bristles of a hedge-hog. These three cadises are commonly taken in the beginning of summer; and are good, indeed, to take any kind of fish, with float or otherwise. I might tell you of many more, which as these do early, so those have their time also of turning to be flies later in summer; but I might lose myself, and tire you, by such a discourse: I shall therefore but remember you, that to know these, and their several kinds, and to what flies every particular cadis turns, and then how to use them, first, as they be cadis, and after as they be flies, is an art, and an art that everyone that professes to be an angler has not leisure to search after, and, if he had, is not capable of learning.

I'll tell you, scholar; several countries have several kinds of cadises, that indeed differ as much as dogs do; that is to say, as much as a very cur and a greyhound do. These be usually bred in the very little rills, or ditches, that run into bigger rivers; and I think a more proper bait for those very rivers than any other. I know not how, or of what, this cadis receives life, or what coloured fly it turns to; but doubtless they are the death of many Trouts: and this is one killing way:

Take one, or more if need be, of these large yellow cadis: pull off his head, and with it pull out his black gut; put the body, as little bruised as is possible, on a very little hook, armed on with a red hair, which will show like the cadis-head; and a very little thin lead, so put upon the shank of the hook that it may sink presently. Throw this bait, thus ordered, which will look very yellow, into any great still hole where a Trout is, and he will presently venture his life for it, 'tis not to be doubted, if you be not espied; and that the bait first touch the water before the line. And this will do best in the deepest stillest water.

Next, let me tell you, I have been much pleased to walk quietly by a brook, with a little stick in my hand, with which I might easily take these, and consider the curiosity of their composure: and if you shall ever like

to do so, then note, that your stick must be a little hazel, or willow, cleft, or have a nick at one end of it, by which means you may, with ease, take many of them in that nick out of the water, before you have any occasion to use them. These, my honest scholar, are some observations, told to you as they now come suddenly into my memory, of which you may make some use: but for the practical part, it is that that makes an angler: it is diligence, and observation, and practice, and an ambition to be the best in the art, that must do it. I will tell you, scholar, I once heard one say, 'I envy not him that eats better meat than I do; nor him that is richer, or that wears better clothes than I do: I envy nobody but him, and him only, that catches more fish than I do.' And such a man is like to prove an angler; and this noble emulation I wish to you, and all young anglers.

CHAPTER XVIII

Of the Minnow or Penk, of the Loach, and of the Bull-Head, or Miller's-Thumb

PISCATOR. There be also three or four other little fish that I had almost forgot; that are all without scales; and may for excellency of meat, be compared to any fish of greatest value and largest size. They be usually full of eggs or spawn, all the months of summer; for they breed often, as 'tis observed mice and many of the smaller four-footed creatures of the earth do; and as those, so these come quickly to their full growth and perfection. And it is needful that they breed both often and numerously; for they be, besides other accidents of ruin, both a prey and baits for other fish. And first I shall tell you of the Minnow or Penk.

The Minnow hath, when he is in perfect season, and not sick, which is only presently after spawning, a kind of dappled or waved colour, like to a panther, on his sides,

inclining to a greenish and sky-colour; his belly being milk white; and his back almost black or blackish. He is a sharp biter at a small worm, and in hot weather makes excellent sport for young anglers, or boys, or women that love that recreation. And in the spring they make of them excellent Minnow-tansies; for being washed well in salt, and their heads and tails cut off, and their guts taken out, and not washed after, they prove excellent for that use; that is, being fried with yolk of eggs, the flowers of cowslips and of primroses, and a little tansy; thus used they make a dainty dish of meat.

The Loach is, as I told you, a most dainty fish: he breeds and feeds in little and clear swift brooks or rills, and lives there upon the gravel, and in the sharpest streams: he grows not to be above a finger long, and no thicker than is suitable to that length. This Loach is not unlike the shape of the Eel: he has a beard or wattles like a barbel. He has two fins at his sides, four at his belly, and one at his tail; he is dappled with many black or brown spots; his mouth is barbel-like under his nose. This fish is usually full of eggs or spawn; and is by Gesner, and other learned physicians, commended for great nourishment, and to be very grateful both to the palate and stomach of sick persons. He is to be fished for with a very small worm, at the bottom; for he very seldom, or never, rises above the gravel, on which I told you he usually gets his living.

The Miller's-thumb, or Bull-head, is a fish of no pleasing shape. He is by Gesner compared to the Sea-toad-fish, for his similitude and shape. It has a head big and flat, much greater than suitable to his body; a mouth very wide, and usually gaping; he is without teeth, but his lips are very rough, much like to a file. He hath two fins near to his gills, which be roundish or crested; two fins also under the belly; two on the back; one below the vent; and the fin of his tail is round. Nature hath painted the body of this fish with whitish, blackish, brownish spots. They be usually full of eggs or spawn all the summer, I mean the females; and those eggs swell their

vents almost into the form of a dug. They begin to spawn about April, and, as I told you, spawn several months in the summer. And in the winter, the Minnow, and Loach, and Bull-head dwell in the mud, as the Eel doth; or we know not where, no more than we know where the cuckoo and swallow, and other half-year birds, which first appear to us in April, spend their six cold, winter, melancholy months. This Bull-head does usually dwell, and hide himself, in holes, or amongst stones in clear water; and in very hot days will lie a long time very still, and sun himself, and will be easy to be seen upon any flat stone, or any gravel; at which time he will suffer an angler to put a hook, baited with a small worm, very near unto his very mouth: and he never refuses to bite, nor indeed to be caught with the worst of anglers. Matthiolus commends him much more for his taste and nourishment, than for his shape or beauty.

There is also a little fish called a Sticklebag, a fish without scales, but hath his body fenced with several prickles. I know not where he dwells in winter; nor what he is good for in summer, but only to make sport for boys and women-anglers, and to feed other fish that be fish of prey, as Trouts in particular, who will bite at him as at a Penk; and better, if your hook be rightly baited with him, for he may be so baited as, his tail turning like the sail of a windmill, will make him turn more quick than any Penk or Minnow can. For note, that the nimble turning of that, or the Minnow, is the perfection of Minnow-fishing. To which end, if you put your hook into his mouth, and out at his tail; and then, having first tied him with white thread a little above his tail, and placed him after such a manner on your hook as he is like to turn, then sew up his mouth to your line, and he is like to turn quick, and tempt any Trout: but if he does not turn quick, then turn his tail, a little more or less, towards the inner part, or towards the side of the hook; or put the Minnow or Sticklebag a little more crooked or more straight on your hook, until it will turn both true and fast; and then doubt not but to tempt any great Trout that lies in a swift stream.

And the Loach that I told you of will do the like: no bait is more tempting, provided the Loach be not too big.

And now, scholar, with the help of this fine morning, and your patient attention, I have said all that my present memory will afford me, concerning most of the several fish that are usually fished for in fresh waters.

VENATOR. But, master, you have by your former civility made me hope that you will make good your promise, and say something of the several rivers that be of most note in this nation; and also of fish-ponds, and the ordering of them: and do it I pray, good master; for I love any discourse of rivers, and fish and fishing; the time spent in such discourse passes away very pleasantly.

CHAPTER XIX

Of several Rivers, and some Observations of Fish

PISCATOR. Well, scholar, since the ways and weather do both favour us, and that we yet see not Tottenham-Cross, you shall see my willingness to satisfy your desire. And, first, for the rivers of this nation: there be, as you may note out of Dr. Heylin's *Geography*, and others, in number three hundred and twenty-five; but those of chiefest note he reckons and describes as followeth.

The chief is THAMISIS, compounded of two rivers, Thame and Isis; whereof the former, rising somewhat beyond Thame in Buckinghamshire, and the latter near Cirencester in Gloucestershire, meet together about Dorchester in Oxfordshire; the issue of which happy conjunction is Thamisis, or Thames; hence it flieth betwixt Berks, Buckinghamshire, Middlesex, Surrey, Kent, and Essex: and so weddeth itself to the Kentish Medway, in the very jaws of the ocean. This glorious river feeleth the violence and benefit of the sea more than any river in Europe; ebbing and flowing, twice a day, more than sixty

miles; about whose banks are so many fair towns and princely palaces, that a German poet thus truly spake:

Tot campos, &c.
We saw so many woods and princely bowers,
Sweet fields, brave palaces, and stately towers;
So many gardens drest with curious care,
That Thames with royal Tiber may compare.

2. The second river of note is SABRINA or SEVERN: it hath its beginning in Plinilimmonhill, in Montgomeryshire; and his end seven miles from Bristol; washing, in the mean space, the walls of Shrewsbury, Worcester, and Gloucester, and divers other places and palaces of note.

3. TRENT, so called from thirty kind of fishes that are found in it, or for that it receiveth thirty lesser rivers; who having his fountain in Staffordshire, and gliding through the counties of Nottingham, Lincoln, Leicester, and York, augmenteth the turbulent current of Humber, the most violent stream of all the isle. This Humber is not, to say truth, a distinct river having a spring-head of his own, but it is rather the mouth or *aestuarium* of divers rivers here confluent and meeting together, namely, your Derwent, and especially of Ouse and Trent; and, as the Danow, having received into its channel the river Dravus, Savus, Tibiscus, and divers others, changeth his name into this of *Humberabus*, as the old geographers call it.

4. MEDWAY, a Kentish river, famous for harbouring the royal navy.

5. TWEED, the north-east bound of England; on whose northern banks is seated the strong and impregnable town of Berwick.

6. TYNE, famous for Newcastle, and her inexhaustible coal-pits. These, and the rest of principal note, are thus comprehended in one of Mr. Drayton's Sonnets:

The floods' queen, Thames, for ships and swans is crown'd;
And stately Severn for her shore is prais'd;
The crystal Trent, for fords and fish renown'd;
And Avon's fame to Albion's cliffs is raised.

Carlegion Chester vaunts her holy Dee;
  York many wonders of her Ouse can tell;
The Peak, her Dove, whose banks so fertile be,
  And Kent will say her Medway doth excel:

Cotswold commends her Isis to the Tame;
  Our northern borders boast of Tweed's fair flood;
Our Western parts extol their Willy's fame,
  And the old Lea brags of the Danish blood.

These observations are out of learned Dr. Heylin, and my old deceased friend, Michael Drayton; and because you say you love such discourses as these, of rivers, and fish, and fishing, I love you the better, and love the more to impart them to you. Nevertheless, scholar, if I should begin but to name the several sorts of strange fish that are usually taken in many of those rivers that run into the sea, I might beget wonder in you, or unbelief, or both: and yet I will venture to tell you a real truth concerning one lately dissected by Dr. Wharton, a man of great learning and experience, and of equal freedom to communicate it; one that loves me and my art; one to whom I have been beholding for many of the choicest observations that I have imparted to you. This good man, that dares do any thing rather than tell an untruth, did, I say, tell me he had lately dissected one strange fish, and he thus described it to me:

'This fish was almost a yard broad, and twice that length; his mouth wide enough to receive, or take into it, the head of a man; his stomach, seven or eight inches broad. He is of a slow motion; and usually lies or lurks close in the mud; and has a moveable string on his head, about a span or near unto a quarter of a yard long; by the moving of which, which is his natural bait, when he lies close and unseen in the mud, he draws other smaller fish so close to him, than he can suck them into his mouth, and so devours and digests them.'

And, scholar, do not wonder at this; for besides the credit of the relator, you are to note, many of these, and fishes which are of the like and more unusual shapes, are very often taken on the mouths of our sea rivers, and

on the sea shore. And this will be no wonder to any that have travelled Egypt; where, 'tis known, the famous river Nilus does not only breed fishes that yet want names, but, by the overflowing of that river, and the help of the sun's heat on the fat slime which that river leaves on the banks when it falls back into its natural channel, such strange fish and beasts are also bred, that no man can give a name to; as Grotius in his *Sopham*, and others, have observed.

But whither am I strayed in this discourse. I will end it by telling you, that at the mouth of some of these rivers of ours, Herrings are so plentiful, as namely, near to Yarmouth in Norfolk, and in the west country Pilchers so very plentiful, as you will wonder to read what our learned Camden relates of them in his *Britannia* (p. 178, 186).

Well, scholar, I will stop here, and tell you what by reading and conference I have observed concerning fish-ponds.

CHAPTER XX

Of Fish-Ponds and how to order them

Doctor Lebault, the learned Frenchman, in his large discourse of *Maison Rustique*, gives this direction for making of fish-ponds. I shall refer you to him, to read it at large: but I think I shall contract it, and yet make it as useful.

He adviseth, that when you have drained the ground, and made the earth firm, where the head of the pond must be, that you must then, in that place, drive in two or three rows of oak or elm piles, which should be scorched in the fire, or half-burnt, before they be driven into the earth; for being thus used, it preserves them much longer from rotting. And having done so, lay faggots or bavins of smaller wood betwixt them: and then earth betwixt and above them: and then, having first very well rammed

them and the earth, use another pile in like manner as the first were: and note, that the second pile is to be of or about the height that you intend to make your sluice or flood-gate, or the vent that you intend shall convey the overflowings of your pond in any flood that shall endanger the breaking of your pond-dam.

Then he advises, that you plant willows or owlers, about it, or both: and then cast in bavins, in some places not far from the side, and in the most sandy places, for fish both to spawn upon, and to defend them and the young fry from the many fish, and also from vermin, that lie at watch to destroy them, especially the spawn of the Carp and Tench, when 'tis left to the mercy of ducks or vermin.

He, and Dubravius, and all others advise, that you make choice of such a place for your pond, that it may be refreshed with a little rill, or with rain water, running or falling into it; by which fish are more inclined both to breed, and are also refreshed and fed the better, and do prove to be of a much sweeter and more pleasant taste.

To which end it is observed, that such pools as be large and have most gravel, and shallows where fish may sport themselves, do afford fish of the purest taste. And note, that in all pools it is best for fish to have some retiring place; as namely, hollow banks, or shelves, or roots of trees, to keep them from danger, and, when they think fit, from the extreme heat of summer; as also from the extremity of cold in winter. And note, that if many trees be growing about your pond, the leaves thereof falling into the water, make it nauseous to the fish, and the fish to be so to the eater of it.

'Tis noted, that the Tench and Eel love mud; and the Carp loves gravelly ground, and in the hot months to feed on grass. You are to cleanse your pond, if you intend either profit or pleasure, once every three or four years, especially some ponds, and then let it lie dry six or twelve months, both to kill the water-weeds, as water-lilies, candocks, reate, and bulrushes, that breed there; and also

that as these die for want of water, so grass may grow in the pond's bottom, which Carps will eat greedily in all the hot months, if the pond be clean. The letting your pond dry and sowing oats in the bottom is also good, for the fish feed the faster; and being sometimes let dry, you may observe what kind of fish either increases or thrives best in that water; for they differ much, both in their breeding and feeding.

Lebault also advises, that if your ponds be not very large and roomy, that you often feed your fish, by throwing into them chippings of bread, curds, grains, or the entrails of chickens or of any fowl or beast that you kill to feed yourselves; for these afford fish a great relief. He says, that frogs and ducks do much harm, and devour both the spawn and the young fry of all fish, especially of the Carp; and I have, besides experience, many testimonies of it. But Lebault allows water-frogs to be good meat, especially in some months, if they be fat: but you are to note, that he is a Frenchman; and we English will hardly believe him, though we know frogs are usually eaten in his country: however he advises to destroy them and king-fishers out of your ponds. And he advises not to suffer much shooting at wild fowl; for that, he says, affrightens, and harms, and destroys the fish.

Note, that Carps and Tench thrive and breed best when no other fish is put with them into the same pond; for all other fish devour their spawn, or at least the greatest part of it. And note, that clods of grass thrown into any pond feed any Carps in summer; and that garden-earth and parsley thrown into a pond recovers and refreshes the sick fish. And note, that when you store your pond, you are to put into it two or three melters for one spawner, if you put them into a breeding-pond; but if into a nurse-pond, or feeding-pond, in which they will not breed, then no care is to be taken whether there be most male or female Carps.

It is observed that the best ponds to breed Carps are those that be stony or sandy, and are warm, and free from wind; and that are not deep, but have willow-trees and

grass on their sides, over which the water does sometimes flow: and note, that Carps do more usually breed in marle-pits, or pits that have clean clay bottoms; or in new ponds, or ponds that lie dry a winter season, than in old ponds that be full of mud and weeds.

Well, Scholar, I have told you the substance of all that either observation or discourse, or a diligent survey of Dubravius and Lebault hath told me: not that they, in their long discourses, have not said more; but the most of the rest are so common observations, as if a man should tell a good arithmetician that twice two is four. I will therefore put an end to this discourse; and we will here sit down and rest us.

CHAPTER XXI

Directions for making of a Line, and for the colouring of both Rod and Line

PISCATOR. Well, Scholar, I have held you too long about these cadis, and smaller fish, and rivers, and fish-ponds; and my spirits are almost spent, and so I doubt is your patience; but being we are now almost at Tottenham where I first met you, and where we are to part, I will lose no time, but give you a little direction how to make and order your lines, and to colour the hair of which you make your lines, for that is very needful to be known of an angler; and also how to paint your rod, especially your top; for a right-grown top is a choice commodity, and should be preserved from the water soaking into it, which makes it in wet weather to be heavy and fish ill-favouredly, and not true; and also it rots quickly for want of painting: and I think a good top is worth preserving, or I had not taken care to keep a top above twenty years.

But first for your Line. First note, that you are to

take care that your hair be round and clear, and free from galls, or scabs, or frets: for a well-chosen, even, clear, round hair, of a kind of glass-colour, will prove as strong as three uneven scabby hairs that are ill-chosen, and full of galls or unevenness. You shall seldom find a black hair but it is round, but many white are flat and uneven; therefore, if you get a lock of right, round, clear, glass-colour hair, make much of it.

And for making your line, observe this rule: first, let your hair be clean washed ere you go about to twist it; and then choose not only the clearest hair for it, but hairs that be of an equal bigness, for such do usually stretch all together, and break altogether, which hairs of an unequal bigness never do, but break singly, and so deceive the angler that trusts to them.

When you have twisted your links, lay them in water for a quarter of an hour at least, and then twist them over again before you tie them into a line: for those that do not so shall usually find their line to have a hair or two shrink, and be shorter than the rest, at the first fishing with it, which is so much of the strength of the line lost for want of first watering it, and then retwisting it; and this is most visible in a seven-hair line, one of those which hath always a black hair in the middle.

And for dyeing of your hairs, do it thus: take a pint of strong ale, half a pound of soot, and a little quantity of the juice of walnut-tree leaves, and an equal quantity of alum: put these together into a pot, pan, or pipkin, and boil them half an hour; and having so done, let it cool; and being cold, put your hair into it, and there let it lie; it will turn your hair to be a kind of water or glass colour, or greenish; and the longer you let it lie, the deeper coloured it will be. You might be taught to make many other colours, but it is to little purpose; for doubtless the water-colour or glass-coloured hair is the most choice and most useful for an angler, but let it not be too green.

But if you desire to colour hair greener, then do it thus: take a quart of small ale, half a pound of alum; then put these into a pan or pipkin, and your hair into

it with them; then put it upon a fire, and let it boil softly for half an hour; and then take out your hair, and let it dry; and having so done, then take a pottle of water, and put into it two handfuls of marigolds, and cover it with a tile or what you think fit, and set it again on the fire, where it is to boil again softly for half an hour, about which time the scum will turn yellow; then put into it half a pound of copperas, beaten small, and with it the hair that you intend to colour; then let the hair be boiled softly till half the liquor be wasted, and then let it cool three or four hours, with your hair in it; and you are to observe that the more copperas you put into it, the greener it will be; but doubtless the pale green is best. But if you desire yellow hair, which is only good when the weeds rot, then put in more marigolds; and abate most of the copperas, or leave it quite out, and take a little verdigris instead of it.

This for colouring your hair.

And as for painting your Rod, which must be in oil, you must first make a size with glue and water, boiled together until the glue be dissolved, and the size of a lye-colour: then strike your size upon the wood with a bristle, or a brush or pencil, whilst it is hot: that being quite dry, take white-lead, and a little red-lead, and a little coal-black, so much as altogether will make an ash-colour: grind these altogether with linseed-oil; let it be thick, and lay it thin upon the wood with a brush or pencil: this do for the ground of any colour to lie upon wood.

For a green, take pink and verdigris, and grind them together in linseed oil, as thin as you can well grind it: then lay it smoothly on with your brush, and drive it thin; once doing, for the most part, will serve, if you lay it well; and if twice, be sure your first colour be thoroughly dry before you lay on a second.

Well, Scholar, having now taught you to paint your rod, and we having still a mile to Tottenham High-Cross, I will, as we walk towards it in the cool shade of this sweet honeysuckle hedge, mention to you some of the thoughts and joys that have possessed my soul since we

two met together. And these thoughts shall be told you, that you also may join with me in thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, for our happiness. And that our present happiness may appear to be the greater, and we the more thankful for it, I will beg you to consider with me how many do, even at this very time, lie under the torment of the stone, the gout, and tooth-ache; and this we are free from. And every misery that I miss is a new mercy; and therefore let us be thankful. There have been, since we met, others that have met disasters or broken limbs; some have been blasted, others thunder-strucken: and we have been freed from these, and all those many other miseries that threaten human nature; let us therefore rejoice and be thankful. Nay, which is a far greater mercy, we are free from the insupportable burthen of an accusing tormenting conscience; a misery that none can bear: and therefore let us praise Him for His preventing grace, and say, Every misery that I miss is a new mercy. Nay, let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us, who, with the expense of a little money, have eat and drunk, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and slept securely; and rose next day and cast away care, and sung, and laughed, and angled again; which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money. Let me tell you, Scholar, I have a rich neighbour that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money; he is still drudging on, and says, that Solomon says, 'The diligent hand maketh rich'; and 'tis true indeed: but he considers not that 'tis not in the power of riches to make a man happy; for it was wisely said, by a man of great observation, 'That there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them.' And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty; and grant, that having a competency, we may be content and thankful. Let not us repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches;

when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness: few consider him to be like the silk-worm, that, when she seems to play, is, at the very same time, spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself; and this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have, probably, unconscionably got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and a competence; and above all, for a quiet conscience.

Let me tell you, Scholar, that Diogenes walked on a day, with his friend, to see a country fair; where he saw ribbons, and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gimcracks; and, having observed them, and all the other finnimbruns that make a complete country-fair, he said to his friend, 'Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need!' And truly it is so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toil themselves to get what they have no need of. Can any man charge God, that he hath not given him enough to make his life happy? No, doubtless; for nature is content with a little. And yet you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want; though he, indeed, wants nothing but his will; it may be, nothing but his will of his poor neighbour, for not worshipping, or not flattering him: and thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves. I have heard of a man that was angry with himself because he was no taller; and of a woman that broke her looking-glass because it would not show her face to be as young and handsome as her next neighbour's was. And I knew another to whom God had given health and plenty; but a wife that nature had made peevish, and her husband's riches had made purse-proud; and must, because she was rich, and for no other virtue, sit in the highest pew in the church; which being denied her, she engaged her husband into a contention for it, and at last into a law-suit with a dogged neighbour who was as rich as he, and had a

wife as peevish and purse-proud as the other: and this law-suit begot higher oppositions, and actionable words, and more vexations and law-suits; for you must remember that both were rich, and must therefore have their wills. Well! this wilful, purse-proud law-suit lasted during the life of the first husband; after which his wife vext and chid, and chid and vext, till she also chid and vext herself into her grave: and so the wealth of these poor rich people was curst into a punishment, because they wanted meek and thankful hearts; for those only can make us happy. I knew a man that had health and riches; and several houses, all beautiful, and ready furnished; and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another: and being asked by a friend why he removed so often from one house to another, replied, 'It was to find content in some one of them.' But his friend, knowing his temper, told him, 'If he would find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind him; for content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul.' And this may appear, if we read and consider what our Saviour says in St. Matthew's Gospel; for He there says,—'Blessed be the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed be the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed be the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. And, Blessed be the meek, for they shall possess the earth.' Not that the meek shall not also obtain mercy, and see God, and be comforted, and at last come to the kingdom of heaven: but in the meantime, he, and he only, possesses the earth, as he goes towards that kingdom of heaven, by being humble and cheerful, and content with what his good God has allotted him. He has no turbulent, repining, vexatious thoughts that he deserves better; nor is vext when he sees others possest of more honour or more riches than his wise God has allotted for his share: but he possesses what he has with a meek and contented quietness, such a quietness as makes his very dreams pleasing, both to God and himself.

My honest Scholar, all this is told to incline you to

thankfulness; and to incline you the more, let me tell you, and though the prophet David was guilty of murder and adultery, and many other of the most deadly sins, yet he was said to be a man after God's own heart, because he abounded more with thankfulness than any other that is mentioned in holy scripture, as may appear in his book of Psalms; where there is such a commixture, of his confessing of his sins and unworthiness, and such thankfulness for God's pardon and mercies, as did make him to be accounted, even by God himself, to be a man after his own heart: and let us, in that, labour to be as like him as we can; let not the blessings we receive daily from God make us not to value, or not praise him, because they be common; let us not forget to praise him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers, and meadows, and flowers, and fountains, that we have met with since we met together? I have been told, that if a man that was born blind could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in its full glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object, to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him. And this, and many other like blessings, we enjoy daily. And for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises: but let not us; because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made that sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers, and showers, and stomachs, and meat, and content, and leisure to go a-fishing.

Well, Scholar, I have almost tired myself, and, I fear, more than almost tired you. But I now see Tottenham High-Cross; and our short walk thither shall put a period to my too long discourse; in which my meaning was, and is, to plant that in your mind with which I labour

to possess my own soul; that is, a meek and thankful heart. And to that end I have shewed you, that riches without them, do not make any man happy. But let me tell you, that riches with them remove many fears and cares. And therefore my advice is, that you endeavour to be honestly rich, or contentedly poor: but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all. For it is well said by Caussin, 'He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping.' Therefore be sure you look to that. And, in the next place, look to your health: and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of; a blessing that money cannot buy; and therefore value it, and be thankful for it. As for money, which may be said to be the third blessing, neglect it not: but note, that there is no necessity of being rich; for I told you, there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them: and if you have a competence, enjoy it with a meek, cheerful, thankful heart. I will tell you, Scholar, I have heard a grave Divine say, that God has two dwellings; one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart; which Almighty God grant to me, and to my honest Scholar. And so you are welcome to Tottenham High-Cross.

VENATOR. Well, Master, I thank you for all your good directions; but for none more than this last, of thankfulness, which I hope I shall never forget. And pray let's now rest ourselves in this sweet shady arbour, which nature herself has woven with her own fine fingers; 'tis such a contexture of woodbines, sweetbriar, jasmine, and myrtle; and so interwoven, as will secure us both from the sun's violent heat, and from the approaching shower. And being set down, I will requite a part of your courtesies with a bottle of sack, milk, oranges, and sugar, which, all put together, make a drink like nectar; indeed, too good for anybody but us Anglers. And so, Master, here is a full glass to you of that liquor: and when you have pledged me, I will repeat the Verses which I promised you: it is a Copy printed among some of Sir Henry

Wotton's, and doubtless made either by him, or by a lover of angling. Come, Master, now drink a glass to me, and then I will pledge you, and fall to my repetition; it is a description of such country recreations as I have enjoyed since I had the happiness to fall into your company.

Quivering fears, heart-tearing cares,
Anxious sights, untimely tears,
  Fly, fly to courts,
  Fly to fond wordlings' sports,
Where strain'd sardonic smiles are glosing still,
And Grief is forc'd to laugh against her will:
  Where mirth's but mummery,
  And sorrows only real be.

Fly from our country pastimes, fly,
Sad troops of human misery.
  Come, serene looks,
  Clear as the crystal brooks,
Or the pure azur'd heaven that smiles to see
The rich attendance of our poverty:
  Peace and a secure mind,
  Which all men seek, we only find.

Abuséd mortals! did you know
Where joy, heart's-ease, and comforts grow,
  You'd scorn proud towers,
  And seek them in these bowers;
Where winds, sometimes, our woods perhaps may shake,
But blust'ring care could never tempest make,
  Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
  Saving of fountains that glide by us.

Here's no fantastick mask, nor dance,
But of our kids that frisk and prance;
  Nor wars are seen
  Unless upon the green
Two harmless lambs are butting one the other,
Which done, both bleating run, each to his mother;
  And wounds are never found,
  Save what the plough-share gives the ground.

Here are no false entrapping baits,
To hasten too, too hasty Fates,
  Unless it be,
  The fond credulity

Of silly fish, which worldling like, still look
Upon the bait, but never on the hook;
  Nor envy, unless among
  The birds, for prize of their sweet song.

Go, let the diving negro seek
For gems, hid in some forlorn creek:
  We all pearls scorn,
  Save what the dewy morn
Congeals upon each little spire of grass,
Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass:
  And gold ne'er here appears,
  Save what the yellow Ceres bears.

Blest silent groves, oh may you be,
For ever, mirth's best nursery!
  May pure contents
  For ever pitch their tents
Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these mountains,
And peace still slumber by these purling fountains:
  Which we may, every year,
  Meet when we come a-fishing here.

PISCATOR. Trust me, Scholar, I thank you heartily for these Verses: they be choicely good, and doubtless made by a lover of angling. Come, now, drink a glass to me, and I will requite you with another very good copy: it is a farewell to the vanities of the world, and some say written by Sir Harry Wotton, who I told you was an excellent angler. But let them be writ by whom they will, he that writ them had a brave soul, and must needs be possest with happy thoughts at the time of their composure.

Farewell, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles;
Farewell, ye honour'd rags, ye glorious bubbles;
Fame's but a hollow echo; Gold, pure clay;
Honour the darling but of one short day;
Beauty, th' eye's idol, but a damask'd skin;
State, but a golden prison, to live in
And torture free-born minds; Embroider'd Trains,
Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins;
And Blood allied to greatness is alone
Inherited, not purchas'd, nor our own.
  Fame, Honour, Beauty, State, Train, Blood and Birth,
  Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

I would be great, but that the sun doth still
Level his rays against the rising hill:
I would be high, but see the proudest oak
Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke:
I would be rich, but see men, too unkind,
Dig in the bowels of the richest mind:
I would be wise, but that I often see
The fox suspected, whilst the ass goes free:
I would be fair, but see the fair and proud,
Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud:
I would be poor, but know the humble grass
Still trampled on by each unworthy ass:
Rich, hated; wise, suspected; scorn'd, if poor;
Great, fear'd; fair, tempted; high, still envy'd more.
  I have wish'd all; but now I wish for neither,
  Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair: poor I'll be rather.

Would the World now adopt me for her heir;
Would beauty's Queen entitle me the fair;
Fame speak me fortune's minion; could I 'vie
Angels' with India; with a speaking eye
Command bare heads, bow'd knees; strike justice dumb,
As well as blind and lame; or give a tongue
To stones by epitaphs; be call'd 'great master'
In the loose rhymes of every poetaster?
Could I be more than any man that lives,
Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives;
Yet I more freely would these gifts resign,
Than ever fortune would have made them mine;
  And hold one minute of this holy leisure
  Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure.

Welcome, pure thoughts; welcome, ye silent groves;
These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves.
Now the wing'd people of the sky shall sing
My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring:
A prayer-book, now, shall be my looking-glass,
In which I will adore sweet virtue's face.
Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace-cares,
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-fac'd fears;
Then here I'll sit, and sigh my hot love's folly,
And learn to affect an holy melancholy:
  And if contentment be a stranger then,
  I'll ne'er look for it, but in heaven, again.

VENATOR. Well, Master, these verses be worthy to keep a room in every man's memory. I thank you for them;

and I thank you for your many instructions, which, God willing, I will not forget. And as St. Austin, in his *Confessions* (book 4, chap. 3), commemorates the kindness of his friend Verecundus, for lending him and his companion a country house, because there they rested and enjoyed themselves, free from the troubles of the world, so, having had the like advantage, both by your conversation and the art you have taught me, I ought ever to do the like; for, indeed, your company and discourse have been so useful and pleasant, that, I may truly say, I have only lived since I enjoyed them and turned angler, and not before. Nevertheless, here I must part with you; here in this now sad place, where I was so happy as first to meet you: but I shall long for the ninth of May; for then I hope again to enjoy your beloved company, at the appointed time and place. And now I wish for some somniferous potion, that might force me to sleep away the intermitted time, which will pass away with me as tediously as it does with men in sorrow; nevertheless I will make it as short as I can, by my hopes and wishes: and, my good Master, I will not forget the doctrine which you told me Socrates taught his scholars, that they should not think to be honoured so much for being philosophers, as to honour philosophy by their virtuous lives. You advised me to the like concerning Angling, and I will endeavour to do so; and to live like those many worthy men, of which you made mention in the former part of your discourse. This is my firm resolution. And as a pious man advised his friend, that, to beget mortification, he should frequent churches, and view monuments, and charnel-houses, and then and there consider how many dead bodies Time had piled up at the gates of death, so when I would beget content, and increase confidence in the power, and wisdom, and providence of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows, by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other various little living creatures that are not only created, but fed, man knows not how, by the goodness of the God of Nature, and

therefore trust in Him. This is my purpose; and so, let everything that hath breath praise the Lord: and let the blessing of St. Peter's Master be with mine.

PISCATOR. And upon all that are lovers of virtue; and dare trust in His providence; and be quiet; and go a Angling.

'Study to be quiet.'—1 Thess. iv. 11.

FINIS

THE LIVES OF DR. JOHN DONNE SIR HENRY WOTTON, MR. RICHARD HOOKER MR. GEORGE HERBERT

WRITTEN BY IZAAK WALTON

Eccles. xliv. 7—*These were honourable men in their generations*

To the Right Honourable and Reverend Father in God,
GEORGE, LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER,
And Prelate of the most noble Order of the Garter

MY LORD,

I DID some years past, present you with a plain relation of the Life of Mr. Richard Hooker, that humble man, to whose memory, Princes and the most learned of this nation, have paid a reverence at the mention of his name. And now, with Mr. Hooker's, I present you also, the Life of that pattern of primitive piety, Mr. George Herbert; and with his the Life of Dr. Donne, and your friend Sir Henry Wotton, all reprinted. The two first were written under your roof: for which reason, if they were worth it, you might justly challenge a Dedication. And indeed, so you might of Dr. Donne's, and Sir Henry Wotton's: because, if I had been fit for this undertaking, it would not have been by acquired learning or study, but by the advantage of forty years' friendship, and thereby, with hearing and discoursing with your Lordship, that hath enabled me to make the relation of these Lives passable—if they prove so—in an eloquent and captious age.

And indeed, my Lord, though these relations be well-meant sacrifices to the memory of these worthy men; yet I have so little confidence in my performance, that I beg pardon for superscribing your name to them: and desire all that know your Lordship, to apprehend this not as a Dedication,—at least by which you receive any addition of honour;—but rather as an humble, and more public acknowledgment, of your long-continued, and your now daily favours to, My Lord, your most affectionate, and most humble servant,

IZAAK WALTON.

TO THE READER

THOUGH the several Introductions to these several Lives have partly declared the reasons how, and why I undertook them, yet since they are come to be reviewed, and augmented, and reprinted, and the four are now become one book, I desire leave to inform you that shall become my Reader, that when I sometimes look back upon my education and mean abilities, it is not without some little wonder at myself, that I am come to be publicly in print. And though I have in those introductions declared some of the accidental reasons that occasioned me to be so, yet let me add this to what is there said, that by my undertaking to collect some notes for Sir Henry Wotton's writing the Life of Dr. Donne, and by Sir Henry Wotton's dying before he performed it, I became like those men that enter easily into a lawsuit or a quarrel, and having begun, cannot make a fair retreat and be quiet, when they desire it.—And really, after such a manner, I became engaged into a necessity of writing the Life of Dr. Donne, contrary to my first intentions; and that begot a like necessity of writing the Life of his and my ever-honoured friend, Sir Henry Wotton.

And having writ these two Lives, I lay quiet twenty years, without a thought of either troubling myself or others, by any new engagement in this kind; for I thought I knew my unfitness. But, about that time, Dr. Gauden (then Lord Bishop of Exeter) published the Life of Mr. Richard Hooker (so he called it), with so many

dangerous mistakes, both of him and his books, that discoursing of them with his Grace Gilbert, that now is Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, he enjoined me to examine some circumstances, and then rectify the Bishop's mistakes, by giving the world a fuller and truer account of Mr. Hooker and his books than that Bishop had done; and I know I have done so. And let me tell the Reader, that till his Grace had laid this injunction upon me, I could not admit a thought of any fitness in me to undertake it; but when he twice had enjoined me to it, I then declined my own, and trusted his judgment, and submitted to his commands; concluding, that if I did not, I could not forbear accusing myself of disobedience, and indeed of ingratitude, for his many favours. Thus I became engaged into the third life.

For the life of that great example of holiness, Mr. George Herbert, I profess it to be so far a free-will offering, that it was writ chiefly to please myself, but yet not without some respect to posterity: For though he was not a man that the next age can forget, yet many of his particular acts and virtues might have been neglected, or lost, if I had not collected and presented them to the imitation of those that shall succeed us: For I humbly conceive writing to be both a safer and truer preserver of men's virtuous actions than tradition; especially as it is managed in this age. And I am also to tell the Reader, that though this life of Mr. Herbert was not by me writ in haste, yet I intended it a review before it should be made public; but that was not allowed me, by reason of my absence from London when 'twas printing; so that the Reader may find in it some mistakes, some double expressions, and some not very proper, and some that might have been contracted, and some faults that are not justly chargeable upon me, but the printer; and yet I hope none so great, as may not, by this confession, purchase pardon from a good-natured Reader.

And now I wish, that as that learned Jew, Josephus, and others, so these men had also writ their own lives; but since 'tis not the fashion of these times, I wish their

relations or friends would do it for them, before delays make it too difficult. And I desire this the more, because it is an honour due to the dead, and a generous debt due to those that shall live and succeed us, and would to them prove both a content and satisfaction. For when the next age shall (as this does) admire the learning and clear reason which that excellent casuist Dr. Sanderson (the late Bishop of Lincoln) hath demonstrated in his sermons and other writings; who, if they love virtue, would not rejoice to know, that this good man was as remarkable for the meekness and innocence of his life, as for his great and useful learning; and indeed as remarkable for his fortitude in his long and patient suffering (under them that then called themselves the godly party) for that doctrine which he had preached and printed in the happy days of the nation's and the Church's peace? And who would not be content to have the like account of Dr. Field, that great schoolman, and others of noted learning? And though I cannot hope that my example or reason can persuade to this undertaking, yet I please myself, that I shall conclude my Preface with wishing that it were so.

I. W.

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN DONNE

Late Dean of St. Paul's Church, London

THE INTRODUCTION

If the great master of language and art, Sir Henry Wotton, the late Provost of Eton College, had lived to see the publication of these Sermons, he had presented the world with the Author's life exactly written; and 'twas pity he did not, for it was a work worthy his undertaking, and he fit to undertake it: betwixt whom and the Author there was so mutual a knowledge, and such a friendship contracted in their youth, as nothing but death could force a separation. And though their bodies were divided, their affections were not; for that learned Knight's love followed his friend's fame beyond death and the forgetful grave; which he testified by entreating me, whom he acquainted with his design, to enquire of some particulars that concerned it, not doubting but my knowledge of the Author, and love to his memory, might make my diligence useful: I did most gladly undertake the employment, and continued it with great content, till I had made my collection ready to be augmented and completed by his matchless pen: but then death prevented his intentions.

When I heard that sad news, and heard also that these Sermons were to be printed, and want the Author's life, which I thought to be very remarkable; indignation or grief—indeed I know not which—transported me so far,

that I reviewed my forsaken collections, and resolved the world should see the best plain picture of the Author's life, that my artless pencil, guided by the hand of truth, could present to it.

And if I shall now be demanded, as once Pompey's poor bondman was,[1] 'the grateful wretch had been left alone on the seashore with the forsaken dead body of his once glorious lord and master; and was then gathering the scattered pieces of an old broken boat, to make a funeral pile to burn it; which was the custom of the Romans—Who art thou, that alone hast the honour to bury the body of Pompey the Great?' So, who am I, that do thus officiously set the Author's memory on fire? I hope the question will prove to have in it more of wonder than disdain; but wonder indeed the reader may, that I, who profess myself artless, should presume with my faint light to shew forth his life, whose very name makes it illustrious! But, be this to the disadvantage of the person represented: certain I am, it is to the advantage of the beholder, who shall here see the Author's picture in a natural dress, which ought to beget faith in what is spoken: for he that wants skill to deceive, may safely be trusted.

And if the Author's glorious spirit, which now is in heaven, can have the leisure to look down and see me, the poorest, the meanest of all his friends, in the midst of his officious duty, confident I am, that he will not disdain this well-meant sacrifice to his memory: for, whilst his conversation made me and many others happy below, I know his humility and gentleness were then eminent; and, I have heard divines say, those virtues that were but sparks upon earth, become great and glorious flames in heaven.

Before I proceed further, I am to entreat the reader to take notice, that when Doctor Donne's Sermons were first printed, this was then my excuse for daring to write his life; and I dare not now appear without it.

[1] Plutarch.

THE LIFE

MASTER JOHN DONNE was born in London, in the year 1573, of good and virtuous parents: and, though his own learning and other multiplied merits may justly appear sufficient to dignify both himself and his posterity; yet the reader may be pleased to know, that his father was masculinely and lineally descended from a very ancient family in Wales, where many of his name now live, that deserve, and have great reputation in that country.

By his mother he was descended of the family of the famous and learned Sir Thomas More, sometime Lord Chancellor of England: as also, from that worthy and laborious Judge Rastall, who left posterity the vast Statutes of the Law of this nation most exactly abridged.

He had his first breeding in his father's house, where a private tutor had the care of him, until the tenth year of his age; and, in his eleventh year, was sent to the university of Oxford; having at that time a good command both of the French and Latin tongue. This, and some other of his remarkable abilities, made one then give this censure of him; That this age had brought forth another Picus Mirandula; of whom story says, that he was rather born, than made wise by study.

There he remained for some years in Hart-Hall, having, for the advancement of his studies, tutors of several sciences to attend and instruct him, till time made him capable, and his learning expressed in public exercises, declared him worthy, to receive his first degree in the schools, which he forbore by advice from his friends, who, being for their religion of the Romish persuasion, were conscionably averse to some parts of the oath that is always tendered at those times, and not to be refused by those that expect the titulary honour of their studies.

About the fourteenth year of his age, he was transplanted from Oxford to Cambridge; where, that he might receive nourishment from both soils, he staid till his seventeenth

year; all which time he was a most laborious student, often changing his studies, but endeavouring to take no degree, for the reasons formerly mentioned.

About the seventeenth year of his age he was removed to London, and then admitted into Lincoln's Inn, with an intent to study the Law; where he gave great testimonies of his wit, his learning, and of his improvement in that profession; which never served him for other use than an ornament and self-satisfaction.

His father died before his admission into this society; and, being a merchant, left him his portion in money. (It was £3000.) His mother, and those to whose care he was committed, were watchful to improve his knowledge, and to that end appointed him tutors both in the mathematics, and in all the other liberal sciences, to attend him. But with these arts, they were advised to instil into him particular principles of the Romish Church; of which those tutors professed, though secretly, themselves to be members.

They had almost obliged him to their faith; having for their advantage, besides many opportunities, the example of his dear and pious parents, which was a most powerful persuasion, and did work much upon him, as he professeth in his preface to his *Pseudo-Martyr*, a book of which the reader shall have some account in what follows.

He was now entered into the eighteenth year of his age; and at that time had betrothed himself to no religion, that might give him any other denomination than a Christian. And reason and piety had both persuaded him, that there could be no such sin as Schism, if an adherence to some visible Church were not necessary.

About the nineteenth year of his age, he, being then unresolved what religion to adhere to, and considering how much it concerned his soul to choose the most orthodox, did therefore,—though his youth and health promised him a long life—to rectify all scruples that might concern that, presently lay aside all study of the Law, and of all other sciences that might give him a denomination; and began seriously to survey and consider the body of

Divinity, as it was then controverted betwixt the Reformed and the Roman Church. And, as God's blessed Spirit did then awaken him to the search, and in that industry did never forsake him—they be his own words[1]—so he calls the same Holy Spirit to witness this protestation; that in that disquisition and search, he proceeded with humility and diffidence in himself; and by that which he took to be the safest way; namely, frequent prayers, and an indifferent affection to both parties; and indeed, Truth had too much light about her to be hid from so sharp an enquirer; and he had too much ingenuity, not to acknowledge he had found her.

Being to undertake this search, he believed the Cardinal Bellarmine to be the best defender of the Roman cause, and therefore betook himself to the examination of his reasons. The cause was weighty, and wilful delays had been inexcusable both towards God and his own conscience: he therefore proceeded in this search with all moderate haste, and about the twentieth year of his age, did shew the then Dean of Gloucester—whose name my memory hath now lost—all the Cardinal's works marked with many weighty observations under his own hand; which works were bequeathed by him, at his death, as a legacy to a most dear friend.

About a year following he resolved to travel: and the Earl of Essex going first to Cales[2] and after the Island voyages, the first anno 1596, the second 1597, he took the advantage of those opportunities, waited upon his Lordship, and was an eye-witness of those happy and unhappy employments.

But he returned not back into England, till he had staid some years, first in Italy, and then in Spain, where he made many useful observations of those countries, their laws and manner of government, and returned perfect in their languages.

The time that he spent in Spain, was, at his first going into Italy, designed for travelling to the Holy Land, and

[1] In his Preface to *Pseudo-Martyr*.

[2] Cadiz.

for viewing Jerusalem and the Sepulchre of our Saviour. But at his being in the furthest parts of Italy, the disappointment of company, or of a safe convoy, or the uncertainty of returns of money into those remote parts, denied him that happiness, which he did often occasionally mention with a deploration.

Not long after his return into England, that exemplary pattern of gravity and wisdom, the Lord Ellesmere, then Keeper of the Great Seal, the Lord Chancellor of England, taking notice of his learning, languages, and other abilities, and much affecting his person and behaviour, took him to be his chief Secretary; supposing and intending it to be an introduction to some more weighty employment in the State; for which, his Lordship did often protest, he thought him very fit.

Nor did his Lordship in this time of Master Donne's attendance upon him, account him to be so much his servant, as to forget he was his friend; and, to testify it, did always use him with much courtesy, appointing him a place at his own table, to which he esteemed his company and discourse to be a great ornament.

He continued that employment for the space of five years, being daily useful, and not mercenary to his friends. During which time, he,—I dare not say unhappily—fell into such a liking, as,—with her approbation,—increased into a love, with a young gentlewoman that lived in that family, who was niece to the Lady Ellesmere, and daughter to Sir George More, then Chancellor of the Garter and Lieutenant of the Tower.

Sir George had some intimation of it, and, knowing prevention to be a great part of wisdom, did therefore remove her with much haste, from that to his own house at Lothesley, in the County of Surrey; but too late, by reason of some faithful promises which were so interchangeably passed, as never to be violated by either party.

These promises were only known to themselves; and the friends of both parties used much diligence, and many arguments, to kill or cool their affections to each other: but in vain; for love is a flattering mischief, that hath

denied aged and wise men a foresight of those evils that too often prove to be the children of that blind father; a passion, that carries us to commit errors with as much ease as whirlwinds move feathers, and begets in us an unwearied industry to the attainment of what we desire. And such an industry did, notwithstanding much watchfulness against it, bring them secretly together,—I forbear to tell the manner how—and at last to a marriage too, without the allowance of those friends, whose approbation always was, and ever will be necessary, to make even a virtuous love become lawful.

And, that the knowledge of their marriage might not fall, like an unexpected tempest, on those that were unwilling to have it so; and that pre-apprehensions might make it the less enormous when it was known, it was purposely whispered into the ears of many that it was so, yet by none that could affirm it. But, to put a period to the jealousies of Sir George,—doubt often begetting more restless thoughts than the certain knowledge of what we fear—the news was, in favour to Mr. Donne, and with his allowance, made known to Sir George, by his honourable friend and neighbour Henry, Earl of Northumberland; but it was to Sir George so immeasurably unwelcome, and so transported him, that, as though his passion of anger and inconsideration might exceed theirs of love and error, he presently engaged his sister, the Lady Ellesmere, to join with him to procure her lord to discharge Mr. Donne of the place he held under his Lordship. This request was followed with violence; and though Sir George were remembered, that errors might be over punished, and desired therefore to forbear, till second considerations might clear some scruples; yet he became restless until his suit was granted, and the punishment executed. And though the Lord Chancellor did not, at Mr. Donne's dismission, give him such a commendation as the great Emperor Charles the Fifth did of his Secretary Eraso, when he parted with him to his son and successor, Philip the Second, saying, 'That in his Eraso, he gave to him a greater gift than all his estate, and all the

kingdoms which he then resigned to him': yet the Lord Chancellor said, 'He parted with a friend, and such a Secretary as was fitter to serve a king than a subject.'

Immediately after his dismission from his service, he sent a sad letter to his wife, to acquaint her with it: and after the subscription of his name, writ,

John Donne, Anne Donne, Un-done;

And God knows it proved too true; for this bitter physic of Mr. Donne's dismission, was not enough to purge out all Sir George's choler; for he was not satisfied till Mr. Donne and his sometime com-pupil in Cambridge, that married him, namely, Samuel Brooke, who was after Doctor in Divinity, and Master of Trinity College—and his brother Mr. Christopher Brooke, sometime Mr. Donne's chamber-fellow in Lincoln's Inn, who gave Mr. Donne his wife, and witnessed the marriage, were all committed to three several prisons.

Mr. Donne was first enlarged, who neither gave rest to his body or brain, nor to any friend in whom he might hope to have an interest, until he had procured an enlargement for his two imprisoned friends.

He was now at liberty, but his days were still cloudy: and being past these troubles, others did still multiply upon him; for his wife was,—to her extreme sorrow—detained from him; and though with Jacob he endured not an hard service for her, yet he lost a good one, and was forced to make good his title, and to get possession of her by a long and restless suit in law; which proved troublesome and sadly chargeable to him, whose youth, and travel, and needless bounty, had brought his estate into a narrow compass.

It is observed, and most truly, that silence and submission are charming qualities, and work most upon passionate men; and it proved so with Sir George; for these, and a general report of Mr. Donne's merits, together with his winning behaviour,—which, when it would entice, had a strange kind of elegant irresistible

art;—these, and time had so dispassionated Sir George, that as the world had approved his daughter's choice, so he also could not but see a more than ordinary merit in his new son; and this at last melted him into so much remorse—for love and anger are so like agues, as to have hot and cold fits; and love in parents, though it may be quenched, yet is easily rekindled, and expires not till death denies mankind a natural heat,—that he laboured his son's restoration to his place; using to that end, both his own and his sister's power to her lord; but with no success; for his answer was, 'That though he was unfeignedly sorry for what he had done, yet it was inconsistent with his place and credit, to discharge and re-admit servants at the request of passionate petitioners.'

Sir George's endeavour for Mr. Donne's re-admission was by all means to be kept secret:—for men do more naturally reluct for errors, than submit to put on those blemishes that attend their visible acknowledgment.—But, however, it was not long before Sir George appeared to be so far reconciled, as to wish their happiness, and not to deny them his paternal blessing, but yet refused to contribute any means that might conduce to their livelihood.

Mr. Donne's estate was the greatest part spent in many and chargeable travels, books, and dear-bought experience: he out of all employment that might yield a support for himself and wife, who had been curiously and plentifully educated; both their natures generous, and accustomed to confer, and not to receive, courtesies: these and other considerations, but chiefly that his wife was to bear a part in his sufferings, surrounded him with many sad thoughts, and some apparent apprehensions of want.

But his sorrows were lessened and his wants prevented, by the seasonable courtesy of their noble kinsman, Sir Francis Wolly, of Pyrford in Surrey, who entreated them to a cohabitation with him; where they remained with much freedom to themselves, and equal content to him, for some years; and as their charge increased—she had yearly a child,—so did his love and bounty.

It hath been observed by wise and considering men, that wealth has seldom been the portion, and never the mark to discover good people; but that Almighty God, who disposeth all things wisely, hath of his abundant goodness denied it—he only knows why—to many, whose minds he hath enriched with the greater blessings of knowledge and virtue, as the fairer testimonies of his love to mankind: and this was the present condition of this man of so excellent erudition and endowments; whose necessary and daily expences, were hardly reconcileable with his uncertain and narrow estate. Which I mention, for that at this time, there was a most generous offer made him for the moderating of his worldly cares; the declaration of which shall be the next employment of my pen.

God has been so good to his Church, as to afford it in every age, some such men to serve at his altar, as have been piously ambitious of doing good to mankind; a disposition, that is so like to God himself, that it owes itself only to Him, who takes a pleasure to behold it in his creatures. These times[1] he did bless with many such; some of which still live to be patterns of apostolical charity, and of more than human patience. I have said this, because I have occasion to mention one of them in my following discourse; namely, Dr. Morton, the most laborious and learned Bishop of Durham, one that God hath blessed with perfect intellectuals and a cheerful heart at the age of 94 years—and is yet living:—one, that in his days of plenty had so large a heart, as to use his large revenue to the encouragement of learning and virtue, and is now—be it spoken with sorrow—reduced to a narrow estate, which he embraces without repining; and still shews the beauty of his mind by so liberal a hand, as if this were an age in which to-morrow were to care for itself. I have taken a pleasure in giving the reader a short, but true character of this good man, my friend, from whom I received this following relation.—He sent to Mr. Donne, and intreated to borrow an hour of his time for a conference the next day. After their meeting,

[1] 1648 [an erroneous date: Donne took orders in 1614.]

there was not many minutes passed before he spake to Mr. Donne to this purpose: 'Mr. Donne, the occasion of sending for you, is to propose to you what I have often revolved in my own thought since I last saw you: which nevertheless, I will not declare but upon this condition, that you shall not return me a present answer, but forbear three days, and bestow some part of that time in fasting and prayer; and after a serious consideration of what I shall propose, then return to me with your answer. Deny me not, Mr. Donne; for, it is the effect of a true love, which I would gladly pay as a debt due for yours to me.'

This request being granted, the Doctor expressed himself thus:

'Mr. Donne, I know your education and abilities; I know your expectation of a state-employment; and I know your fitness for it; and I know too the many delays and contingencies that attend court-promises: and let me tell you, that my love, begot by our long friendship and your merits, hath prompted me to such an inquisition after your present temporal estate, as makes me no stranger to your necessities; which I know to be such as your generous spirit could not bear, if it were not supported with a pious patience. You know I have formerly persuaded you to waive your court-hopes, and enter into holy orders; which I now again persuade you to embrace, with this reason added to my former request: The King hath yesterday made me Dean of Gloucester, and I am also possessed of a benefice, the profits of which are equal to those of my deanery; I will think my deanery enough for my maintenance,—who am, and resolved to die, a single man—and will quit my benefice, and estate you in it,—which the Patron is willing I shall do—if God shall incline your heart to embrace this motion. Remember, Mr. Donne, no man's education or parts make him too good for this employment, which is to be an ambassador for the God of glory; that God, who by a vile death opened the gates of life to mankind. Make me no present answer; but remember your promise, and return to me the third day with your resolution.'

At the hearing of this, Mr. Donne's faint breath and perplexed countenance, gave a visible testimony of an inward conflict: but he performed his promise, and departed without returning an answer till the third day, and then his answer was to this effect:

'My most worthy and most dear friend, since I saw you, I have been faithful to my promise, and have also meditated much of your great kindness, which hath been such as would exceed even my gratitude; but that it cannot do; and more I cannot return you; and I do that with an heart full of humility and thanks, though I may not accept of your offer: but, Sir, my refusal is not for that I think myself too good for that calling, for which Kings, if they think so, are not good enough: nor for that my education and learning, though not eminent, may not, being assisted with God's grace and humility, render me in some measure fit for it: but I dare make so dear a friend as you are, my confessor: some irregularities of my life have been so visible to some men, that though I have, I thank God, made my peace with him by penitential resolutions against them, and by the assistance of his grace banished them my affections; yet this, which God knows to be so, is not so visible to man, as to free me from their censures, and it may be that sacred calling from a dishonour. And besides, whereas it is determined by the best of casuists, that God's glory should be the first end, and a maintenance the second motive to embrace that calling; and though each man may propose to himself both together, yet the first may not be put last without a violation of conscience, which he that searches the heart will judge. And truly my present condition is such, that if I ask my own conscience, whether it be reconcileable to that rule, it is at this time so perplexed about it, that I can neither give myself nor you an answer. You know, Sir, who says, "Happy is that man whose conscience doth not accuse him for that thing which he does." To these I might add other reasons that dissuade me; but I crave your favour that I may forbear to express them, and thankfully decline your offer.'

This was his present resolution, but the heart of man is not in his own keeping; and he was destined to this sacred service by an higher hand; a hand so powerful, as at last forced him to a compliance: of which I shall give the reader an account, before I shall give a rest to my pen.

Mr. Donne and his wife continued with Sir Francis Wolly till his death: a little before which time, Sir Francis was so happy as to make a perfect reconciliation betwixt Sir George, and his forsaken son and daughter; Sir George conditioning by bond, to pay to Mr. Donne £800 at a certain day, as a portion with his wife, or £20 quarterly for their maintenance, as the interest for it, till the said portion was paid.

Most of those years that he lived with Sir Francis, he studied the Civil and Canon Laws; in which he acquired such a perfection, as was judged to hold proportion with many, who had made that study the employment of their whole life.

Sir Francis being dead, and that happy family dissolved, Mr. Donne took for himself a house in Mitcham,—near to Croydon in Surrey—a place noted for good air and choice company: there his wife and children remained; and for himself he took lodgings in London, near to Whitehall, whither his friends and occasions drew him very often, and where he was as often visited, by many of the Nobility and others of this nation, who used him in their counsels of greatest consideration, and with some rewards for his better subsistence.

Nor did our own Nobility only value and favour him, but his acquaintance and friendship was sought for by most Ambassadors of foreign nations, and by many other strangers, whose learning or business occasioned their stay in this nation.

He was much importuned by many friends to make his constant residence in London; but he still denied it, having settled his dear wife and children at Mitcham, and near some friends that were bountiful to them and him; for they, God knows, needed it: and that you may the

better now judge of the then present condition of his mind and fortune, I shall present you with an extract collected out of some few of his many letters.

——'And the reason why I did not send an answer to your last week's letter, was, because it then found me under too great a sadness; and at present 'tis thus with me: There is not one person, but myself, well of my family: I have already lost half a child, and, with that mischance of hers, my wife has fallen into such a discomposure, as would afflict her too extremely, but that the sickness of all her other children stupifies her: of one of which, in good faith, I have not much hope: and these meet with a fortune so ill-provided for physic, and such relief, that if God should ease us with burials, I know not how to perform even that: but I flatter myself with this hope, that I am dying too; for I cannot waste faster than by such griefs. As for,——

From my Hospital at Mitcham,

JOHN DONNE.'

Aug. 10.

Thus he did bemoan himself: and thus in other letters.

——'For, we hardly discover a sin, when it is but an omission of some good, and no accusing act: with this or the former, I have often suspected myself to be overtaken; which is, with an over-earnest desire of the next life: and, though I know it is not merely a weariness of this, because I had the same desire when I went with the tide, and enjoyed fairer hopes than I now do; yet I doubt wordly troubles have increased it: 'tis now Spring, and all the pleasures of it displease me; every other tree blossoms, and I wither: I grow older, and not better; my strength diminisheth, and my load grows heavier; and yet, I would fain be or do something; but that I cannot tell what, is no wonder in this time of my sadness; for to choose is to do; but to be no part of any body, is as to be nothing: and so I am, and shall so judge myself, unless I could be so incorporated into a part of the world, as my business to contribute some sustentation to the whole. This I

made account; I began early, when I understood the study of our Laws; but was diverted by leaving that, and embracing the worst voluptuousness, an hydroptic immoderate desire of human learning and languages: beautiful ornaments indeed to men of great fortunes, but mine was grown so low as to need an occupation; which I thought I entered well into, when I subjected myself to such a service as I thought might exercise my poor abilities: and there I stumbled, and fell too; and now I am become so little, or such a nothing, that I am not a subject good enough for one of my own letters.—Sir, I fear my present discontent, does not proceed from a good root, that I am so well content to be nothing, that is, dead. But, Sir, though my fortune hath made me such, as that I am rather a sickness or a disease of the world, than any part of it, and therefore neither love it, nor life; yet I would gladly live to become some such thing as you should not repent loving me: Sir, your own soul cannot be more zealous for your good, than I am; and God, who loves that zeal in me, will not suffer you to doubt it: You would pity me now, if you saw me write, for my pain hath drawn my head so much awry, and holds it so, that my eye cannot follow my pen. I therefore receive you into my prayers with mine own weary soul, and commend myself to yours. I doubt not but next week will bring you good news, for I have either mending or dying on my side: but, if I do continue longer thus, I shall have comfort in this, that my blessed Saviour in exercising his justice upon my two worldly parts, my fortune and my body, reserves all his mercy for that which most needs it, my soul! which is, I doubt, too like a porter, that is very often near the gate, and yet goes not out. Sir, I profess to you truly, that my loathness to give over writing now, seems to myself a sign that I shall write no more.——

Your poor friend, and
God's poor patient,
JOHN DONNE.'

Sept. 7.

By this you have seen a part of the picture of his narrow fortune, and the perplexities of his generous mind; and thus it continued with him for about two years, all which time his family remained constantly at Mitcham; and to which place he often retired himself, and destined some days to a constant study of some points of controversy betwixt the English and Roman Church, and especially those of Supremacy and Allegiance: and to that place and such studies, he could willingly have wedded himself during his life: but the earnest persuasion of friends became at last to be so powerful, as to cause the removal of himself and family to London, where Sir Robert Drewry, a gentleman of a very noble estate, and a more liberal mind, assigned him and his wife an useful apartment in his own large house in Drury Lane, and not only rent free, but was also a cherisher of his studies, and such a friend as sympathised with him and his, in all their joy and sorrows.

At this time of Mr. Donne's and his wife's living in Sir Robert's house, the Lord Hay, was, by King James, sent upon a glorious embassy to the then French King, Henry the Fourth; and Sir Robert put on a sudden resolution to accompany him to the French Court, and to be present at his audience there. And Sir Robert put on as sudden a resolution, to solicit Mr. Donne to be his companion in that journey. And this desire was suddenly made known to his wife, who was then with child, and otherwise under so dangerous a habit of body, as to her health, that she professed an unwillingness to allow him any absence from her; saying, 'Her divining soul boded her some ill in his absence'; and therefore desired him not to leave her. This made Mr. Donne lay aside all thoughts of the journey, and really to resolve against it. But Sir Robert became restless in his persuasions for it, and Mr. Donne was so generous as to think he had sold his liberty, when he received so many charitable kindnesses from him; and told his wife so; who did therefore, with an unwilling-willingness, give a faint consent to the journey, which was proposed to be but for two months; for about that time they determined their return. Within a few days after

this resolve, the Ambassador, Sir Robert, and Mr. Donne, left London; and were the twelfth day got all safe to Paris. Two days after their arrival there, Mr. Donne was left alone in that room, in which Sir Robert, and he, and some other friends had dined together. To this place Sir Robert returned within half an hour; and as he left, so he found, Mr. Donne alone; but in such an ecstasy, and so altered as to his looks, as amazed Sir Robert to behold him; insomuch that he earnestly desired Mr. Donne to declare what had befallen him in the short time of his absence. To which Mr. Donne was not able to make a present answer: but, after a long and perplexed pause, did at last say, 'I have seen a dreadful vision since I saw you: I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms: this I have seen since I saw you.' To which Sir Robert replied, 'Sure, Sir, you have slept since I saw you: and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake.' To which Mr. Donne's reply was: 'I cannot be surer that I now live, than that I have not slept since I saw you: and am as sure, that at her second appearing, she stopped, and looked me in the face, and vanished.'—Rest and sleep had not altered Mr. Donne's opinion the next day: for he then affirmed this vision with a more deliberate, and so confirmed a confidence, that he inclined Sir Robert to a faint belief that the vision was true.—It is truly said, that desire and doubt have no rest; and it proved so with Sir Robert; for he immediately sent a servant to Drewry-House, with a charge to hasten back, and bring him word, whether Mrs. Donne were alive: and, if alive, in what condition she was as to her health. The twelfth day the messenger returned with this account—That he found and left Mrs. Donne very sad, and sick in her bed; and that, after a long and dangerous labour, she had been delivered of a dead child. And, upon examination, the abortion proved to be the same day, and about the very hour, that Mr. Donne affirmed he saw her pass by him in his chamber.

This is a relation that will beget some wonder, and it well may: for most of our world are at present possessed with an opinion, that Visions and Miracles are ceased. And, though it is most certain, that two lutes being both strung and tuned to an equal pitch, and then one played upon, the other, that is not touched, being laid upon a table at a fit distance, will—like an echo to a trumpet—warble a faint audible harmony in answer to the same tune; yet many will not believe there is any such thing as a sympathy of souls; and I am well pleased, that every Reader do enjoy his own opinion. But if the unbelieving, will not allow the believing Reader of this story, a liberty to believe that it may be true: then I wish him to consider, many wise men have believed that the ghost of Julius Caesar did appear to Brutus, and that both St. Austin, and Monica his mother, had visions in order to his conversion. And though these, and many others—too many to name—have but the authority of human story, yet the incredible Reader may find in the Sacred story,[1] that Samuel did appear to Saul even after his death—whether really or not, I undertake not to determine.—And Bildad, in the Book of Job, says these words:[2] 'A spirit passed before my face; the hair of my head stood up; fear and trembling came upon me, and made all my bones to shake.' Upon which words I will make no comment, but leave them to be considered by the incredulous Reader; to whom I will also commend this following consideration: That there be many pious and learned men, that believe our merciful God hath assigned to every man a particular Guardian Angel, to be his constant monitor; and to attend him in all his dangers, both of body and soul. And the opinion that every man hath his particular Angel, may gain some authority, by the relation of St. Peter's miraculous deliverance out of prison,[3] not by many, but by one Angel. And this belief may yet gain more credit, by the Reader's considering, that when Peter after his enlargement knocked at the door of Mary the

[1] 1 Sam. xxviii. 14. [2] Job. iv. 13-16.
[3] Acts xii.

mother of John, and Rhode, the maidservant, being surprised with joy that Peter was there, did not let him in, but ran in haste, and told the disciples—who were then and there met together—that Peter was at the door; and they, not believing it, said she was mad: yet, when she again affirmed it, though they then believed it not, yet they concluded, and said, 'It is his Angel.'

More observations of this nature, and inferences from them, might be made to gain the relation a firmer belief: but I forbear, lest I, that intended to be but a relater, may be thought to be an engaged person for the proving what was related to me; and yet I think myself bound to declare, that though it was not told me by Mr. Donne himself, it was told me—now long since—by a Person of Honour, and of such intimacy with him, that he knew more of the secrets of his soul, than any person then living: and I think he told me the truth; for it was told with such circumstances, and such asseveration, that—to say nothing of my own thoughts—I verily believe he that told it me, did himself believe it to be true.

I forbear the Reader's further trouble, as to the relation, and what concerns it; and will conclude mine, with commending to his view a copy of verses given by Mr. Donne to his wife at the time he then parted from her. And I beg leave to tell, that I have heard some critics, learned both in languages and poetry, say, that none of the Greek or Latin poets did ever equal them.

A VALEDICTION, FORBIDDING TO MOURN

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
  And whisper to their souls, to go,
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
  The breath goes now, and some say, No:

So let us melt, and make no noise,
  No wind-sighs, or tear-floods us move;
'Twere profanation of our joys,
  To tell the laity our love.

Movings of th' earth, cause harms and fears:
  Men reckon what they did or meant:
But trepidation of the spheres,
  Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers' love—
  Whose soul is sense—cannot admit
Absence, because that doth remove
  Those things which elemented it.

But we, by a love so far refin'd,
  That our souls know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
  Care not hands, eyes, or lips to miss.

Our two souls therefore, which are one,—
  Though I must go,—endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
  Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If we be two? we are two so
  As stiff twin-compasses are two:
Thy soul, the fix'd foot, makes no show
  To move, but does if th' other do.

And though thine in the centre sit,
  Yet, when my other far does roam,
Thine leans and hearkens after it,
  And grows erect as mine comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
  Like th' other foot, obliquely run:
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
  And me to end where I begun.

I return from my account of the vision, to tell the Reader, that both before Mr. Donne's going into France, at his being there, and after his return, many of the Nobility and others that were powerful at Court, were watchful and solicitous to the King for some secular employment for him. The King had formerly both known and put a value upon his company, and had also given him some hopes of a state-employment; being always much pleased when Mr. Donne attended him, especially at his meals, where there were usually many deep dis-

courses of general learning, and very often friendly disputes, or debates of religion, betwixt his Majesty and those divines, whose places required their attendance on him at those times: particularly the Dean of the Chapel, who then was Bishop Montague—the publisher of the learned and eloquent Works of his Majesty—and the most Reverend Doctor Andrews the late learned Bishop of Winchester, who was then the King's Almoner.

About this time there grew many disputes, that concerned the Oath of Supremacy and Allegiance, in which the King had appeared, and engaged himself by his public writings now extant: and his Majesty discoursing with Mr. Donne, concerning many of the reasons which are usually urged against the taking of those Oaths, apprehended such a validity and clearness in his stating the questions, and his answers to them, that his Majesty commanded him to bestow some time in drawing the arguments into a method, and then to write his answers to them; and, having done that not to send, but be his own messenger, and bring them to him. To this he presently and diligently applied himself, and within six weeks brought them to him under his own hand writing, as they be now printed; the book bearing the name of *Pseudo-Martyr*, printed anno 1610.

When the King had read and considered that book, he persuaded Mr. Donne to enter into the Ministry; to which, at that time, he was, and appeared, very unwilling, apprehending it—such was his mistaking modesty—to be too weighty for his abilities: and though his Majesty had promised him a favour, and many persons of worth mediated with his Majesty for some secular employment for him,—to which his education had apted him—and particularly the Earl of Somerset, when in his greatest height of favour; who being then at Theobalds with the King, where one of the Clerks of the Council died that night, the Earl posted a messenger for Mr. Donne to come to him immediately, and at Mr. Donne's coming, said, 'Mr. Donne, to testify the reality of my affection, and my purpose to prefer you, stay in this garden till I go up to

the King, and bring you word that you are Clerk of the Council: doubt not my doing this, for I know the King loves you, and know the King will not deny me.' But the King gave a positive denial to all requests, and, having a discerning spirit, replied, 'I know Mr. Donne is a learned man, has the abilities of a learned Divine, and will prove a powerful preacher; and my desire is to prefer him that way, and in that way I will deny you nothing for him.'

After that time, as he professeth,[1] 'the King descended to a persuasion, almost to a solicitation, of him to enter into sacred Orders': which, though he then denied not, yet he deferred it for almost three years. All which time he applied himself to an incessant study of Textual Divinity, and to the attainment of a greater perfection in the learned languages, Greek and Hebrew.

In the first and most blessed times of Christianity, when the Clergy were looked upon with reverence, and deserved it, when they overcame their opposers by high examples of virtue, by a blessed patience and long suffering, those only were then judged worthy the Ministry, whose quiet and meek spirits did make them look upon that sacred calling with an humble adoration and fear to undertake it; which indeed requires such great degrees of humility, and labour, and care, that none but such were then thought worthy of that celestial dignity. And such only were then sought out, and solicited to undertake it. This I have mentioned, because forwardness and inconsideration, could not, in Mr. Donne, as in many others, be an argument of insufficiency or unfitness; for he had considered long, and had many strifes within himself concerning the strictness of life, and competency of learning, required in such as enter into sacred Orders; and doubtless, considering his own demerits, did humbly ask God with St. Paul, 'Lord, who is sufficient for these things?' and with meek Moses, 'Lord, who am I?' And sure, if he had consulted with flesh and blood, he had not for these reasons put his hand to that holy plough. But God, who is able to prevail, wrestled with him, as the Angel did with Jacob, and

[1] In his *Book of Devotions.*

marked him; marked him for his own; marked him with a blessing, a blessing of obedience to the motions of his blessed Spirit. And then, as he had formerly asked God with Moses, 'Who am I?' so now, being inspired with an apprehension of God's particular mercy to him, in the King's and others' solicitations of him, he came to ask King David's thankful question, 'Lord, who am I, that thou art so mindful of me?' So mindful of me, as to lead me for more than forty years through this wilderness of the many temptations and various turnings of a dangerous life: so merciful to me, as to move the learnedest of Kings to descend to move me to serve at the altar! So merciful to me, as at last to move my heart to embrace this holy motion! Thy motions I will and do embrace: and I now say with the blessed Virgin, 'Be it with thy servant as seemeth best in thy sight': and so, Blessed Jesus, I do take the Cup of Salvation, and will call upon thy Name, and will preach thy Gospel.

Such strifes as these St. Austin had, when St. Ambrose endeavoured his conversion to Christianity; with which he confesseth he acquainted his friend Alipius. Our learned author,—a man fit to write after no mean copy—did the like. And declaring his intentions to his dear friend Dr. King, then Bishop of London, a man famous in his generation, and no stranger to Mr. Donne's abilities,—for he had been Chaplain to the Lord Chancellor, at the time of Mr. Donne's being his Lordship's Secretary—that reverend man did receive the news with much gladness; and, after some expressions of joy, and a persuasion to be constant in his pious purpose, he proceeded with all convenient speed to ordain him first Deacon, and then Priest not long after.

Now the English Church had gained a second St. Austin; for I think none was so like him before his conversion, none so like St. Ambrose after it! and if his youth had the infirmities of the one, his age had the excellencies of the other; the learning and holiness of both.

And now all his studies, which had been occasionally diffused, were all concentered in Divinity. Now he had a

new calling, new thoughts, and a new employment for his wit and eloquence. Now, all his earthly affections were changed into Divine love; and all the faculties of his own soul were engaged in the conversion of others; in preaching the glad tidings of remission to repenting sinners, and peace to each troubled soul. To these he applied himself with all care and diligence: and now such a change was wrought in him, that he could say with David, 'O how amiable are thy Tabernacles, O Lord God of Hosts!' Now he declared openly, 'that when he required a temporal, God gave him a spiritual blessing.' And that 'he was now gladder to be a door-keeper in the House of God, than he could be to enjoy the noblest of all temporal employments.'

Presently after he entered into his holy profession, the King sent for him, and made him his Chaplain in Ordinary, and promised to take a particular care for his preferment.

And, though his long familiarity with scholars and persons of greatest quality was such, as might have given some men boldness enough to have preached to any eminent auditory; yet his modesty in this employment was such, that he could not be persuaded to it, but went usually accompanied with some one friend to preach privately in some village, not far from London; his first Sermon being preached at Paddington. This he did, till his Majesty sent and appointed him a day to preach to him at Whitehall; and, though much were expected from him, both by his Majesty and others, yet he was so happy—which few are—as to satisfy and exceed their expectations: preaching the Word so, as shewed his own heart was possessed with those very thoughts and joys that he laboured to distil into others: a preacher in earnest; weeping sometimes for his auditory, sometimes with them; always preaching to himself, like an angel from a cloud, but in none; carrying some, as St. Paul was, to Heaven in holy raptures, and enticing others by a sacred art and courtship to amend their lives: here picturing a Vice so as to make it ugly to those that practised it: and a Virtue so as to make it beloved, even by those that loved it not; and all this with

a most particular grace and an unexpressible addition of comeliness.

There may be some that may incline to think—such indeed as have not heard him—that my affection to my friend hath transported me to an immoderate commendation of his preaching. If this meets with any such, let me entreat, though I will omit many, yet that they will receive a double witness for what I say; it being attested by a gentleman of worth,—Mr. Chidley, a frequent hearer of his Sermons—in part of a Funeral Elegy writ by him on Dr. Donne; and is a known truth, though it be in verse.

——Each altar had his fire——
He kept his love, but not his object; wit
He did not banish, but transplanted it;
Taught it both time and place, and brought it home
To piety which it doth best become.

For say, had ever pleasure such a dress?
Have you seen crimes so shap'd, or loveliness
Such as his lips did clothe Religion in?
Had not Reproof a beauty passing Sin?
Corrupted Nature sorrow'd that she stood
So near the danger of becoming good.

And when he preach'd, she wish'd her ears exempt
From piety, that had such pow'r to tempt
How did his sacred flattery beguile
Men to amend?——

More of this, and more witnesses, might be brought; but I forbear and return.

That Summer, in the very same month in which he entered into sacred Orders, and was made the King's Chaplain, his Majesty then going his Progress, was entreated to receive an entertainment in the University of Cambridge: and Mr. Donne attending his Majesty at that time, his Majesty was pleased to recommend him to the University, to be made Doctor in Divinity: Doctor Harsnett—after Archbishop of York—was then Vice-Chancellor, who, knowing him to be the author of that learned book the *Pseudo-Martyr*, required no other proof of his abilities, but proposed it to the University, who

presently assented, and expressed a gladness, that they had such an occasion to entitle him to be theirs.

His abilities and industry in his profession were so eminent, and he so known and so beloved by persons of quality, that within the first year of his entering into sacred Orders, he had fourteen advowsons of several benefices presented to him: but they were in the country, and he could not leave his beloved London, to which place he had a natural inclination, having received both his birth and education in it, and there contracted a friendship with many, whose conversation multiplied the joys of his life: but an employment that might affix him that place would be welcome, for he needed it.

Immediately after his return from Cambridge, his wife died, leaving him a man of a narrow, unsettled estate, and —having buried five—the careful father of seven children then living, to whom he gave a voluntary assurance, never to bring them under the subjection of a step-mother; which promise he kept most faithfully, burying with his tears, all his earthly joys in his most dear and deserving wife's grave, and betook himself to a most retired and solitary life.

In this retiredness, which was often from the sight of his dearest friends, he became crucified to the world, and all those vanities, those imaginary pleasures, that are daily acted on that restless stage; and they were as perfectly crucified to him. Nor is it hard to think—being, passions may be both changed and heightened by accidents—but that *that* abundant affection which once was betwixt him and her, who had long been the delight of his eyes, and the companion of his youth; her, with whom he had divided so many pleasant sorrows and contented fears, as common people are not capable of;—not hard to think but that she being now removed by death, a commeasurable grief took as full a possession of him as joy had done; and so indeed it did; for now his very soul was elemented of nothing but sadness; now grief took so full a possession of his heart, as to leave no place for joy: If it did, it was a joy to be alone, where, like a pelican in the wilderness,

he might bemoan himself without witness or restraint, and pour forth his passions like Job in the days of his affliction: 'Oh that I might have the desire of my heart! Oh that God would grant the thing that I long for!' For then, as the grave is become her house, so I would hasten to make it mine also; that we two might there make our beds together in the dark. Thus, as the Israelites sat mourning by the rivers of Babylon, when they remembered Sion; so he gave some ease to his oppressed heart by thus venting his sorrows: thus he began the day, and ended the night; ended the restless night and began the weary day in lamentations. And thus he continued, till a consideration of his new engagements to God, and St. Paul's 'Woe is me, if I preach not the Gospel!' dispersed those sad clouds that had then benighted his hopes, and now forced him to behold the light.

His first motion from his house, was to preach where his beloved wife lay buried,—in St. Clement's Church, near Temple Bar, London,—and his text was a part of the Prophet Jeremy's Lamentation: 'Lo, I am the Man that have seen affliction.'

And indeed his very words and looks testified him to be truly such a man; and they, with the addition of his sighs and tears, expressed in his Sermon, did so work upon the affections of his hearers, as melted and moulded them into a companionable sadness: and so they left the congregation; but then their houses presented them with objects of diversion, and his presented him with nothing but fresh objects of sorrow, in beholding many helpless children, a narrow fortune, and a consideration of the many cares and casualties that attend their education.

In this time of sadness he was importuned by the grave Benchers of Lincoln's Inn—who were once the companions and friends of his youth—to accept of their Lecture, which, by reason of Dr. Gataker's removal from thence, was then void; of which he accepted, being most glad to renew his intermitted friendship with those whom he so much loved, and where he had been a Saul,—though not to persecute Christianity, or to deride it, yet in his irregular youth to

neglect the visible practice of it,—there to become a Paul, and preach salvation to his beloved brethren.

And now his life was a shining light among his old friends; now he gave an ocular testimony of the strictness and regularity of it; now he might say, as St. Paul adviseth his Corinthians, 'Be ye followers of me, as I follow Christ, and walk as ye have me for an example'; not the example of a busy body, but of a contemplative, a harmless, an humble and an holy life and conversation.

The love of that noble Society was expressed to him many ways; for, besides fair lodgings that were set apart, and newly furnished for him with all necessaries, other courtesies were also daily added; indeed so many, and so freely, as if they meant their gratitude should exceed his merits: and in this love-strife of desert and liberality, they continued for the space of two years, he preaching faithfully and constantly to them, and they liberally requiting him. About which time the Emperor of Germany died, and the Palsgrave, who had lately married the Lady Elizabeth, the King's only daughter, was elected and crowned King of Bohemia, the unhappy beginning of many miseries in that nation.

King James, whose motto—*Beati pacifici*—did truly speak the very thoughts of his heart, endeavoured first to prevent, and after to compose, the discords of that discomposed State: and, amongst other his endeavours, did then send the Lord Hay, Earl of Doncaster, his Ambassador to those unsettled Princes; and, by a special command from his Majesty, Dr. Donne was appointed to assist and attend that employment to the Princes of the Union; for which the Earl was most glad, who had always put a great value on him, and taken a great pleasure in his conversation and discourse: and his friends at Lincoln's Inn were as glad; for they feared that his immoderate study, and sadness for his wife's death, would, as Jacob said, 'make his days few,' and, respecting his bodily health, 'evil' too: and of this there were many visible signs.

At his going, he left his friends of Lincoln's Inn, and they him, with many reluctations: for, though he could

not say as St. Paul to his Ephesians, 'Behold, you, to whom I have preached the Kingdom of God, shall from henceforth see my face no more'; yet he, believing himself to be in a consumption, questioned, and they feared it: all concluding that his troubled mind, with the help of his unintermitted studies, hastened the decays of his weak body. But God, who is the God of all wisdom and goodness, turned it to the best; for this employment—to say nothing of the event of it—did not only divert him from those too serious studies and sad thoughts, but seemed to give him a new life, by a true occasion of joy, to be an eye-witness of the health of his most dear and most honoured mistress, the Queen of Bohemia, in a foreign nation; and to be a witness of that gladness which she expressed to see him: who, having formerly known him a courtier, was much joyed to see him in a canonical habit, and more glad to be an ear-witness of his excellent and powerful preaching.

About fourteen months after his departure out of England, he returned to his friends of Lincoln's Inn, with his sorrows moderated, and his health improved; and there betook himself to his constant course of preaching.

About a year after his return out of Germany, Dr. Carey was made Bishop of Exeter, and by his removal the Deanery of St. Paul's being vacant, the King sent to Dr. Donne, and appointed him to attend him at dinner the next day. When his Majesty was sat down, before he had eat any meat, he said after his pleasant manner, 'Dr. Donne, I have invited you to dinner; and, though you sit not down with me, yet I will carve to you of a dish that I know you love well; for, knowing you love London, I do therefore make you Dean of St. Paul's; and, when I have dined, then do you take your beloved dish home to your study, say grace there to yourself, and much good may it do you.'

Immediately after he came to his Deanery, he employed workmen to repair and beautify the Chapel; suffering as holy David once vowed, 'his eyes and temples to take no rest, till he had first beautified the house of God.'

The next quarter following, when his father-in-law, Sir George More,—whom time had made a lover and admirer of him—came to pay to him the conditioned sum of twenty pounds, he refused to receive it; and said—as good Jacob did, when he heard his beloved son Joseph was alive, '"It is enough"; you have been kind to me and mine: I know your present condition is such as not to abound, and I hope mine is, or will be such as not to need it: I will therefore receive no more from you upon that contract'; and in testimony of it freely gave him up his bond.

Immediately after his admission into his Deanery, the vicarage of St. Dunstan in the West, London, fell to him by the death of Dr. White, the advowson of it having been given to him long before by his honourable friend Richard Earl of Dorset, then the patron, and confirmed by his brother the late deceased Edward, both of them men of much honour.

By these, and another ecclesiastical endowment which fell to him about the same time, given to him formerly by the Earl of Kent, he was enabled to become charitable to the poor, and kind to his friends, and to make such provision for his children, that they were not left scandalous, as relating to their, or his profession and quality.

The next Parliament, which was within that present year, he was chosen Prolocutor to the Convocation, and about that time was appointed by his Majesty, his most gracious master, to preach very many occasional Sermons, as at St. Paul's Cross, and other places. All which employments he performed to the admiration of the representative body of the whole Clergy of this nation.

He was once, and but once, clouded with the King's displeasure, and it was about this time; which was occasioned by some malicious whisperer, who had told his Majesty that Dr. Donne had put on the general humour of the pulpits, and was become busy in insinuating a fear of the King's inclining to Popery, and a dislike of his government; and particularly for the King's then turning the evening Lectures into Catechising, and expounding the

Prayer of our Lord, and of the Belief, and Commandments. His Majesty was the more inclinable to believe this, for that a person of Nobility and great note, betwixt whom and Dr. Donne there had been a great friendship, was at this very time discarded the Court—I shall forbear his name, unless I had a fairer occasion—and justly committed to prison; which begot many rumours in the common people, who in this nation think they are not wise, unless they be busy about what they understand not, and especially about religion.

The King received this news with so much discontent and restlessness, that he would not suffer the sun to set and leave him under this doubt; but sent for Dr. Donne, and required his answer to the accusation; which was so clear and satisfactory, that the King said, 'he was right glad he rested no longer under the suspicion.' When the King had said this, Dr. Donne kneeled down, and thanked his Majesty, and protested his answer was faithful, and free from all collusion, and therefore 'desired that he might not rise, till, as in like cases, he always had from God, so he might have from his Majesty, some assurance that he stood clear and fair in his opinion.' At which the King raised him from his knees with his own hands, and 'protested he believed him; and that he knew he was an honest man, and doubted not but that he loved him truly.' And, having thus dismissed him, he called some Lords of his Council into his chamber, and said with much earnestness, 'My Doctor is an honest man; and, my Lords, I was never better satisfied with an answer than he hath now made me; and I always rejoice when I think that by my means he became a Divine.'

He was made Dean in the fiftieth year of his age; and in his fifty-fourth year, a dangerous sickness seized him, which inclined him to a consumption: but God, as Job thankfully acknowledged, preserved his spirit, and kept his intellectuals as clear and perfect, as when that sickness first seized his body; but it continued long, and threatened him with death, which he dreaded not.

In this distemper of body, his dear friend, Dr. Henry King,—then chief Residentiary of that church, and late Bishop of Chichester—a man generally known by the Clergy of this nation, and as generally noted for his obliging nature, visited him daily; and observing that his sickness rendered his recovery doubtful, he chose a seasonable time to speak to him to this purpose.

'Mr. Dean, I am, by your favour, no stranger to your temporal estate, and you are no stranger to the offer lately made us, for the renewing a lease of the best Prebend's corps belonging to our church; and you know 'twas denied, for that our tenant being very rich, offered to fine at so low a rate as held not proportion with his advantages: but I will either raise him to an higher sum, or procure that the other Residentiaries shall join to accept of what was offered; one of these, I can and will by your favour do without delay; and without any trouble either to your body or mind: I beseech you to accept of my offer, for I know it will be a considerable addition to your present estate, which I know needs it.'

To this, after a short pause, and raising himself upon his bed, he made this reply:

'My most dear friend, I most humbly thank you for your many favours, and this in particular; but in my present condition I shall not accept of your proposal; for doubtless there is such a sin as sacrilege; if there were not, it could not have a name in scripture: and the primitive clergy were watchful against all appearances of that evil; and indeed then all christians looked upon it with horror and detestation, judging it to be even an open defiance of the power and providence of Almighty God, and a sad presage of a declining religion. But instead of such christians, who had selected times set apart to fast and pray to God, for a pious clergy, which they then did obey, our times abound with men that are busy and litigious about trifles and church-ceremonies, and yet so far from scrupling sacrilege, that they make not so much as a quaere what it is: but I thank God I have; and dare not now upon my sick-bed, when Almighty God hath made me useless to the

service of the church, make any advantages out of it. But if he shall again restore me to such a degree of health, as again to serve at his altar, I shall then gladly take the reward which the bountiful benefactors of this church have designed me; for God knows my children and relations will need it. In which number, my mother,—whose credulity and charity has contracted a very plentiful to a very narrow estate—must not be forgotten. But Dr. King, if I recover not, that little wordly estate that I shall leave behind me—that very little, when divided into eight parts—must, if you deny me not so charitable a favour, fall into your hands, as my most faithful friend and executor; of whose care and justice I make no more doubt, than of God's blessing, on that which I have conscientiously collected for them; but it shall not be augmented on my sick-bed; and this I declare to be my unalterable resolution.'

The reply to this was only a promise to observe his request.

Within a few days his distempers abated; and as his strength increased, so did his thankfulness to Almighty God, testified in his most excellent *Book of Devotions*, which he published at his recovery; in which the reader may see the most secret thoughts that then possessed his soul, paraphrased and made public: a book, that may not unfitly be called a Sacred Picture of Spiritual Ecstasies, occasioned and appliable to the emergencies of that sickness; which book being a composition of Meditations, Disquisitions, and Prayers, he writ on his sick-bed; herein imitating the holy Patriarchs, who were wont to build their altars in that place where they had received their blessings.

This sickness brought him so near to the gates of death, and he saw the grave so ready to devour him, that he would often say, his recovery was supernatural: but that God that then restored his health, continued it to him till the fifty-ninth year of his life: and then, in August 1630, being with his eldest daughter, Mrs. Harvey, at Abury Hatch, in Essex, he there fell into a fever, which, with the

help of his constant infirmity—vapours from the spleen—hastened him into so visible a consumption, that his beholders might say, as St. Paul of himself, 'He dies daily'; and he might say with Job, 'My welfare passeth away as a cloud, the days of my affliction have taken hold of me, and weary nights are appointed for me.'

Reader, this sickness continued long, not only weakening, but wearying him so much, that my desire is, he may now take some rest; and that before I speak of his death, thou wilt not think it an impertinent digression to look back with me upon some observations of his life, which, whilst a gentle slumber gives rest to his spirits, may, I hope, not unfitly exercise thy consideration.

His marriage was the remarkable error of his life; an error, which, though he had a wit able and very apt to maintain paradoxes, yet he was very far from justifying it: and though his wife's competent years, and other reasons, might be justly urged to moderate severe censures, yet he would occasionally condemn himself for it: and doubtless it had been attended with an heavy repentance, if God had not blessed them with so mutual and cordial affections, as in the midst of their sufferings made their bread of sorrow taste more pleasantly, than the banquets of dull and low-spirited people.

The recreations of his youth were poetry, in which he was so happy, as if nature and all her varieties had been made only to exercise his sharp wit and high fancy; and in those pieces which were facetiously composed and carelessly scattered,—most of them being written before the twentieth year of his age—it may appear by his choice metaphors, that both nature and all the arts joined to assist him with their utmost skill.

It is a truth, that in his penitential years, viewing some of those pieces that had been loosely—God knows, too loosely—scattered in his youth, he wished they had been abortive, or so short-lived that his own eyes had witnessed their funerals: but, though he was no friend to them, he was not so fallen out with heavenly poetry, as to forsake that; no, not in his declining age; witnessed then

by many divine Sonnets, and other high, holy, and harmonious composures. Yea, even on his former sick-bed he wrote this heavenly Hymn, expressing the great joy that then possessed his soul, in the assurance of God's favour to him when he composed it:

AN HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER

Wilt thou forgive that sin where I begun,
  Which was my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive that sin through which I run,
  And do run still, though still I do deplore?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
                For I have more.

Wilt thou forgive that sin, which I have won
  Others to sin, and made my sin their door?
Wilt thou forgive that sin which I did shun
  A year or two;—but wallow'd in a score?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
                For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun
  My last thread, I shall perish on the shore;
But swear by thyself, that at my death thy Son,
  Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore;
And having done that, thou hast done;
                I fear no more.

I have the rather mentioned this Hymn, for that he caused it to be set to a most grave and solemn tune, and to be often sung to the organ by the Choristers of St. Paul's Church, in his own hearing; especially at the Evening Service; and at his return from his customary devotions in that place, did occasionally say to a friend, 'the words of this Hymn have restored to me the same thoughts of joy that possessed my soul in my sickness, when I composed it. And, O the power of church-music! that harmony added to this Hymn has raised the affections of my heart, and quickened my graces of zeal and gratitude; and I observe that I always return from paying this public duty of prayer and praise to God, with an unexpressible tranquillity of mind, and a willingness to leave the world.'

After this manner did the Disciples of our Saviour, and the best of Christians in those ages of the Church nearest to his time, offer their praises to Almighty God. And the reader of St. Augustine's life may there find, that towards his dissolution he wept abundantly, that the enemies of Christianity had broke in upon them, and profaned and ruined their Sanctuaries, and because their Public Hymns and Lauds were lost out of their Churches. And after this manner have many devout souls lifted up their hands, and offered acceptable sacrifices unto Almighty God, where Dr. Donne offered his, and now lies buried.

But now, Oh Lord! how is that place[1] become desolate! Before I proceed further, I think fit to inform the Reader, that not long before his death he caused to be drawn a figure of the body of Christ extended upon an Anchor, like those which painters draw, when they would present us with the picture of Christ crucified on the Cross: his varying no otherwise, than to affix him not to a Cross, but to an Anchor,—the emblem of Hope;—this he caused to be drawn in little, and then many of those figures thus drawn to be engraven very small in Heliotropium stones, and set in gold; and of these he sent to many of his dearest friends, to be used as seals, or rings, and kept as memorials of him, and of his affection to them.

His dear friends and benefactors, Sir Henry Goodier, and Sir Robert Drewry, could not be of that number; nor could the Lady Magdalen Herbert, the mother of George Herbert, for they had put off mortality, and taken possession of the grave before him: but Sir Henry Wotton, and Dr. Hall, the then late deceased Bishop of Norwich, were; and so were Dr. Duppa, Bishop of Salisbury, and Dr. Henry King, Bishop of Chichester—lately deceased—men, in whom there were such a commixture of general Learning, of natural Eloquence, and Christian Humility, that they deserve a commemoration by a pen equal to their own, which none have exceeded.

[1] 1656.

And in this enumeration of his friends, though many must be omitted, yet that man of primitive piety, Mr. George Herbert, may not; I mean that George Herbert, who was the author of *The Temple, or Sacred Poems and Ejaculations*; a book, in which by declaring his own spiritual conflicts, he hath comforted and raised many a dejected and discomposed soul, and charmed them into sweet and quiet thoughts; a book, by the frequent reading whereof, and the assistance of that Spirit that seemed to inspire the Author, the Reader may attain habits of Peace and Piety, and all the gifts of the Holy Ghost and Heaven: and may, by still reading, still keep those sacred fires burning upon the altar of so pure a heart, as shall free it from the anxieties of this world, and keep it fixed upon things that are above. Betwixt this George Herbert and Dr. Donne, there was a long and dear friendship, made up by such a sympathy of inclinations, that they coveted and joyed to be in each other's company; and this happy friendship was still maintained by many sacred endearments; of which that which followeth may be some testimony.

TO MR. GEORGE HERBERT;

Sent him with one of my Seals of the Anchor and Christ. A Sheaf of Snakes used heretofore to be my Seal, which is the Crest of our poor family.

Qui priùs assuetus serpentum falce tabellas
Signare, haec nostrae symbola parva domûs,
Adscitus domui Domini———

Adopted in God's family, and so
My old coat lost, into new Arms I go.
The *Cross*, my Seal in Baptism, spread below,
Does by that form into an Anchor grow.
Crosses grow Anchors, bear as thou shouldst do
Thy Cross, and that Cross grows an Anchor too.
But he that makes our Crosses Anchors thus,
Is *Christ*, who there is crucified for us.
Yet with this I may my first Serpents hold;—
God gives new blessings, and yet leaves the old—
The Serpent, may, as wise, my pattern be;
My poison, as he feeds on dust, that's me.

And, as he rounds the earth to murder, sure
He is my death; but on the Cross, my cure,
Crucify nature then; and then implore
All grace from him, crucified there before.
When all is *Cross*, and that *Cross* Anchor grown
This Seal's a Catechism, not a Seal alone.
Under that little Seal great gifts I send,
Both works and prayers, pawns and fruits of a friend.
O! may that Saint that rides on our Great Seal,
To you that bear his name, large bounty deal.

JOHN DONNE.

In Sacram Anchoram Piscatoris

GEORGE HERBERT

Quòd Crux nequibat fixa clavique addita,—
Tenere Christum scilicet ne ascenderet,
Tuive Christum———

Although the Cross could not here Christ detain,
When nail'd unto't but, he ascends again;
Nor yet thy eloquence here keep him still,
But only whilst thou speak'st—this Anchor will:
Nor canst thou be content, unless thou to
This certain Anchor add a Seal; and so
The *water* and the *earth* both unto thee
Do owe the symbol of their certainty.
Let the world reel, we and all our's stand sure,
This holy cable's from all storms secure.

GEORGE HERBERT.

I return to tell the reader, that, besides these verses to his dear Mr. Herbert, and that Hymn that I mentioned to be sung in the choir of St. Paul's Church, he did also shorten and beguile many sad hours by composing other sacred ditties; and he writ an Hymn on his death-bed, which bears this title:

AN HYMN TO GOD, MY GOD, IN MY SICKNESS

March 23, 1630

Since I am coming to that holy room
  Where, with thy Choir of Saints, for evermore
I shall be made thy music, as I come
  I tune my instrument here at the door,
  And, what I must do then, think here before.

Since my Physicians by their loves are grown
  Cosmographers; and I their map, who lee
Flat on this bed——

So, in his purple wrapt, receive my Lord!
  By these his thorns, give me his other Crown:
And, as to other souls I preach'd thy word,
  Be this my text, my sermon to mine own,
  'That he may raise; therefore the Lord throws down.'

If these fall under the censure of a soul, whose too much mixture with earth makes it unfit to judge of these high raptures and illuminations, let him know, that many holy and devout men have thought the soul of Prudentius to be most refined, when, not many days before his death, 'he charged it to present his God each morning and evening with a new and spiritual song'; justified by the example of King David and the good King Hezekiah, who, upon the renovation of his years paid his thankful vows to Almighty God in a royal hymn, which he concludes in these words; 'The Lord was ready to save; therefore I will sing my songs to the stringed instruments all the days of my life in the Temple of my God.'

The latter part of his life may be said to be a continued study; for as he usually preached once a week, if not oftener, so after his Sermon he never gave his eyes rest, till he had chosen out a new Text, and that night cast his Sermon into a form, and his Text into divisions; and the next day betook himself to consult the Fathers, and so commit his meditations to his memory, which was excellent. But upon Saturday he usually gave himself and his mind a rest from the weary burthen of his week's meditations, and usually spent that day in visitation of friends, or some other diversions of his thoughts; and would say, 'that he gave both his body and mind that refreshment, that he might be enabled to do the work of the day following, not faintly, but with courage and cheerfulness.'

Nor was his age only so industrious, but in the most unsettled days of his youth, his bed was not able to detain him beyond the hour of four in the morning; and it was no common business that drew him out of his chamber till

past ten; all which time was employed in study; though he took great liberty after it. And if this seem strange, it may gain a belief by the visible fruits of his labours; some of which remain as testimonies of what is here written: for he left the resultance of 1400 Authors, most of them abridged and analysed with his own hand: he left also six score of his Sermons, all written with his own hand; also an exact and laborious Treatise concerning self-murder, called Biathanatos; wherein all the Laws violated by that act are diligently surveyed, and judiciously censured: a Treatise written in his younger days, which alone might declare him then not only perfect in the Civil and Canon Law, but in many other such studies and arguments, as enter not into the consideration of many that labour to be thought great clerks, and pretend to know all things.

Nor were these only found in his study, but all businesses that passed of any public consequence, either in this or any of our neighbour-nations, he abbreviated either in Latin, or in the language of that nation, and kept them by him for useful memorials. So he did the copies of divers Letters and Cases of Conscience that had concerned his friends, with his observations and solutions of them; and divers other businesses of importance, all particularly and methodically digested by himself.

He did prepare to leave the world before life left him; making his Will when no faculty of his soul was damped or made defective by pain or sickness, or he surprised by a sudden apprehension of death: but it was made with mature deliberation, expressing himself an impartial father, by making his children's portions equal; and a lover of his friends, whom he remembered with legacies fitly and discreetly chosen and bequeathed. I cannot forbear a nomination of some of them; for methinks they be persons that seem to challenge a recordation in this place; as namely, to his brother-in-law, Sir Thomas Grimes, he gave that striking clock, which he had long worn in his pocket; to his dear friend and executor, Dr. King,—late Bishop of Chichester—that Model of Gold of the Synod

of Dort, with which the States presented him at his last being at the Hague; and the two pictures of Padre Paolo and Fulgentio, men of his acquaintance when he travelled Italy, and of great note in that nation for their remarkable learning.—To his ancient friend Dr. Brook,—that married him—Master of Trinity College in Cambridge, he gave the picture of the Blessed Virgin and Joseph.—To Dr. Winniff who succeeded him in the Deanery—he gave a picture called the Skeleton.—To the succeeding Dean, who was not then known, he gave many necessaries of worth, and useful for his house; and also several pictures and ornaments for the Chapel, with a desire that they might be registered, and remain as a legacy to his successors.—To the Earls of Dorset and Carlisle he gave several pictures; and so he did to many other friends; legacies, given rather to express his affection, than to make any addition to their estates: but unto the poor he was full of charity, and unto many others, who, by his constant and long continued bounty, might entitle themselves to be his alms-people: for all these he made provision, and so largely, as, having then six children living, might to some appear more than proportionable to his estate. I forbear to mention any more, lest the Reader may think I trespass upon his patience: but I will beg his favour, to present him with the beginning and end of his Will.

'In the name of the blessed and glorious Trinity, Amen. I John Donne, by the mercy of Christ Jesus, and by the calling of the Church of England, Priest, being at this time in good health and perfect understanding,—praised be God therefor—do hereby make my last Will and Testament in manner and form following.

'First, I give my gracious God an entire sacrifice of body and soul, with my most humble thanks for that assurance which his blessed Spirit imprints in me now of the Salvation of the one, and the Resurrection of the other; and for that constant and cheerful resolution, which the same spirit hath established in me, to live and die in the Religion now professed in the Church of

England. In expectation of that Resurrection, I desire my body may be buried—in the most private manner that may be—in that place of St. Paul's Church, London, that the now Residentiaries have at my request designed for that purpose, etc.—And this my last Will and Testament, made in the fear of God,—whose mercy I humbly beg, and constantly rely upon in Jesus Christ—and in perfect love and charity with all the world—whose pardon I ask, from the lowest of my servants, to the highest of my superiors—written all with my own hand, and my name subscribed to every page, of which there are five in number.

'Sealed December 13, 1630.'

Nor was this blessed sacrifice of Charity expressed only at his death, but in his life also, by a cheerful and frequent visitation of any friend whose mind was dejected, or his fortune necessitous; he was inquisitive after the wants of prisoners, and redeemed many from thence, that lay for their fees or small debts: he was a continual giver to poor scholars, both of this and foreign nations. Besides what he gave with his own hand, he usually sent a servant, or a discreet and trusty friend, to distribute his charity to all the Prisons in London, at all the festival times of the year, especially at the Birth and Resurrection of our Saviour. He gave an hundred pounds at one time to an old friend, whom he had known live plentifully, and by a too liberal heart and carelessness became decayed in his estate; and when the receiving of it was denied, by the gentleman's saying, 'He wanted not';—for the reader may note, that as there be some spirits so generous as to labour to conceal and endure a sad poverty, rather than expose themselves to those blushes that attend the confession of it; so there be others, to whom Nature and Grace have afforded such sweet and compassionate souls, as to pity and prevent the distresses of mankind;—which I have mentioned because of Dr. Donne's reply, whose answer was; 'I know you want not what will sustain nature; for a little will do that; but my desire is, that you, who in the days of your

plenty have cheered and raised the hearts of so many of your dejected friends, would now receive this from me, and use it as a cordial for the cheering of your own' : and upon these terms it was received. He was an happy reconciler of many differences in the families of his friends and kindred,—which he never undertook faintly ; for such undertakings have usually faint effects—and they had such a faith in his judgment and impartiality, that he never advised them to anything in vain. He was, even to her death, a most dutiful son to his Mother, careful to provide for her supportation, of which she had been destitute, but that God raised him up to prevent her necessities ; who having sucked in the religion of the Roman Church with her mother's milk, spent her estate in foreign countries, to enjoy a liberty in it, and died in his house but three months before him.

And to the end it may appear how just a steward he was of his Lord and Master's revenue, I have thought fit to let the reader know, that after his entrance into his Deanery, as he numbered his years, he, at the foot of a private account, to which God and his Angels were only witnesses with him,—computed first his revenue, then what was given to the poor, and other pious uses ; and lastly, what rested for him and his ; and having done that, he then blessed each year's poor remainder with a thankful prayer ; which, for that they discover a more than common devotion, the Reader shall partake some of them in his own words :

So all is that remains this year— :

Deo Opt. Max. benigno largitori, à me, et ab iis quibus haec à me reservantur, Gloria et gratia in aeternum. Amen.

So that this year God hath blessed me and mine with— :

Multiplicatae sunt super nos misericordiae tuae, Domine.

Da, Domine, ut quae ex immensâ bonitate tuâ nobis elargiri dignatus sis, in quorumcunque manus devenerint, in tuam semper cedant gloriam. Amen.

In fine horum sex annorum manet— :

Quid habeo quod non accepi à Domino? Largitur etiam ut quae largitus est sua iterum fiant, bono eorum usu; ut quemadmodum nec officiis hujus mundi, nec loci in quo me posuit dignitati, nec servis, nec egenis, in toto hujus anni curriculo mihi conscius sum me defuisse; ita et liberi, quibus quae supersunt, supersunt, grato animo ea accipiant, et beneficum authorem recognoscant. Amen.

But I return from my long digression.

We left the Author sick in Essex, where he was forced to spend much of that Winter, by reason of his disability to remove from that place; and having never, for almost twenty years, omitted his personal attendance on his Majesty in that month, in which he was to attend and preach to him; nor having ever been left out of the roll and number of Lent Preachers, and there being then —in January, 1630,—a report brought in London, or raised there, that Dr. Donne was dead; that report gave him occasion to write the following letter to a dear friend:

'SIR,

'This advantage you and my other friends have by my frequent fevers, that I am so much the oftener at the gates of Heaven; and this advantage by the solitude and close imprisonment that they reduce me to after, that I am so much the oftener at my prayers, in which I shall never leave out your happiness; and I doubt not, among his other blessings, God will add some one to you for my prayers. A man would almost be content to die,—if there were no other benefit in death,—to hear of so much sorrow, and so much good testimony from good men, as I,—God be blessed for it—did upon the report of my death: yet I perceive it went not through all; for one writ to me, that some,—and he said of my friends,—conceived I was not so ill as I pretended, but withdrew myself to live at ease, discharged of preaching. It is an unfriendly, and, God knows, an ill-grounded interpretation; for I

have always been sorrier when I could not preach, than any could be they could not hear me. It hath been my desire, and God may be pleased to grant it, that I might die in the pulpit; if not that, yet that I might take my death in the pulpit; that is, die the sooner by occasion of those labours. Sir, I hope to see you presently after Candlemas; about which time will fall my Lent Sermon at Court, except my Lord Chamberlain believe me to be dead, and so leave me out of the roll: but as long as I live, and am not speechless, I would not willingly decline that service. I have better leisure to write, than you to read; yet I would not willingly oppress you with too much letter. God so bless you and your son, as I wish, to

Your poor friend, and Servant
In Christ Jesus,
J. DONNE.

Before that month ended, he was appointed to preach upon his old constant day, the first Friday in Lent: he had notice of it, and had in his sickness so prepared for that employment, that as he had long thirsted for it, so he resolved his weakness should not hinder his journey; he came therefore to London some few days before his appointed day of preaching. At his coming thither, many of his friends—who with sorrow saw his sickness had left him but so much flesh as did only cover his bones—doubted his strength to perform that task, and did therefore dissuade him from undertaking it, assuring him however, it was like to shorten his life: but he passionately denied their requests, saying 'he would not doubt that that God, who in so many weaknesses had assisted him with an unexpected strength, would now withdraw it in his last employment; professing an holy ambition to perform that sacred work.' And when, to the amazement of some beholders, he appeared in the pulpit, many of them thought he presented himself not to preach mortification by a living voice, but mortality by a decayed body, and a dying face. And doubtless many did secretly ask

that question in Ezekiel:[1] 'Do these bones live? or, can that soul organize that tongue, to speak so long time as the sand in that glass will move towards its centre, and measure out an hour of this dying man's unspent life? Doubtless it cannot.' And yet, after some faint pauses in his zealous prayer, his strong desires enabled his weak body to discharge his memory of his preconceived meditations, which were of dying; the text being, 'To God the Lord belong the issues from death,' many that then saw his tears, and heard his faint and hollow voice, professing they thought the text prophetically chosen, and that Dr. Donne had preached his own Funeral Sermon.

Being full of joy that God had enabled him to perform this desired duty, he hastened to his house; out of which he never moved, till, like St. Stephen, 'he was carried by devout men to his grave.'

The next day after his sermon, his strength being much wasted, and his spirits so spent as indisposed him to business or to talk, a friend that had often been a witness of his free and facetious discourse asked him, 'Why are you sad?' To whom he replied, with a countenance so full of cheerful gravity, as gave testimony of an inward tranquillity of mind, and of a soul willing to take a farewell of this world; and said,——

'I am not sad; but most of the night past I have entertained myself with many thoughts of several friends that have left me here, and are gone to that place from which they shall not return; and that within a few days I also shall go hence, and be no more seen. And my preparation for this change is become my nightly meditation upon my bed, which my infirmities have now made restless to me. But at this present time, I was in a serious contemplation of the providence and goodness of God to me; to me, who am less than the least of his mercies: and looking back upon my life past, I now plainly see it was his hand that prevented me from all temporal employment; and that it was his will I should never settle nor thrive till I entered into the ministry; in which I have now lived

[1] Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

almost twenty years—I hope to his glory,—and by which, I most humbly thank him, I have been enabled to requite most of those friends which shewed me kindness when my fortune was very low, as God knows it was: and,—as it hath occasioned the expression of my gratitude—I thank God most of them have stood in need of my requital. I have lived to be useful and comfortable to my good father-in-law, Sir George More, whose patience God hath been pleased to exercise with many temporal crosses; I have maintained my own mother, whom it hath pleased God, after a plentiful fortune in her younger days, to bring to great decay in her very old age. I have quieted the consciences of many, that have groaned under the burthen of a wounded spirit, whose prayers I hope are available for me. I cannot plead innocency of life, especially of my youth; but I am to be judged by a merciful God, who is not willing to see what I have done amiss. And though of myself I have nothing to present to him but sins and misery; yet I know he looks not upon me now as I am of myself, but as I am in my Saviour, and hath given me, even at this present time, some testimonies by his Holy Spirit, that I am of the number of his elect: I am therefore full of inexpressible joy, and shall die in peace.'

I must here look so far back, as to tell the reader that at his first return out of Essex, to preach his last sermon, his old friend and physician, Dr. Fox—a man of great worth—came to him to consult his health; and that after a sight of him, and some queries concerning his distempers, he told him, 'That by cordials, and drinking milk twenty days together, there was a probability of his restoration to health'; but he passionately denied to drink it. Nevertheless, Dr. Fox, who loved him most entirely, wearied him with solicitations, till he yielded to take it for ten days; at the end of which time he told Dr. Fox, 'He had drunk it more to satisfy him, than to recover his health; and that he would not drink it ten days longer, upon the best moral assurance of having twenty years added to his life; for he loved it not; and was so far

from fearing Death, which to others is the King of Terrors, that he longed for the day of his dissolution.'

It is observed, that a desire of glory or commendation is rooted in the very nature of man; and that those of the severest and most mortified lives, though they may become so humble as to banish self-flattery, and such weeds as naturally grow there; yet they have not been able to kill this desire of glory, but that like our radical heat, it will both live and die with us; and many think it should do so; and we want not sacred examples to justify the desire of having our memory to outlive our lives; which I mention, because Dr. Donne, by the persuasion of Dr. Fox, easily yielded at this very time to have a monument made for him; but Dr. Fox undertook not to persuade him how, or what monument it should be; that was left to Dr. Donne himself.

A monument being resolved upon, Dr. Donne sent for a carver to make for him in wood the figure of an urn, giving him directions for the compass and height of it; and to bring with it a board, of the just height of his body. 'These being got, then without delay a choice painter was got to be in readiness to draw his picture, which was taken as followeth.—Several charcoal fires being first made in his large study, he brought with him into that place his winding-sheet in his hand, and having put off all his clothes, had this sheet put on him, and so tied with knots at his head and feet, and his hands so placed as dead bodies are usually fitted, to be shrowded and put into their coffin, or grave. Upon this urn he thus stood, with his eyes shut, and with so much of the sheet turned aside as might shew his lean, pale, and death-like face, which was purposely turned towards the East, from whence he expected the second coming of his and our Saviour Jesus.' In this posture he was drawn at his just height; and when the picture was fully finished, he caused it to be set by his bed-side, where it continued and became his hourly object till his death, and was then given to his dearest friend and executor Dr. Henry King, then chief Residentiary of St. Paul's, who caused him to

be thus carved in one entire piece of white marble, as it now stands in that Church; and by Dr. Donne's own appointment, these words were to be affixed to it as an epitaph:

JOHANNES DONNE,

Sac. theol. profess. post varia studia, quibus ab annis tenerrimis fideliter, nec infeliciter incubuit; instinctu et impulsu Sp. Sancti, monitu et hortatu Regis Jacobi, ordines sacros amplexus, anno sui Jesu, MDCXIV. *et suae aetatis* XLII. *decanatu hujus ecclesiae indutus,* XXVII. *Novembris,* MDCXXI. *exutus morte ultimo die Martii,* MDCXXXI. *hic licet in occiduo cinere, aspicit eum cujus nomen est oriens.*

And now having brought him through the many labyrinths and perplexities of a various life, even to the gates of death and the grave; my desire is, he may rest, till I have told my Reader that I have seen many pictures of him, in several habits, and at several ages, and in several postures: and I now mention this, because I have seen one picture of him, drawn by a curious hand, at his age of eighteen, with his sword, and what other adornments might then suit with the present fashions of youth and the giddy gaieties of that age; and his motto then was—

How much shall I be changed,
Before I am changed!

And if that young, and his now dying picture were at this time set together, every beholder might say, Lord! how much is Dr. Donne already changed, before he is changed! And the view of them might give my reader occasion to ask himself with some amazement, 'Lord! how much may I also, that am now in health be changed before I am changed; before this vile, this changeable body shall put off mortality!' and therefore to prepare for it.—But this is not writ so much for my reader's memento, as to tell him, that Dr. Donne would often in his private discourses, and often publicly in his Sermons, mention the many changes both of his body and mind;

especially of his mind from a vertiginous giddiness; and would as often say, 'His great and most blessed change was from a temporal to a spiritual employment'; in which he was so happy, that he accounted the former part of his life to be lost; and the beginning of it to be, from his first entering into Sacred Orders, and serving his most merciful God at his altar.

Upon Monday, after the drawing this picture, he took his last leave of his beloved study; and, being sensible of his hourly decay, retired himself to his bed-chamber; and that week sent at several times for many of his most considerable friends, with whom he took a solemn and deliberate farewell, commending to their considerations some sentences useful for the regulation of their lives; and then dismissed them, as good Jacob did his sons, with a spiritual benediction. The Sunday following, he appointed his servants, that if there were any business yet undone, that concerned him or themselves, it should be prepared against Saturday next; for after that day he would not mix his thoughts with any thing that concerned this world; nor ever did; but, as Job, so he 'waited for the appointed day of his dissolution.'

And now he was so happy as to have nothing to do but to die, to do which, he stood in need of no longer time; for he had studied it long, and to so happy a perfection, that in a former sickness he called God to witness,[1] 'He was that minute ready to deliver his soul into his hands, if that minute God would determine his dissolution.' In that sickness be begged of God the constancy to be preserved in that estate for ever; and his patient expectation to have his immortal soul disrobed from her garment of mortality, makes me confident he now had a modest assurance that his prayers were then heard, and his petition granted. He lay fifteen days earnestly expecting his hourly change; and in the last hour of his last day, as his body melted away, and vapoured into spirit, his soul having, I verily believe, some revelation of the beatifical vision, he said, 'I were miser-

[1] In his *Book of Devotions* written then.

able if I might not die'; and after those words, closed many periods of his faint breath by saying often, 'Thy kingdom come, thy will be done.' His speech, which had long been his ready and faithful servant, left him not till the last minute of his life, and then forsook him, not to serve another master—for who speaks like him,—but died before him; for that it was then become useless to him, that now conversed with God on Earth, as Angels are said to do in Heaven, only by thoughts and looks. Being speechless, and seeing Heaven by that illumination by which he saw it, he did, as St. Stephen, 'look stedfastly into it, till he saw the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God his Father'; and being satisfied with this blessed sight, as his soul ascended, and his last breath departed from him, he closed his own eyes, and then disposed his hands and body into such a posture, as required not the least alteration by those that came to shroud him.

Thus variable, thus virtuous was the life: thus excellent, thus exemplary was the death of this memorable man.

He was buried in that place of St. Paul's Church, which he had appointed for that use some years before his death; and by which he passed daily to pay his public devotions to Almighty God—who was then served twice a day by a public form of prayer and praises in that place:—but he was not buried privately, though he desired it; for, beside an unnumbered number of others, many persons of Nobility, and of eminence for Learning, who did love and honour him in his life, did shew it at his death, by a voluntary and sad attendance of his body to the grave, where nothing was so remarkable as a public sorrow.

To which place of his burial some mournful friends repaired, and, as Alexander the Great did to the grave of the famous Achilles, so they strewed his with an abundance of curious and costly flowers; which course, they,—who were never yet known,—continued morning and evening for many days, not ceasing, till the stones, that were taken up in that Church, to give his body admission into the cold earth—now his bed of rest,—were again by the mason's art so levelled and firmed as they had been

formerly, and his place of burial undistinguishable to common view.

The next day after his burial, some unknown friend, some one of the many lovers and admirers of his virtue and learning, writ this epitaph with a coal on the wall over his grave:

> Reader! I am to let thee know,
> Donne's Body only lies below;
> For, could the grave his Soul comprise,
> Earth would be richer than the Skies!

Nor was this all the honour done to his reverend ashes; for, as there be some persons that will not receive a reward for that for which God accounts himself a debtor; persons that dare trust God with their charity, and without a witness; so there was by some grateful unknown friend, that thought Dr. Donne's memory ought to be perpetuated, an hundred marks sent to his faithful friends[1] and executors, towards the making of his monument. It was not for many years known by whom; but, after the death of Dr. Fox, it was known that it was he that sent it; and he lived to see as lively a representation of his dead friend, as marble can express: a statue indeed so like Dr. Donne, that—as his friend Sir Henry Wotton hath expressed himself,—'It seems to breathe faintly, and posterity shall look upon it as a kind of artificial miracle.'

He was of stature moderately tall; of a straight and equally-proportioned body, to which all his words and actions gave an unexpressible addition of comeliness.

The melancholy and pleasant humour were in him so contempered, that each gave advantage to the other, and made his company one of the delights of mankind.

His fancy was unimitably high, equalled only by his great wit; both being made useful by a commanding judgment.

His aspect was cheerful, and such as gave a silent testimony of a clear knowing soul, and of a conscience at peace with itself.

His melting eye shewed that he had a soft heart,

[1] Dr. King and Dr. Montford.

full of noble compassion; of too brave a soul to offer injuries, and too much a Christian not to pardon them in others.

He did much contemplate—especially after he entered into his sacred calling—the Mercies of Almighty God, the Immortality of the Soul, and the Joys of Heaven: and would often say in a kind of sacred ecstasy,—'Blessed be God that he is God, only and divinely like himself.'

He was by nature highly passionate, but more apt to reluct at the excesses of it. A great lover of the offices of humanity, and of so merciful a spirit, that he never beheld the miseries of mankind without pity and relief.

He was earnest and unwearied in the search of knowledge, with which his vigorous soul is now satisfied, and employed in a continual praise of that God that first breathed it into his active body: that body, which once was a Temple of the Holy Ghost, and is now become a small quantity of Christian dust:

But I shall see it re-animated.

I. W.

Feb. 15, 1639.

AN EPITAPH, WRITTEN BY DR. CORBET, LATE BISHOP OF OXFORD, ON HIS FRIEND DR. DONNE

He that would write an Epitaph for thee,
And write it well, must first begin to be
Such as thou wert; for none can truly know
Thy life and worth, but he that hath liv'd so:
He must have Wit to spare, and to hurl down,
Enough to keep the gallants of the town.
He must have Learning plenty; both the Laws,
Civil and Common, to judge any cause.
Divinity, great store, above the rest,
Not of the last edition, but the best.
He must have Language, Travel, all the Arts,
Judgment to use, or else he wants thy parts.
He must have friends the highest, able to do,
Such as Mecaenas and Augustus too.
He must have such a sickness, such a death,
Or else his vain descriptions come beneath.
He that would write an Epitaph for thee,
Should first be dead;—let it alone for me.

To the Memory of my Ever-Desired Friend Doctor Donne
An Elegy by H. King, late Bishop of Chichester

To have liv'd eminent, in a degree
Beyond our loftiest thoughts, that is, like thee;
Or t'have had too much merit is not safe,
For such excesses find no epitaph.

At common graves we have poetic eyes
Can melt themselves in easy elegies;
Each quill can drop his tributary verse,
And pin it, like the hatchments, to the hearse;
But at thine, poem or inscription—
Rich soul of wit and language—we have none.
Indeed a silence does that tomb befit,
Where is no herald left to blazon it.
Widow'd Invention justly doth forbear
To come abroad, knowing thou art not there
Late her great patron, whose prerogative
Maintain'd and cloth'd her so, as none alive
Must now presume to keep her at thy rate,
Tho' he the Indies for her dower estate.
Or else, that awful fire which once did burn
In thy clear brain, now fallen into thy urn,
Lives there, to fright rude empirics from thence,
Which might profane thee by their ignorance.
Whoever writes of thee, and in a style
Unworthy such a theme, does but revile
Thy precious dust, and wakes a learned spirit,
Which may revenge his rapes upon thy merit:
For, all a low-pitch'd fancy can devise
Will prove at best but hallow'd injuries.

Thou like the dying swan didst lately sing,
Thy mournful dirge in audience of the King;
When pale looks and faint accents of thy breath,
Presented so to life that piece of death,
That it was fear'd and prophesy'd by all
Thou thither cam'st to preach thy funeral.
Oh! had'st thou in an elegiac knell
Rung out unto the world thine own farewell,
And in thy high victorious numbers beat
The solemn measures of thy griev'd retreat,
Thou might'st the Poet's service now have miss'd
As well as then thou didst prevent the Priest;
And never to the world beholden be,
So much as for an epitaph for thee.

I do not like the office; nor is't fit
Thou, who didst lend our age such sums of wit,
Should'st now re-borrow from her bankrupt mine
That ore to bury thee which first was thine:
Rather still leave us in thy debt; and know,
Exalted soul, more glory 'tis to owe
Thy memory what we can never pay,
Than with embased coin those rites defray.

Commit we then thee to thyself, nor blame
Our drooping loves, that thus to thine own fame
Leave thee executor, since but thine own
No pen could do thee justice, nor bays crown
Thy vast deserts; save that we nothing can
Depute, to be thy ashes' guardian.

So Jewellers no art or metal trust,
To form the diamond, but the diamond's dust.

H. K.

An Elegy on Dr. Donne

Our Donne is dead! and we may sighing say,
We had that man, where language choose to stay,
And shew her utmost power. I would not praise
That, and his great wit, which in our vain days
Make others proud; but as these serv'd to unlock
That cabinet his mind, where such a stock
Of knowledge was repos'd, that I lament
Our just and general cause of discontent.

And I rejoice I am not so severe,
But as I write a line, to weep a tear
For his decease; such sad extremities
Can make such men as I write elegies.

And wonder not; for when so great a loss
Falls on a nation, and they slight the cross,
God hath raised Prophets to awaken them
From their dull lethargy; witness my pen,
Not us'd to upbraid the world, though now it must
Freely and boldly, for the cause is just.

Dull age! Oh, I would spare thee, but thou'rt worse:
Thou art not only dull, but hast a curse
Of black ingratitude; if not, couldst thou
Part with this matchless man, and make no vow
For thee and thine successively to pay
Some sad remembrance to his dying day?

Did his youth scatter Poetry, wherein
Lay Love's Philosophy? was every sin
Pictured in his sharp Satires, made so foul,
That some have feared sin's shapes, and kept their soul
Safer by reading verse? Did he give days
Past marble monuments, to those whose praise
He would perpetuate? Did he—I fear
Envy will doubt—these at his twentieth year?

But, more matur'd, did his rich soul conceive
And in harmonious holy numbers weave
A Crown of Sacred Sonnets[1] fit t' adorn
A dying martyr's brow, or to be worn
On that blest head of Mary Magdalen,
After she wip'd Christ's feet, but not till then;
Did he—fit for such penitents as she
And he to use—leave us a Litany,
Which all devout men love, and doubtless shall,
As times grow better, grow more classical?
Did he write Hymns, for piety and wit,
Equal to those great grave Prudentius writ?
Spake he all Languages? Knew he all Laws?
The grounds and use of Physic; but, because
'Twas mercenary, waiv'd it? went to see
That happy place of Christ's nativity?
Did he return and preach him? preach him so,
As since St. Paul none ever did? they know—
Those happy souls that heard him—know this truth.
Did he confirm thy aged? convert thy youth?
Did he these wonders? and is his dear loss
Mourn'd by so few? few for so great a cross.

But sure the silent are ambitious all
To be close mourners of his funeral.
If not, in common pity they forbear
By repetitions to renew our care:
Or knowing grief conceived and hid, consumes
Man's life insensibly,—as poison's fumes
Corrupt the brain,—take silence for the way
To enlarge the soul from these walls, mud and clay,—
Materials of this body—to remain
With him in heaven, where no promiscuous pain
Lessens those joys we have; for with him all
Are satisfied with joys essential.

Dwell on these joys, my thoughts! Oh! do not call
Grief back, by thinking on his funeral.

[1] 'La Corona.'

Forget he loved me: waste not my swift years,
Which haste to David's seventy, fill'd with fears
And sorrows for his death: forget his parts,
They find a living grave in good men's hearts:
And, for my first is daily paid for sin,
Forget to pay my second sigh for him:
Forget his powerful preaching; and forget
I am his convert. Oh my frailty! let
My flesh be no more heard; it will obtrude
This lethargy; so should my gratitude,
My vows of gratitude should so be broke,
Which can no more be, than his virtues, spoke
By any but himself: for which cause, I
Write no encomiums, but this elegy;
Which, as a free-will offering, I here give
Fame and the world; and parting with it, grieve
I want abilities fit to set forth
A monument, as matchless as his worth.

Iz. Wa.

April 7, 1631.

THE LIFE OF SIR HENRY WOTTON

Knight, late Provost of Eton College

Eccles. xliv. 7.—*These were honourable men in their generations*

SIR HENRY WOTTON—whose life I now intend to write—was born in the year of our Redemption, 1568, in Bocton-Hall,—commonly called Bocton, or Boughton-Place, or Palace,—in the Parish of Bocton Malherbe, in the fruitful country of Kent. Bocton-Hall being an ancient and goodly structure, beautifying and being beautified by the Parish Church of Bocton Malherbe adjoining unto it, and both seated within a fair Park of the Wottons, on the brow of such a hill, as gives the advantage of a large prospect, and of equal pleasure to all beholders.

But this House and Church are not remarkable for any thing so much, as for that the memorable Family of the Wottons have so long inhabited the one, and now lie buried in the other, as appears by their many monuments in that Church: the Wottons being a family that hath brought forth divers persons eminent for wisdom and valour; whose heroic acts, and noble employments, both in England and in foreign parts, have adorned themselves and this nation; which they have served abroad faithfully, in the discharge of their great trust, and prudently in their negociations with several Princes; and also served at home with much honour and justice, in their wise managing a great part of the public affairs thereof, in the various times both of war and peace.

But lest I should be thought by any, that may incline either to deny or doubt this truth, not to have observed moderation in the commendation of this Family; and also for that I believe the merits and memory of such persons ought to be thankfully recorded, I shall offer to the consideration of every reader, out of the testimony of their Pedigree and our Chronicles, a part—and but a part—of that just commendation which might be from thence enlarged, and shall then leave the indifferent Reader to judge whether my error be an excess or defect of commendations.

Sir Robert Wotton, of Bocton Malherbe, Knight, was born about the year of Christ 1460: he, living in the reign of King Edward the Fourth, was by him trusted to be Lieutenant of Guisnes, to be Knight Porter, and Comptroller of Calais, where he died, and lies honourably buried.

Sir Edward Wotton, of Bocton Malherbe, Knight,—son and heir of the said Sir Robert—was born in the year of Christ 1489, in the reign of King Henry the Seventh; he was made Treasurer of Calais, and of the Privy Council to King Henry the Eighth, who offered him to be Lord Chancellor of England: but, saith Holinshed,[1] out of a virtuous modesty, he refused it.

Thomas Wotton, of Bocton Malherbe, Esquire, son and heir of the said Sir Edward, and the father of our Sir Henry, that occasions this relation, was born in the year of Christ 1521. He was a gentleman excellently educated, and studious in all the Liberal Arts; in the knowledge whereof he attained unto a great perfection; who, though he had—besides those abilities, a very noble and plentiful estate, and the ancient interest of his predecessors—many invitations from Queen Elizabeth to change his country recreations and retirement for a Court, offering him a Knighthood,—she was then with him at his Bocton Hall—and that to be but as an earnest of some more honourable and more profitable employment under her; yet he humbly refused both, being 'a man of great

[1] In his *Chronicle*.

modesty, of a most plain and single heart, of an ancient freedom, and integrity of mind.' A commendation which Sir Henry Wotton took occasion often to remember with great gladness, and thankfully to boast himself the son of such a father; from whom indeed he derived that noble ingenuity that was always practised by himself, and which he ever both commended and cherished in others. This Thomas was also remarkable for hospitality, a great lover and much beloved of his country; to which may justly be added, that he was a cherisher of learning, as appears by that excellent Antiquary Mr. William Lambarde, in his *Perambulation of Kent.*

This Thomas had four sons, Sir Edward, Sir James, Sir John, and Sir Henry.

Sir Edward was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, and made Comptroller of Her Majesty's Household. 'He was,' saith Camden, 'a man remarkable for many and great employments in the State, during her reign, and sent several times Ambassador into foreign nations. After her death, he was by King James made Comptroller of his Household, and called to be of his Privy Council, and by him advanced to be Lord Wotton, Baron of Merley in Kent, and made Lord Lieutenant of that County.'

Sir James, the second son, may be numbered among the martial men of his age, who was, in the thirty-eighth of Queen Elizabeth's reign—with Robert, Earl of Sussex, Count Lodowick of Nassau, Don Christophoro, son of Antonio, King of Portugal, and divers other gentlemen of nobleness and valour—knighted in the field near Cadiz in Spain, after they had gotten great honour and riches, besides a notable retaliation of injuries, by taking that town.

Sir John, being a gentleman excellently accomplished, both by learning and travel, was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, and by her looked upon with more than ordinary favour, and with intentions of preferment; but death in his younger years put a period to his growing hopes.

Of Sir Henry my following discourse shall give an account.

The descent of these fore-named Wottons was all in a direct line, and most of them and their actions in the memory of those with whom we have conversed; but if I had looked so far back as to Sir Nicholas Wotton, who lived in the reign of King Richard the Second, or before him upon divers others of great note in their several ages, I might by some be thought tedious; and yet others may more justly think me negligent, if I omit to mention Nicholas Wotton, the fourth son of Sir Robert, whom I first named.

This Nicholas Wotton was Doctor of Law, and sometime Dean both of York and Canterbury; a man whom God did not only bless with a long life, but with great abilities of mind, and an inclination to employ them in the service of his country, as is testified by his several employments,[1] having been sent nine times Ambassador unto foreign Princes; and by his being a Privy Councillor to King Henry the Eighth, to Edward the Sixth, to Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, who also, after he had been, during the wars between England, Scotland, and France, three several times—and not unsuccessfully—employed in Committees for settling of Peace betwixt this and those Kingdoms, 'died,' saith learned Camden, 'full of commendations for wisdom and piety.' He was also, by the Will of King Henry the Eighth, made one of his Executors, and Chief Secretary of State to his son, that pious Prince, Edward the Sixth. Concerning which Nicholas Wotton I shall say but this little more; that he refused—being offered it by Queen Elizabeth—to be Archbishop of Canterbury,[2]—and that he died not rich, though he lived in that time of the dissolution of Abbeys.

More might be added; but by this it may appear, that Sir Henry Wotton was a branch of such a kindred, as left a stock of reputation to their posterity: such reputation as might kindle a generous emulation in strangers, and preserve a noble ambition in those of his name and family, to perform actions worthy of their ancestors.

[1] Camden in his *Britannia*. [2] Holinshed.

And that Sir Henry Wotton did so, might appear more perfectly than my pen can express it, if of his many surviving friends, some one of higher parts and employments had been pleased to have commended his to posterity; but since some years are now past, and they have all—I know not why—forborne to do it, my gratitude to the memory of my dead friend, and the renewed request of some[1] that still live solicitous to see this duty performed; these have had a power to persuade me to undertake it; which truly I have not done but with distrust of mine own abilities; and yet so far from despair, that I am modestly confident my humble language shall be accepted, because I shall present all readers with a commixture of truth, and Sir Henry Wotton's merits.

This being premised, I proceed to tell the reader, that the Father of Sir Henry Wotton was twice married; first to Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir John Rudstone, Knight; after whose death, though his inclination was averse to all contentions, yet necessitated he was to several suits in Law; in the prosecution whereof,—which took up much of his time, and were the occasion of many discontents,—he was by divers of his friends earnestly persuaded to a re-marriage; to whom he as often answered, 'That if ever he did put on a resolution to marry, he was seriously resolved to avoid three sorts of persons: namely,

Those { that had children;
that had Law-suits;
that were of his kindred.'

And yet, following his own Law-suits, he met in Westminster-Hall with Mrs. Eleonora Morton, Widow to Robert Morton, of Kent, Esquire, who was also engaged in several suits in Law: and he observing her comportment at the time of hearing one of her causes before the Judges, could not but at the same time both compassionate her condition, and affect her person; for the tears of lovers, or beauty dressed in sadness, are observed to have

[1] Sir Edward Bysshe, Clarencieux King of Arms, Mr. Charles Cotton, and Mr. Nic. Oudert, sometime Sir Henry Wotton's servant.

in them a charming eloquence, and to become very often too strong to be resisted: which I mention, because it proved so with this Thomas Wotton; for although there were in her a concurrence of all those accidents, against which he had so seriously resolved, yet his affection to her grew then so strong, that he resolved to solicit her for a wife, and did, and obtained her.

By her—who was the daughter of Sir William Finch, of Eastwell, in Kent,—he had only Henry his youngest son. His Mother undertook to be tutoress unto him during much of his childhood; for whose care and pains he paid her each day with such visible signs of future perfection in Learning, as turned her employment into a pleasing trouble; which she was content to continue, till his Father took him into his own particular care, and disposed of him to a Tutor in his own house at Bocton.

And when time and diligent instruction had made him fit for a removal to an higher form,—which was very early,—he was sent to Winchester-school; a place of strict discipline and order, that so he might in his youth be moulded into a method of living by rule, which his wise father knew to be the most necessary way to make the future part of his life both happy to himself, and useful for the discharge of all business, whether public or private.

And that he might be confirmed in this regularity, he was, at a fit age, removed from that School, to be a Commoner of New-College in Oxford; both being founded by William Wickham, Bishop of Winchester.

There he continued till about the eighteenth year of his age, and was then transplanted into Queen's College: where, within that year, he was by the chief of that College, persuasively enjoined to write a play for their private use; —it was the Tragedy of Tancredo—which was so interwoven with sentences, and for the method and exact personating those humours, passions and dispositions, which he proposed to represent, so performed, that the gravest of that society declared, he had, in a slight employment, given an early and a solid testimony of his future

abilities. And though there may be some sour dispositions, which may think this not worth a memorial, yet that wise Knight, Baptista Guarini,—whom learned Italy accounts one of her ornaments,—thought it neither an uncomely nor an unprofitable employment for his age.

But I pass to what will be thought more serious.

About the twentieth year of his age he proceeded Master of Arts; and at that time read in Latin three Lectures *de Oculo*; wherein he having described the form, the motion, the curious composure of the Eye, and demonstrated how of those very many, every humour and nerve performs its distinct office, so as the God of Order hath appointed, without mixture or confusion; and all this to the advantage of man, to whom the Eye is given, not only as the body's guide, but whereas all other of his senses require time to inform the soul, this in an instant apprehends and warns him of danger; teaching him in the very eyes of others to discover Wit, Folly, Love, and Hatred,—after he had made these observations, he fell to dispute this Optic question, 'Whether we see by the emission of the beams from within, or reception of the species from without?' And after that, and many other like learned disquisitions, he, in the conclusion of his Lectures, took a fair occasion to beautify his discourse with a commendation of the blessing and benefit of 'Seeing;—by which we do not only discover Nature's secrets, but, with a continued content—for the eye is never weary of seeing—behold the great Light of the World, and by it discover the fabric of the Heavens, and both the order and motion of the Celestial Orbs; nay, that if the Eye looked but downward, it may rejoice to behold the bosom of the Earth, our common mother, embroidered and adorned with numberless and various flowers, which man sees daily grow up to perfection, and then silently moralise his own condition, who, in a short time,—like those very flowers—decays, withers, and quickly returns again to that Earth, from which both had their first being.'

These were so exactly debated, and so rhetorically heightened, as, among other admirers, caused that

learned Italian, Albericus Gentilis, then Professor of the Civil Law in Oxford, to call him 'Henrice mi Ocelle'; which dear expression of his was also used by divers of Sir Henry's dearest friends, and by many other persons of note during his stay in the University.

But his stay there was not long, at least not so long as his friends once intended; for the year after Sir Henry proceeded Master of Arts, his Father—whom Sir Henry did never mention without this, or some like reverential expression, as 'That good man my Father,' or, 'My Father, the best of men';—about that time, this good man changed this for a better life; leaving to Sir Henry, as to his other younger sons, a rent-charge of an hundred marks a year, to be paid for ever out of some one of his Manors, of a much greater value.

And here, though this good man be dead, yet I wish a circumstance or two that concerns him, may not be buried without a relation; which I shall undertake to do, for that I suppose they may so much concern the Reader to know, that I may promise myself a pardon for a short digression.

In the year of our Redemption, 1553, Nicholas Wotton, Dean of Canterbury,—whom I formerly mentioned,—being then Ambassador in France, dreamed that his Nephew, this Thomas Wotton, was inclined to be a party in such a project, as, if he were not suddenly prevented, would turn both to the loss of his life, and ruin of his family.

Doubtless the good Dean did well know that common Dreams are but a senseless paraphrase on our waking thoughts, or of the business of the day past, or are the result of our over-engaged affections, when we betake ourselves to rest; and knew that the observation of them may turn to silly superstitions, as they too often do. But, though he might know all this, and might also believe that prophecies are ceased; yet doubtless he could not but consider, that all dreams are not to be neglected or cast away without all consideration; and did therefore rather lay this Dream aside, than intend totally to

lose it; and dreaming the same again the night following, when it became a double Dream, like that of Pharaoh, —of which double Dreams the learned have made many observations,—and considering that it had no dependence on his waking thoughts, much less on the desires of his heart, then he did more seriously consider it; and remembered that Almighty God was pleased in a Dream to reveal and to assure Monica,[1] the Mother of St. Austin, 'That he, her son, for whom she wept so bitterly and prayed so much, should at last become a Christian': This, I believe, the good Dean considered; and considering also that Almighty God,—though the causes of Dreams be often unknown—hath even in these latter times also by a certain illumination of the Soul in sleep, discovered many things that human wisdom could not foresee; upon these considerations he resolved to use so prudent a remedy by way of prevention, as might introduce no great inconvenience either to himself or to his Nephew. And to that end he wrote to the Queen,—'twas Queen Mary,—and besought her, 'That she would cause his Nephew, Thomas Wotton, to be sent for out of Kent; and that the Lords of her Council might interrogate him in some such feigned questions, as might give a colour for his commitment into a favourable prison; declaring that he would acquaint her Majesty with the true reason of his request, when he should next become so happy as to see and speak to her Majesty.'

It was done as the Dean desired: and in prison I must leave Mr. Wotton, till I have told the Reader what followed.

At this time a marriage was concluded betwixt our Queen Mary, and Philip, King of Spain; and though this was concluded with the advice, if not by the persuasion, of her Privy Council, as having many probabilities of advantage to this nation; yet divers persons of a contrary persuasion did not only declare against it, but also raised forces to oppose it; believing—as they said—it would be a means to bring England to be under a subjection to Spain, and make those of this nation slaves to strangers.

[1] St. Austin's Confession.

And of this number, Sir Thomas Wyat, of Boxley-Abbey in Kent,—betwixt whose family and the family of the Wottons there had been an ancient and entire friendship,—was the principal actor; who having persuaded many of the Nobility and Gentry—especially of Kent—to side with him, and he being defeated, and taken prisoner, was legally arraigned and condemned, and lost his life: so did the Duke of Suffolk and divers others, especially many of the Gentry of Kent, who were there in several places executed as Wyat's assistants.

And of this number, in all probability, had Mr. Wotton been, if he had not been confined; for though he could not be ignorant that 'another man's Treason makes it mine by concealing it,' yet he durst confess to his Uncle, when he returned into England, and then came to visit him in prison, 'That he had more than an intimation of Wyat's intentions'; and thought he had not continued actually innocent, if his Uncle had not so happily dreamed him into a prison; out of which place when he was delivered by the same hand that caused his commitment, they both considered the Dream more seriously, and then both joined in praising God for it; 'That God who ties himself to no rules, either in preventing of evil, or in showing of mercy to those, whom of good pleasure he hath chosen to love.'

And this Dream was the more considerable, because that God, who in the days of old did use to speak to his people in Visions, did seem to speak to many of this Family in Dreams; of which I will also give the reader one short particular of this Thomas Wotton, whose Dreams did usually prove true, both in foretelling things to come, and discovering things past; and the particular is this.—This Thomas, a little before his death, dreamed that the University Treasury was robbed by Townsmen and poor Scholars, and that the number was five; and being that day to write to his son Henry at Oxford, he thought it worth so much pains, as by a postscript in his letter to make a slight enquiry of it. The letter—which was writ out of Kent, and dated three days before—came to

his son's hands the very morning after the night in which the robbery was committed; and when the City and University were both in a perplexed inquest of the thieves, then did Sir Henry Wotton show his Father's letter, and by it such light was given of this work of darkness, that the five guilty persons were presently discovered and apprehended, without putting the University to so much trouble as the casting of a figure.

And it may yet be more considerable, that this Nicholas and Thomas Wotton should both—being men of holy lives, of even tempers, and much given to fasting and prayer—foresee and foretell the very days of their own death. Nicholas did so, being then seventy years of age, and in perfect health. Thomas did the like in the sixty-fifth year of his age: who being then in London, where he died,—and foreseeing his death there, gave direction in what manner his body should be carried to Bocton; and though he thought his Uncle Nicholas worthy of that noble monument which he built for him in the Cathedral Church of Canterbury; yet this humble man gave directions concerning himself, to be buried privately, and especially without any pomp at his funeral. This is some account of this family, which seemed to be beloved of God.

But it may now seem more than time, that I return to Sir Henry Wotton at Oxford; where, after his Optic Lecture, he was taken into such a bosom friendship with the learned Albericus Gentilis,—whom I formerly named, —that, if it had been possible, Gentilis would have breathed all his excellent knowledge, both of the Mathematics and Law, into the breast of his dear Harry, for so Gentilis used to call him: and though he was not able to do that, yet there was in Sir Henry such a propensity and connaturalness to the Italian language, and those studies whereof Gentilis was a great master, that this friendship between them did daily increase, and proved daily advantageous to Sir Henry, for the improvement of him in several sciences during his stay in the University.

From which place, before I shall invite the reader to

follow him into a foreign nation, though I must omit to mention divers persons that were then in Oxford, of memorable note for learning, and friends to Sir Henry Wotton; yet I must not omit the mention of a love that was there begun betwixt him and Dr. Donne, sometime Dean of St. Paul's; a man of whose abilities I shall forbear to say any thing, because he who is of this nation, and pretends to learning or ingenuity, and is ignorant of Dr. Donne, deserves not to know him. The friendship of these two I must not omit to mention, being such a friendship as was generously elemented; and as it was begun in their youth, and in an University, and there maintained by correspondent inclinations and studies, so it lasted till age and death forced a separation.

In Oxford he stayed till about two years after his Father's death; at which time he was about the two and twentieth year of his age; and having to his great wit added the ballast of learning, and knowledge of the Arts, he then laid aside his books, and betook himself to the useful library of travel, and a more general conversation with mankind; employing the remaining part of his youth, his industry, and fortune, to adorn his mind, and to purchase the rich treasure of foreign knowledge: of which both for the secrets of Nature, the dispositions of many nations, their several laws and languages, he was the possessor in a very large measure; as I shall faithfully make to appear, before I take my pen from the following narration of his life.

In his travels, which was almost nine years before his return into England, he stayed but one year in France, and most of that in Geneva, where he became acquainted with Theodore Beza,—then very aged;—and with Isaac Casaubon, in whose house, if I be rightly informed, Sir Henry Wotton was lodged, and there contracted a most worthy friendship with that man of rare learning and ingenuity.

Three of the remaining eight years were spent in Germany, the other five in Italy,—the stage on which God appointed he should act a great part of his life;

—where, both in Rome, Venice, and Florence, he became acquainted with the most eminent men for learning and all manner of Arts; as Picture, Sculpture, Chemistry, Architecture, and other manual Arts, even Arts of inferior nature; of all which he was a most dear lover, and a most excellent judge.

He returned out of Italy into England about the thirtieth year of his age, being then noted by many both for his person and comportment: for indeed he was of a choice shape, tall of stature, and of a most persuasive behaviour; which was so mixed with sweet discourse and civilities, as gained him much love from all persons with whom he entered into an acquaintance.

And whereas he was noted in his youth to have a sharp wit, and apt to jest; that, by time, travel, and conversation, was so polished, and made so useful, that his company seemed to be one of the delights of mankind; insomuch as Robert Earl of Essex—then one of the darlings of Fortune, and in greatest favour with Queen Elizabeth—invited him first into a friendship, and, after a knowledge of his great abilities, to be one of his Secretaries, the other being Mr. Henry Cuffe, sometime of Merton College in Oxford,—and there also the acquaintance of Sir Henry Wotton in his youth,—Mr. Cuffe being then a man of no common note in the University for his learning; nor, after his removal from that place, for the great abilities of his mind, nor indeed for the fatalness of his end.

Sir Henry Wotton, being now taken into a serviceable friendship with the Earl of Essex, did personally attend his counsels and employments in two voyages at sea against the Spaniard, and also in that—which was the Earl's last—into Ireland; that voyage, wherein he then did so much provoke the Queen to anger, and worse at his return into England; upon whose immoveable favour the Earl had built such sandy hopes, as encouraged him to those undertakings, which, with the help of a contrary faction, suddenly caused his commitment to the Tower.

Sir Henry Wotton observing this, though he was not

of that faction—for the Earl's followers were also divided into their several interests—which encouraged the Earl to those undertakings which proved so fatal to him and divers of his confederation, yet, knowing Treason to be so comprehensive, as to take in even circumstances, and out of them to make such positive conclusions as subtle Statesmen shall project, either for their revenge or safety; considering this, he thought prevention, by absence out of England, a better security, than to stay in it, and there plead his innocency in a prison. Therefore did he, so soon as the Earl was apprehended, very quickly, and as privately, glide through Kent to Dover, without so much as looking toward his native and beloved Bocton; and was, by the help of favourable winds, and liberal payment of the mariners, within sixteen hours after his departure from London, set upon the French shore; where he heard shortly after, that the Earl was arraigned, condemned, and beheaded; and that his friend Mr. Cuffe was hanged, and divers other persons of eminent quality executed.

The times did not look so favourably upon Sir Henry Wotton, as to invite his return into England: having therefore procured of Sir Edward Wotton, his elder brother, an assurance that his annuity should be paid him in Italy, thither he went, happily renewing his intermitted friendship and interest, and indeed his great content in a new conversation with his old acquaintance in that nation, and more particularly in Florence,—which City is not more eminent for the Great Duke's Court, than for the great recourse of men of choicest note for learning and arts, —in which number he there met with his old friend Signior Vietta, a gentleman of Venice, and then taken to be Secretary to the Great Duke of Tuscany.

After some stay in Florence, he went the fourth time to visit Rome, where, in the English College he had very many friends;—their humanity made them really so, though they knew him to be a dissenter from many of their principles of religion; and having enjoyed their company, and satisfied himself concerning some curiosities

that did partly occasion his journey thither; he returned back to Florence, where a most notable accident befel him; an accident that did not only find new employment for his choice abilities, but introduce him to a knowledge and an interest with our King James, then King of Scotland; which I shall proceed to relate.

But first I am to tell the reader, that though Queen Elizabeth, or she and her Council, were never willing to declare her successor; yet James, then King of the Scots, was confidently believed by most to be the man upon whom the sweet trouble of Kingly government would be imposed; and the Queen declining very fast, both by age and visible infirmities, those that were of the Romish persuasion in point of Religion,—even Rome itself, and those of this nation,—knowing that the death of the Queen and the establishing of her successor, were taken to be critical days for destroying or establishing the Protestant religion in this nation, did therefore improve all opportunities for preventing a Protestant Prince to succeed her. And as the Pope's Excommunication of Queen Elizabeth, had both by the judgment and practice of the Jesuited Papist, exposed her to be warrantably destroyed; so,—if we may believe an angry adversary, a secular Priest[1] against a Jesuit—you may believe that about that time there were many endeavours, first to excommunicate, and then to shorten the life of King James.

Immediately after Sir Henry Wotton's return from Rome to Florence,—which was about a year before the death of Queen Elizabeth—Ferdinand the Great Duke of Florence, had intercepted certain letters, that discovered a design to take away the life of James, the then King of Scots. The Duke abhorring the fact, and resolving to endeavour a prevention of it, advised with his Secretary Vietta, by what means a caution might be best given to that King; and after consideration it was resolved to be done by Sir Henry Wotton, whom Vietta first commended to the Duke, and the Duke had noted and

[1] Watson in his *Quodlibets*.

approved of above all the English that frequented his Court.

Sir Henry was gladly called by his friend Vietta to the Duke, who, after much profession of trust and friendship, acquainted him with the secret; and being well instructed, dispatched him into Scotland with letters to the King, and with those letters such Italian antidotes against poison, as the Scots till then had been strangers to.

Having parted from the Duke, he took up the name and language of an Italian; and thinking it best to avoid the line of English intelligence and danger, he posted into Norway, and through that country towards Scotland, where he found the King at Stirling. Being there, he used means, by Bernard Lindsey, one of the King's Bedchamber, to procure him a speedy and private conference with his Majesty; assuring him, 'That the business which he was to negociate was of such consequence, as had caused the Great Duke of Tuscany to enjoin him suddenly to leave his native country of Italy, to impart it to his King.'

This being by Bernard Lindsey made known to the King, the King, after a little wonder—mixed with jealousy—to hear of an Italian Ambassador, or messenger, required his name,—which was said to be Octavio Baldi,—and appointed him to be heard privately at a fixed hour that evening.

When Octavio Baldi came to the Presence-chamber door, he was requested to lay aside his long rapier—which, Italian-like, he then wore;—and being entered the chamber, he found there with the King three or four Scotch Lords standing distant in several corners of the chamber: at the sight of whom he made a stand; which the King observing, 'bade him be bold, and deliver his message; for he would undertake for the secrecy of all that were present.' Then did Octavio Baldi deliver his letters and his message to the King in Italian; which when the King had graciously received, after a little pause, Octavio Baldi steps to the table, and whispers to the King in his own language, that he was an Englishman, beseeching him for a more

private conference with his Majesty, and that he might be concealed during his stay in that nation; which was promised and really performed by the King, during all his abode there, which was about three months; all which time was spent with much pleasantness to the King, and with as much to Octavio Baldi himself, as that country could afford; from which he departed as true an Italian as he came thither.

To the Duke at Florence he returned with a fair and grateful account of his employment; and within some few months after his return, there came certain news to Florence, that Queen Elizabeth was dead: and James, King of the Scots, proclaimed King of England. The Duke knowing travel and business to be the best schools of wisdom, and that Sir Henry Wotton had been tutored in both, advised him to return presently to England, and there joy the King with his new and better title, and wait there upon Fortune for a better employment.

When King James came into England, he found amongst other of the late Queen's officers, Sir Edward, who was, after Lord Wotton, Comptroller of the House, of whom he demanded, 'If he knew one Henry Wotton, that had spent much time in foreign travel?' The Lord replied he knew him well, and that he was his brother. Then the King, asking where he then was, was answered, at Venice or Florence; but by late letters from thence he understood he would suddenly be at Paris. 'Send for him,' said the King, 'and when he shall come into England, bid him repair privately to me.' The Lord Wotton, after a little wonder, asked the King, 'If he knew him?' To which the King answered, 'You must rest unsatisfied of that till you bring the gentleman to me.'

Not many months after this discourse, the Lord Wotton brought his brother to attend the King, who took him in his arms, and bade him welcome by the name of Octavio Baldi, saying, he was the most honest, and therefore the best dissembler that ever he met with: and said, 'Seeing I know you neither want learning, travel, nor experience,

and that I have had so real a testimony of your faithfulness and abilities to manage an ambassage, I have sent for you to declare my purpose; which is, to make use of you in that kind hereafter.' And indeed the King did so, most of those two and twenty years of his reign; but before he dismissed Octavio Baldi from his present attendance upon him, he restored him to his old name of Henry Wotton, by which he then knighted him.

Not long after this, the King having resolved according to his Motto—*Beati pacifici*—to have a friendship with his neighbour Kingdoms of France and Spain; and also, for divers weighty reasons, to enter into an alliance with the State of Venice, and to that end to send Ambassadors to those several places, did propose the choice of these employments to Sir Henry Wotton; who, considering the smallness of his own estate,—which he never took care to augment,—and knowing the Courts of great Princes to be sumptuous, and necessarily expensive, inclined most to that of Venice, as being a place of more retirement, and best suiting with his genius, who did ever love to join with business, study, and a trial of natural experiments; for both which, fruitful Italy, that darling of Nature, and cherisher of all arts, is so justly famed in all parts of the Christian world.

Sir Henry having, after some short time and consideration, resolved upon Venice, and a large allowance being appointed by the King for his voyage thither, and a settled maintenance during his stay there, he left England, nobly accompanied through France to Venice, by gentlemen of the best families and breeding that this nation afforded: they were too many to name; but these two, for the following reasons, may not be omitted. Sir Albertus Morton, his Nephew, who went his Secretary; and William Bedel, a man of choice learning, and sanctified wisdom, who went his Chaplain.

And though his dear friend Dr. Donne—then a private gentleman—was not one of the number that did personally accompany him in this voyage, yet the reading of this following letter, sent by him to Sir Henry Wotton, the

morning before he left England, may testify he wanted not his friend's best wishes to attend him.

SIR,

After those reverend papers, whose soul is
Our good and great King's lov'd hand and fear'd name,
By which to you he derives much of his,
And, how he may, makes you almost the same:

A taper of his torch; a copy writ
From his original, and a fair beam
Of the same warm and dazzling Sun, though it
Must in another sphere his virtue stream:

After those learned papers, which your hand
Hath stor'd with notes of use and pleasure too:
From which rich treasury you may command
Fit matter whether you will write or do:

After those loving papers where friends send
With glad grief to your sea-ward steps farewell,
And thicken on you now as prayers ascend
To Heaven in troops at a good man's passing bell:

Admit this honest paper, and allow
It such an audience as yourself would ask;
What you would say at Venice, this says now,
And has for nature what you have for task.

To swear much love; nor to be chang'd before
Honour alone will to your fortune fit;
Nor shall I then honour your fortune more,
Than I have done your honour wanting wit.

But 'tis an easier load—though both oppress—
To want, than govern greatness; for we are
In that, our own and only business;
In this, we must for others' vices care.

'Tis therefore well your spirits now are plac'd
In their last furnace, in activity,
Which fits them; Schools, and Courts, and Wars o'erpast
To touch and taste in any best degree.

For me!—if there be such a thing as I—
Fortune—if there be such a thing as she—
Finds that I bear so well her tyranny,
That she thinks nothing else so fit for me.

But though she part us, to hear my oft prayers
For your increase, God is as near me here:
And, to send you what I shall beg, his stairs
In length and ease are alike every where.

J. DONNE.

Sir Henry Wotton was received by the State of Venice with much honour and gladness, both for that he delivered his ambassage most elegantly in the Italian language, and came also in such a juncture of time, as his master's friendship seemed useful for that Republic. The time of his coming thither was about the year 1604, Leonardo Donato being then Duke; a wise and resolved man, and to all purposes such—Sir Henry Wotton would often say it—as the State of Venice could not then have wanted; there having been formerly, in the time of Pope Clement the Eighth, some contests about the privileges of Churchmen and the power of the Civil Magistrate; of which, for the information of common readers, I shall say a little, because it may give light to some passages that follow.

About the year 1603, the Republic of Venice made several injunctions against lay-persons giving lands or goods to the Church, without licence from the Civil Magistrate; and in that inhibition they expressed their reasons to be, 'For that when any goods or land once came into the hands of the Ecclesiastics, it was not subject to alienation: by reason whereof—the lay-people being at their death charitable even to excess,—the Clergy grew every day more numerous, and pretended an exemption from all public service and taxes, and from all secular judgment; so that the burden grew thereby too heavy to be borne by the Laity.'

Another occasion of difference was, that about this time complaints were justly made by the Venetians against two Clergymen, the Abbot of Nervesa, and a Canon of Vicenza, for committing such sins as I think not fit to name; nor are these mentioned with an intent to fix a scandal upon any calling;—for holiness is not tied to Ecclesiastical Orders,—and Italy is observed to breed the most virtuous and most vicious men of any nation.

These two having been long complained of at Rome in the name of the State of Venice, and no satisfaction being given to the Venetians, they seized the persons of this Abbot and Canon, and committed them to prison.

The justice or injustice of such, or the like power, then used by the Venetians, had formerly had some calm debates betwixt the former Pope Clement the Eighth, and that Republic: I say, calm, for he did not excommunicate them; considering,—as I conceive,—that in the late Council of Trent, it was at last—after many politic disturbances and delays, and endeavours to preserve the Pope's present power,—in order to a general reformation of those many errors, which were in time crept into the Church, declared by that Council, 'That though discipline and especial Excommunication be one of the chief sinews of Church-government, and intended to keep men in obedience to it: for which end it was declared to be very profitable; yet it was also declared, and advised to be used with great sobriety and care, because experience had informed them, that when it was pronounced unadvisedly or rashly, it became more contemned than feared.' And, though this was the advice of that Council at the conclusion of it, which was not many years before this quarrel with the Venetians: yet this prudent, patient Pope Clement dying, Pope Paul the Fifth, who succeeded him,—though not immediately, yet in the same year,—being a man of a much hotter temper, brought this difference with the Venetians to a much higher contention; objecting those late acts of that State to be a diminution of his just power, and limited a time of twenty-four days for their revocation; threatening if he were not obeyed, to proceed to the Excommunication of the Republic, who still offered to shew both reason and ancient custom to warrant their actions. But this Pope, contrary to his predecessor's moderation, required absolute obedience without disputes.

Thus it continued for about a year, the Pope still threatening Excommunication, and the Venetians still answering him with fair speeches, and no compliance; till

at last the Pope's zeal to the Apostolic See did make him to excommunicate the Duke, the whole Senate, and all their dominions, and, that done, to shut up all their Churches; charging the whole Clergy to forbear all sacred offices to the Venetians, till their obedience should render them capable of Absolution.

But this act of the Pope's did the more confirm the Venetians in their resolution not to obey him: and to that end, upon the hearing of the Pope's interdict, they presently published, by sound of trumpet, a Proclamation to this effect:

'That whosoever hath received from Rome any copy of a papal Interdict, published there, as well against the Law of God, as against the honour of this nation, shall presently render it to the Council of Ten, upon pain of Death.' And made it loss of estate and Nobility, but to speak in the behalf of the Jesuits.

Then was Duado their Ambassador called home from Rome, and the Inquisition presently suspended by order of the State: and the flood-gates being thus set open, any man that had a pleasant or scoffing wit might safely vent it against the Pope, either by free speaking, or by libels in print: and both became very pleasant to the people.

Matters thus heightened, the State advised with Father Paul, a holy and learned Friar,—the author of the *History of the Council of Trent*—whose advice was, 'Neither to provoke the Pope, nor lose their own right': he declaring publicly in print, in the name of the State, 'That the Pope was trusted to keep two keys, one of Prudence and the other of Power: and that, if they were not both used together, Power alone is not effectual in an Excommunication.'

And thus these discontents and oppositions continued, till a report was blown abroad, that the Venetians were all turned Protestants; which was believed by many, for that it was observed that the English Ambassador was so often in conference with the Senate, and his Chaplain, Mr. Bedel, more often with Father Paul, whom the people did not take to be his friend; and also, for that the Republic

of Venice was known to give commission to Gregory Justiniano, then their Ambassador in England, to make all these proceedings known to the King of England, and to crave a promise of his assistance, if need should require: and in the mean time they required the King's advice and judgment; which was the same that he gave to Pope Clement, at his first coming to the Crown of England;—that Pope then moving him to an union with the Roman Church;—namely, 'To endeavour the calling of a free Council, for the settlement of peace in Christendom; and that he doubted not but that the French King, and divers other Princes, would join to assist in so good a work; and, in the meantime, the sin of this breach, both with his and the Venetian dominions, must of necessity lie at the Pope's door.'

In this contention—which lasted almost two years—the Pope grew still higher, and the Venetians more and more resolved and careless; still acquainting King James with their proceedings, which was done by the help of Sir Henry Wotton, Mr. Bedel, and Padre Paulo, whom the Venetians did then call to be one of their consulters of State, and with his pen to defend their just cause; which was by him so performed, that the Pope saw plainly he had weakened his power by exceeding it, and offered the Venetians absolution upon very easy terms; which the Venetians still slighting, did at last obtain by that which was scarce so much as a shew of acknowledging it; for they made an order, that in that day in which they were absolved, there should be no public rejoicing, nor any bonfires that night, lest the common people might judge, that they desired an absolution, or were absolved for committing a fault.

These contests were the occasion of Padre Paulo's knowledge and interest with King James; for whose sake principally, Padre Paulo compiled that eminent *History of the remarkable Council of Trent*; which history was, as fast as it was written, sent in several sheets in letters by Sir Henry Wotton, Mr. Bedel, and others, unto King James, and the then Bishop of Canterbury, into England,

and there first made public both in English and in the universal language.

For eight years after Sir Henry Wotton's going into Italy, he stood fairly and highly valued in the King's opinion; but at last became much clouded by an accident, which I shall proceed to relate.

At his first going Ambassador into Italy, as he passed through Germany, he stayed some days at Augusta; where having been in his former travels well known by many of the best note for learning and ingeniousness,—those that are esteemed the virtuosi of that nation,—with whom he passing an evening in merriments, was requested by Christopher Flecamore to write some sentence in his Albo; —a book of white paper, which for that purpose many of the German gentry usually carry about them:—and Sir Henry Wotton consenting to the motion, took an occasion, from some accidental discourse of the present company, to write a pleasant definition of an Ambassador in these very words:

'Legatus est vir bonus, peregrè missus ad mentiendum Reipublicae causâ.'

Which Sir Henry Wotton could have been content should have been thus Englished:

'An Ambassador is an honest man, sent to lie abroad for the good of his country.'

But the word for lie—being the hinge upon which the conceit was to turn—was not so expressed in Latin, as would admit—in the hands of an enemy especially—so fair a construction as Sir Henry thought in English. Yet as it was, it slept quietly among other sentences in this Albo almost eight years, till by accident it fell into the hands of Jasper Scioppius, a Romanist, a man of a restless spirit and a malicious pen; who, with books against King James, prints this as a principle of that religion professed by the King, and his Ambassador Sir Henry Wotton, then at Venice; and in Venice it was presently after written in several glass-windows, and spitefully declared to be Sir Henry Wotton's.

This coming to the knowledge of King James, he

apprehended it to be of such an oversight, such a weakness, or worse, in Sir Henry Wotton, as caused the King to express much wrath against him: and this caused Sir Henry Wotton to write two apologies, one to Velserus—one of the chiefs of Augusta—in the universal language, which he caused to be printed, and given and scattered in the most remarkable places both of Germany and Italy, as an antidote against the venomous books of Scioppius; and another Apology to King James; which were both so ingenious, so clear, and so choicely eloquent, that his Majesty—who was a pure judge of it—could not forbear, at the receipt thereof, to declare publicly, 'That Sir Henry Wotton had commuted sufficiently for a greater offence.'

And now, as broken bones well set become stronger, so Sir Henry Wotton did not only recover, but was much more confirmed in his Majesty's estimation and favour than formerly he had been.

And, as that man of great wit and useful fancy, his friend Dr. Donne, gave in a Will of his—a Will of conceits—his Reputation to his Friends, and his Industry to his Foes, because from thence he received both: so those friends, that in this time of trial laboured to excuse this facetious freedom of Sir Henry Wotton's were to him more dear, and by him more highly valued; and those acquaintance, that urged this as an advantage against him, caused him by this error to grow both more wise, and—which is the best fruit error can bring forth—for the future to become more industriously watchful over his tongue and pen.

I have told you a part of his employment in Italy; where, notwithstanding the death of his favourer, the Duke Leonardo Donato, who had an undissembled affection for him, and the malicious accusation of Scioppius, yet his interest—as though it had been an entailed love—was still found to live and increase in all the succeeding Dukes during his employment to that State, which was almost twenty years; all which time he studied the dispositions of those Dukes, and the other Consulters of State; well knowing that he who negociates

a continued business, and neglects the study of dispositions, usually fails in his proposed ends. But in this Sir Henry Wotton did not fail; for, by a fine sorting of fit presents, curious, and not costly entertainments, always sweetened by various and pleasant discourse—with which, and his choice application of stories, and his elegant delivery of all these, even in their Italian language, he first got, and still preserved, such interest in the State of Venice, that it was observed—such was either his merit or his modesty—they never denied him any request.

But all this shews but his abilities, and his fitness for that employment: it will therefore be needful to tell the Reader, what use he made of the interest which these procured him: and that indeed was rather to oblige others than to enrich himself: he still endeavouring that the reputation of the English might be maintained, both in the German Empire and in Italy; where many gentlemen, whom travel had invited into that nation, received from him cheerful entertainments, advice for their behaviour, and, by his interest, shelter or deliverance from those accidental storms of adversity which usually attend upon travel.

And because these things may appear to the Reader to be but generals, I shall acquaint him with two particular examples: one of his merciful disposition, and one of the nobleness of his mind; which shall follow.

There had beeen many English Soldiers brought by Commanders of their own country, to serve the Venetians for pay against the Turk; and those English, having by irregularities, or improvidence, brought themselves into several galleys and prisons, Sir Henry Wotton became a petitioner to that State for their lives and enlargement; and his request was granted: so that those,—which were many hundreds, and there made the sad examples of human misery, by hard imprisonment and unpitied poverty in a strange nation—were by his means released, relieved, and in a comfortable condition sent to thank God and him, for their lives and liberty in their own country.

And this I have observed as one testimony of the compassionate nature of him, who was, during his stay in those parts, as a city of refuge for the distressed of this and other nations.

And for that which I offer as a testimony of the nobleness of his mind, I shall make way to the Reader's clearer understanding of it, by telling him, that beside several other foreign employments, Sir Henry Wotton was sent thrice Ambassador to the Republic of Venice. And at his last going thither, he was employed Ambassador to several of the German Princes, and more particularly to the Emperor Ferdinando the Second; and that his employment to him, and those Princes, was to incline them to equitable conditions for the restoration of the Queen of Bohemia and her descendants to their patrimonial inheritance of the Palatinate.

This was, by his eight months' constant endeavours and attendance upon the Emperor, his Court and Council, brought to a probability of a successful conclusion, without bloodshed. But there were at that time two opposite armies in the field; and as they were treating, there was a battle fought, in the managery whereof there was so many miserable errors on the one side,—so Sir Henry Wotton expresses it in a dispatch to the King—and so advantageous events to the Emperor, as put an end to all present hopes of a successful treaty; so that Sir Henry, seeing the face of peace altered by that victory, prepared for a removal from that Court; and at his departure from the Emperor, was so bold as to remember him, 'That the events of every battle move on the unseen wheels of Fortune, which are this moment up, and down the next: and therefore humbly advised him to use his victory so soberly, as still to put on thoughts of peace.' Which advice, though it seemed to be spoke with some passion, —his dear mistress the Queen of Bohemia being concerned in it—was yet taken in good part by the Emperor; who replied, 'That he would consider his advice. And though he looked on the King his master, as an abettor of his enemy, the Palsgrave; yet for Sir Henry himself, his be-

haviour had been such during the manage of the Treaty, that he took him to be a person of much honour and merit; and did therefore desire him to accept of that Jewel, as a testimony of his good opinion of him': which was a Jewel of Diamonds of more value than a thousand pounds.

This Jewel was received with all outward circumstances and terms of honour by Sir Henry Wotton. But the next morning, at his departing from Vienna, he, at his taking leave of the Countess of Sabrina—an Italian lady, in whose house the Emperor had appointed him to be lodged, and honourably entertained—he acknowledged her merits, and besought her to accept of that Jewel, as a testimony of his gratitude for her civilities; presenting her with the same that was given him by the Emperor; which being suddenly discovered, and told to the Emperor, was by him taken for a high affront, and Sir Henry Wotton told so by a messenger. To which he replied, 'That though he received it with thankfulness, yet he found in himself an indisposition to be the better for any gift that came from an enemy to his Royal Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia'; for so she was pleased he should always call her. Many other of his services to his Prince and this nation might be insisted upon; as, namely, his procurations of privileges and courtesies with the German Princes, and the Republic of Venice, for the English Merchants: and what he did by direction of King James with the Venetian State, concerning the Bishop of Spalato's return to the Church of Rome. But for the particulars of these, and many more that I meant to make known, I want a view of some papers that might inform me,—his late Majesty's Letter-Office having now suffered a strange alienation,—and indeed I want time too; for the Printer's press stays for what is written: so that I must haste to bring Sir Henry Wotton in an instant from Venice to London, leaving the reader to make up what is defective in this place, by the small supplement of the Inscription under his Arms, which he left at all those houses where he rested, or lodged, when he returned from his late Embassy into England.

Henricus Wottonius *Anglo-Cantianus*, Thomæ *optimi viri filius natu minimus, a Serenissimo* Jacobi I. Mag. Brit. Rege, *in equestrem titulum adscitus, ejusdemque ter ad Rempublicam* Venetam *Legatus Ordinarius, semel ad Confæderatarum Provinciarum Ordines in Juliacensi negotio; bis ad* Carolum Emanuel, Sabaudiæ Ducem; *semel ad Unitos Superioris* Germaniæ *Principes in Conventu* Heilbrunensi, *postremò ad Archiducem* Leopoldum, Ducem Wittembergensem, *Civitates Imperiales*, Argentinam, Ulmamque, *et ipsum* Romanorum Imperatorem Ferdinandum Secundum, *Legatus Extraordinarius, tandem hoc didicit,*

Animas fieri sapientiores quiescendo.

To London he came the year before King James died; who having, for the reward of his foreign service, promised him the reversion of an office, which was fit to be turned into present money, which he wanted, for a supply of his present necessities; and also granted him the reversion of the Master of the Rolls place, if he outlived charitable Sir Julius Caesar, who then possessed it, and then grown so old that he was said to be kept alive beyond Nature's course, by the prayers of those many poor which he daily relieved.

But these were but in hope; and his condition required a present support: for in the beginning of these employments he sold to his elder brother, the Lord Wotton, the rent-charge left by his good father; and—which is worse—was now at his return indebted to several persons, whom he was not able to satisfy, but by the King's payment of his arrears, due for his foreign employments. He had brought into England many servants, of which some were German and Italian Artists: this was part of his condition, who had many times hardly sufficient to supply the occasions of the day: for it may by no means be said of his providence, as himself said of Sir Philip Sidney's wit, 'That it was the very measure of congruity,' he being always so careless of money, as though our Saviour's words, 'Care not for to-morrow,' were to be literally understood.

But it pleased the God of Providence, that in this juncture of time, the Provostship of his Majesty's College of Eton, became void by the death of Mr. Thomas Murray, for which there were, as the place deserved, many earnest and powerful suitors to the King. And Sir Henry, who had for many years—like Sisyphus—rolled the restless stone of a State-employment, knowing experimentally that the great blessing of sweet content was not to be found in multitudes of men or business, and that a College was the fittest place to nourish holy thoughts, and to afford rest both to his body and mind, which his age—being now almost threescore years—seemed to require, did therefore use his own, and the interest of all his friends to procure that place. By which means, and quitting the King of his promised reversionary offices, and a piece of honest policy,—which I have not time to relate,—he got a grant of it from his Majesty.[1]

And this was a fair satisfaction to his mind; but money was wanting to furnish him with those necessaries which attend removes, and a settlement in such a place; and, to procure that, he wrote to his old friend Mr. Nicholas Pey, for his assistance. Of which Nicholas Pey I shall here say a little, for the clearing of some passages that I shall mention hereafter.

He was in his youth a Clerk, or in some such way a servant to the Lord Wotton, Sir Henry's brother; and by him, when he was Comptroller of the King's Household, was made a great officer in his Majesty's house. This and other favours being conferred upon Mr. Pey—in whom there was a radical honesty—were always thankfully acknowledged by him, and his gratitude expressed by a willing and unwearied serviceableness to that family even till his death. To him Sir Henry Wotton wrote, to use all his interest at Court, to procure five hundred pounds of his arrears, for less would not settle him in the College; and the want of such a sum 'wrinkled his face with care';—'twas his own expression,—and, that money being procured, he should the next day after find him in

[1] 24 June 1624.

his College, and '*Invidiae remedium*' writ over his study door.

This money, being part of his arrears, was, by his own, and the help of honest Nicholas Pey's interest in Court, quickly procured him, and he as quickly in the College; the place, where indeed his happiness then seemed to have its beginning; the College being to his mind as a quiet harbour to a sea-faring man after a tempestuous voyage; where, by the bounty of the pious Founder, his very food and raiment were plentifully provided for him in kind, and more money than enough; where he was freed from all corroding cares, and seated on such a rock, as the waves of want could not probably shake: where he might sit in a calm, and, looking down, behold the busy multitude turmoiled and tossed in a tempestuous sea of trouble and dangers; and—as Sir William Davenant has happily expressed the like of another person:

> Laugh at the graver business of the State,
> Which speaks men rather wise than fortunate.

Being thus settled according to the desires of his heart, his first study was the Statutes of the College; by which he conceived himself bound to enter into Holy Orders, which he did, being made Deacon with all convenient speed. Shortly after which time, as he came in his surplice from the Church-service, an old friend, a person of quality, met him so attired, and joyed him of his new habit. To whom Sir Henry Wotton replied, 'I thank God and the King, by whose goodness I now am in this condition; a condition which that Emperor Charles the Fifth seemed to approve; who, after so many remarkable victories, when his glory was great in the eyes of all men, freely gave up his Crown, and the many cares that attended it, to Philip his Son, making a holy retreat to a Cloisteral life, where he might, by devout meditations, consult with God,—which the rich or busy men seldom do—and have leisure both to examine the errors of his life past, and prepare for that great day, wherein all flesh must make an account of their actions: and after a kind of tempestuous life, I now

have the like advantage from him, "that makes the outgoings of the morning to praise him"; even from my God, whom I daily magnify for this particular mercy of an exemption from business, a quiet mind, and a liberal maintenance, even in this part of my life, when my age and infirmities seem to sound me a retreat from the pleasures of this world, and invite me to contemplation, in which I have ever taken the greatest felicity.'

And now to speak a little of the employment of his time in the College. After his customary public devotions, his use was to retire into his study, and there to spend some hours in reading the Bible, and authors in Divinity, closing up his meditations with private prayer; this was, for the most part, his employment in the forenoon. But when he was once sat to dinner, then nothing but cheerful thoughts possessed his mind, and those still increased by constant company at his table, of such persons as brought thither additions both of learning and pleasure; but some part of most days was usually spent in Philosophical conclusions. Nor did he forget his innate pleasure of Angling, which he would usually call, 'his idle time not idly spent'; saying often, 'he would rather live five May months, than forty Decembers.'

He was a great lover of his neighbours, and a bountiful entertainer of them very often at his table, where his meat was choice, and his discourse better.

He was a constant cherisher of all those youths in that School, in whom he found either a constant diligence, or a genius that prompted them to learning; for whose encouragement he was—beside many other things of necessity and beauty—at the charge of setting up in it two rows of pillars, on which he caused to be choicely drawn the pictures of divers of the most famous Greek and Latin Historians, Poets, and Orators; persuading them not to neglect Rhetoric, because 'Almighty God has left mankind affections to be wrought upon': and he would often say, 'That none despised Eloquence, but such dull souls as were not capable of it.' He would also often make choice of some observations out of those

Historians and Poets; and would never leave the School without dropping some choice Greek or Latin apophthegm or sentence, that might be worthy of a room in the memory of a growing scholar.

He was pleased constantly to breed up one or more hopeful youths, which he picked out of the School, and took into his own domestic care, and to attend him at his meals; out of whose discourse and behaviour, he gathered observations for the better completing of his intended work of Education: of which, by his still striving to make the whole better, he lived to leave but part to posterity.

He was a great enemy to wrangling disputes of Religion; concerning which I shall say a little, both to testify that, and to shew the readiness of his wit.

Having at his being in Rome made acquaintance with a pleasant Priest, who invited him one evening to hear their Vesper music at Church; the Priest seeing Sir Henry stand obscurely in a corner, sends to him by a boy of the Choir this question, writ in a small piece of paper; 'Where was your Religion to be found before Luther?' To which question Sir Henry presently under-writ, 'My Religion was to be found then, where yours is not to be found now, in the written Word of God.'

The next Vesper, Sir Henry went purposely to the same Church, and sent one of the Choir boys with this question to his honest, pleasant friend, the Priest: 'Do you believe all those many thousands of poor Christians were damned, that were excommunicated because the Pope and the Duke of Venice could not agree about their temporal power? even those poor Christians that knew not why they quarrelled. Speak your conscience.' To which he under-writ in French, 'Monsieur, excusez-moi.'

To one that asked him, 'Whether a Papist may be saved?' he replied, 'You may be saved without knowing that. Look to yourself.'

To another, whose earnestness exceeded his knowledge, and was still railing against the Papists, he gave this advice; 'Pray, Sir, forbear till you have studied the points better: for the wise Italians have this proverb; "He that

understands amiss concludes worse." And take heed of thinking, the farther you go from the Church of Rome, the nearer you are to God.'

And to another that spake indiscreet and bitter words against Arminius, I heard him reply to this purpose:

'In my travel towards Venice, as I passed through Germany, I rested almost a year at Leyden, where I entered into an acquaintance with Arminius,—then the Professor of Divinity in that University,—a man much talked of in this age, which is made up of opposition and controversy. And indeed, if I mistake not Arminius in his expressions,—as so weak a brain as mine is may easily do,—then I know I differ from him in some points; yet I profess my judgment of him to be, that he was a man of most rare learning, and I knew him to be of a most strict life, and of a most meek spirit. And that he was so mild appears by his proposals to our Master Perkins of Cambridge, from whose book, *Of the Order and Causes of Salvation*—which first was writ in Latin—Arminius took the occasion of writing some queries to him concerning the consequents of his doctrine; intending them, 'tis said, to come privately to Mr. Perkins' own hands, and to receive from him a like private and a like loving answer. But Mr. Perkins died before those queries came to him, and 'tis thought Arminius meant them to die with him; for though he lived long after, I have heard he forbore to publish them: but since his death his sons did not. And 'tis pity, if God had been so pleased, that Mr. Perkins did not live to see, consider, and answer those proposals himself; for he was also of a most meek spirit, and of great and sanctified learning. And though, since their deaths, many of high parts and piety have undertaken to clear the controversy; yet for the most part they have rather satisfied themselves, than convinced the dissenting party. And, doubtless, many middle-witted men, which yet may mean well, many scholars that are not in the highest form for learning, which yet may preach well, men that are but preachers, and shall never know, till they come to Heaven, where the

questions stick betwixt Arminius and the Church of England,—if there be any,—will yet in this world be tampering with, and thereby perplexing the controversy, and do therefore justly fall under the reproof of St. Jude, for being busy-bodies, and for meddling with things they understand not.'

And here it offers itself—I think not unfitly, to tell the reader, that a friend of Sir Henry Wotton's being designed for the employment of an Ambassador, came to Eton, and requested from him some experimental rules for his prudent and safe carriage in his negociations; to whom he smilingly gave this for an infallible aphorism; 'That, to be in safety himself, and serviceable to his country, he should always, and upon all occasions, speak the truth,—it seems a State paradox—for, says Sir Henry Wotton, you shall never be believed; and by this means your truth will secure yourself, if you shall ever be called to any account; and 'twill also put your adversaries—who will still hunt counter—to a loss in all their disquisitions and undertakings.'

Many more of this nature might be observed; but they must be laid aside; for I shall here make a little stop, and invite the reader to look back with me, whilst, according to my promise, I shall say a little of Sir Albertus Morton, and Mr. William Bedel, whom I formerly mentioned.

I have told you that are my reader, that at Sir Henry Wotton's first going Ambassador into Italy, his cousin, Sir Albertus Morton, went his Secretary: and I am next to tell you that Sir Albertus died Secretary of State to our late King; but cannot, am not able to express the sorrow that possessed Sir Henry Wotton, at his first hearing the news that Sir Albertus was by death lost to him and this world. And yet the reader may partly guess by these following expressions: the first in a letter to his Nicholas Pey, of which this that followeth is a part.

——'And, my dear Nick. when I had been here almost a fortnight, in the midst of my great contentment, I received notice of Sir Albertus Morton his departure

out of this world, who was dearer to me than mine own being in it: what a wound it is to my heart, you that knew him, and know me, will easily believe: but our Creator's will must be done, and unrepiningly received by his own creatures, who is the Lord of all Nature and of all Fortune, when he taketh to himself now one, and then another, till that expected day, wherein it shall please him to dissolve the whole, and wrap up even the Heaven itself as a scroll of parchment. This is the last philosophy that we must study upon earth; let us therefore, that yet remain here, as our days and friends waste, reinforce our love to each other; which of all virtues, both spiritual and moral, hath the highest privilege, because death itself cannot end it. And my good Nick.' etc.

This is a part of his sorrow thus expressed to his Nick. Pey: the other part is in this following elegy, of which the reader may safely conclude it was too hearty to be dissembled.

TEARS WEPT AT THE GRAVE OF SIR ALBERTUS MORTON,
BY HENRY WOTTON

Silence, in truth would speak my sorrow best,
For deepest wounds can least their feeling tell:
Yet, let me borrow from mine own unrest,
A time to bid him, whom I lov'd, farewell.

Oh, my unhappy lines! you that before
Have serv'd my youth to vent some wanton cries,
And now, congeal'd with grief, can scarce implore
Strength to accent, 'Here my Albertus lies.'

This is that sable stone, this is the cave
And womb of earth, that doth his corse embrace:
While others sing his praise, let me engrave
These bleeding numbers to adorn the place.

Here will I paint the characters of woe;
Here will I pay my tribute to the dead;
And here my faithful tears in showers shall flow,
To humanize the flints on which I tread.

Where, though I mourn my matchless loss alone,
And none between my weakness judge and me;

Yet even these pensive walls allow my moan,
Whose doleful echoes to my plaints agree.

But is he gone? and live I rhyming here,
As if some Muse would listen to my lay?
When all distun'd sit waiting for their dear,
And bathe the banks where he was wont to play.

Dwell then in endless bliss with happy souls,
Discharg'd from Nature's and from Fortune's trust;
Whilst on this fluid globe my hour-glass rolls,
And runs the rest of my remaining dust.

H. W.

This concerning his Sir Albertus Morton.

And for what I shall say concerning Mr. William Bedel, I must prepare the reader by telling him, that when King James sent Sir Henry Wotton Ambassador to the State of Venice, he sent also an Ambassador to the King of France, and another to the King of Spain. With the Ambassador of France went Joseph Hall, late Bishop of Norwich, whose many and useful works speak his great merit: with the Ambassador to Spain went James Wadsworth; and with Sir Henry Wotton went William Bedel.

These three Chaplains to these three Ambassadors were all bred in one University, all of one College,[1] all beneficed in one Diocese, and all most dear and entire friends. But in Spain, Mr. Wadsworth met with temptations, or reasons, such as were so powerful as to persuade him—who of the three was formerly observed to be the most averse to that religion that calls itself Catholic—to disclaim himself a member of the Church of England, and declare himself for the Church of Rome, discharging himself of his attendance on the Ambassador, and betaking himself to a monasterial life, in which he lived very regularly and so died.

When Dr. Hall, the late Bishop of Norwich, came into England, he wrote to Mr. Wadsworth,—'tis the first Epistle in his printed Decades,—to persuade his return, or to shew the reason of his apostacy. The letter seemed

[1] Emanuel College in Cambridge.

to have in it many sweet expressions of love; and yet there was in it some expression that was so unpleasant to Mr. Wadsworth, that he chose rather to acquaint his old friend Mr. Bedel with his motives; by which means there passed betwixt Mr. Bedel and Mr. Wadsworth, divers letters which be extant in print, and did well deserve it; for in them there seems to be a controversy, not of religion only, but who should answer each other with most love and meekness; which I mention the rather, because it too seldom falls out to be so in a book-war.

There is yet a little more to be said of Mr. Bedel, for the greatest part of which the Reader is referred to this following letter of Sir Henry Wotton's, written to our late King Charles the First:

'May it please Your most Gracious Majesty,

'Having been informed that certain persons have, by the good wishes of the Archbishop of Armagh, been directed hither, with a most humble petition unto your Majesty that you will be pleased to make Mr. William Bedel—now resident upon a small benefice in Suffolk—Governor of your College at Dublin, for the good of that Society; and myself being required to render unto your Majesty some testimony of the said William Bedel who was long my Chaplain at Venice, in the time of my first employment there, I am bound in all conscience and truth—so far as your Majesty will vouchsafe to accept my poor judgment—to affirm of him, that I think hardly a fitter man for that charge could have been propounded unto your Majesty in your whole kingdom, for singular erudition and piety, conformity to the rites of the Church, and zeal to advance the cause of God, wherein his travails abroad were not obscure in the time of the Excommunication of the Venetians.

'For it may please your Majesty to know, that this is the man whom Padre Paulo took, I may say, into his very soul, with whom he did communicate the inwardest thoughts of his heart; from whom he professed to have received more knowledge in all Divinity, both scholastical

and positive, than from any that he had ever practised in his days; of which all the passages were well known to the King your Father, of most blessed memory. And so, with your Majesty's good favour, I will end this needless office; for the general fame of his learning, his life, and Christian temper, and those religious labours which himself hath dedicated to your Majesty, do better describe him than I am able.

Your Majesty's

Most humble and faithful servant,

H. WOTTON.'

To this letter I shall add this: that he was—to the great joy of Sir Henry Wotton—made Governor of the said college;[1] and that, after a fair discharge of his duty and trust there he was thence removed to be Bishop of Kilmore.[2] In both places his life was so holy, as seemed to equal the primitive Christians: for as they, so he kept all the Ember-weeks, observed—besides his private devotions—the canonical hours of prayer very strictly, and so he did all the Feasts and Fast-days of his mother, the Church of England. To which I may add, that his patience and charity were both such, as shewed his affections were set upon things that are above; for indeed his whole life brought forth the fruits of the spirit; there being in him such a remarkable meekness, that as St. Paul advised his Timothy in the election of a Bishop, "That he have a good report of those that be without";[3] so had he: for those that were without, even those that in point of religion were of the Roman persuasion,—of which there were very many in his Diocese,—did yet—such is the power of visible piety—ever look upon him with respect and reverence, and testified it by a concealing, and safe protecting him from death in the late horrid rebellion in Ireland, when the fury of the wild Irish knew no distinction of persons: and yet, there and then he was protected and cherished by those of a contrary persuasion; and there and then he died, not by violence or misusage,

[1] Aug. 1627. [2] Sept. 3, 1629. [3] 1 Tim. iii. 7.

but by grief in a quiet prison (1629). And with him was lost many of his learned writings which were thought worthy of preservation; and amongst the rest was lost the Bible, which by many years' labour, and conference, and study, he had translated into the Irish tongue, with an intent to have printed it for public use.

More might be said of Mr. Bedel, who, I told the reader, was Sir Henry Wotton's first Chaplain; and much of his second Chaplain, Isaac Bargrave, Doctor in Divinity, and the late learned and hospitable Dean of Canterbury; as also of the merit of many others, that had the happiness to attend Sir Henry in his foreign employments: but the reader may think that in this digression I have already carried him too far from Eton College, and therefore I shall lead him back as gently and as orderly as I may to that place, for a further conference concerning Sir Henry Wotton.

Sir Henry Wotton had proposed to himself, before he entered into his Collegiate life, to write the Life of Martin Luther, and in it the History of the Reformation, as it was carried on in Germany: for the doing of which he had many advantages by his several Embassies into those parts, and his interest in the several Princes of the Empire; by whose means he had access to the Records of all the Hans Towns, and the knowledge of many secret passages that fell not under common view; and in these he had made a happy progress, as is well known to his worthy friend, Dr. Duppa, the late reverend Bishop of Salisbury. But in the midst of this design, his late Majesty King Charles the first, that knew the value of Sir Henry Wotton's pen, did, by a persuasive loving violence—to which may be added a promise of 500*l.* a year—force him to lay Luther aside, and betake himself to write the history of England; in which he proceeded to write some short characters of a few Kings, as a foundation upon which he meant to build; but for the present, meant to be more large in the story of Henry the Sixth, the Founder of that College, in which he then enjoyed all the worldly happiness of his present being. But Sir Henry died in the midst of

this undertaking, and the footsteps of his labours are not recoverable by a more than common diligence.

This is some account both of his inclination, and the employment of his time in the College, where he seemed to have his youth renewed by a continual conversation with that learned society, and a daily recourse of other friends of choicest breeding and parts; by which that great blessing of a cheerful heart was still maintained; he being always free even to the last of his days, from that peevishness which usually attends age.

And yet his mirth was sometimes damped by the remembrance of divers old debts, partly contracted in his foreign employments, for which his just arrears due from the King would have made satisfaction: but being still delayed with Court-promises, and finding some decays of health, he did, about two years before his death, out of a Christian desire that none should be a loser by him, make his last Will; concerning which a doubt still remains, namely, whether it discovered more holy wit, or conscionable policy. But there is no doubt but that his chief design, was a Christian endeavour that his debts might be satisfied.

And that it may remain as such a testimony, and a legacy to those that loved him, I shall here impart it to the Reader, as it was found written with his own hand.

'In the name of God Almighty and All-merciful, I Henry Wotton, Provost of his Majesty's College by Eton, being mindful of mine own mortality, which the sin of our first parents did bring upon all flesh, do by this last Will and Testament thus dispose of myself, and the poor things I shall leave in this world. My Soul I bequeath to the Immortal God my Maker, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, my blessed Redeemer and Mediator, through his all sole-sufficient satisfaction for the sins of the whole world, and efficient for his elect; in the number of whom I am one by his mere grace, and thereof most unremoveably assured by his Holy Spirit, the true eternal Comforter. My body I bequeath to the earth, if I shall end my transitory days, at or near Eton, to be buried in the Chapel

of the said College, as the Fellows shall dispose thereof, with whom I have lived—my God knows—in all loving affection; or if I shall die near Bocton Malherbe, in the County of Kent, then I wish to be laid in that Parish-Church, as near as may be to the sepulchre of my good father, expecting a joyful resurrection with him in the day of Christ.'

After this account of his faith, and this surrender of his soul to that God that inspired it, and this direction for the disposal of his body, he proceeded to appoint that his Executors should lay over his grave a marble stone, plain, and not costly: and considering that time moulders even marble to dust,—for—Monuments themselves must die; therefore did he—waiving the common way—think fit rather to preserve his name—to which the son of Sirach adviseth all men—by a useful Apophthegm, than by a large enumeration of his descent or merits, of both which he might justly have boasted; but he was content to forget them, and did choose only this prudent, pious sentence to discover his disposition, and preserve his memory.

'Twas directed by him to be thus inscribed:

Hic jacet hujus Sententiae primus Author:

DISPUTANDI PRURITUS ECCLESIARUM SCABIES.

Nomen alias quaere.

Which may be Englished thus:

Here lies the first Author of this sentence:

THE ITCH OF DISPUTATION WILL PROVE THE SCAB OF THE CHURCH.

Inquire his Name elsewhere.

And if any shall object, as I think some have, that Sir Henry Wotton was not the first author of this sentence: but that this, or a sentence like it, was long before his time; to him I answer, that Solomon says, 'Nothing can be spoken, that hath not been spoken; for there is no new

thing under the sun.' But grant, that in his various reading he had met with this, or a like sentence, yet reason mixed with charity should persuade all Readers to believe, that Sir Henry Wotton's mind was then so fixed on that part of the communion of Saints which is above, that an holy lethargy did surprise his memory. For doubtless, if he had not believed himself to be the first author of what he said, he was too prudent first to own, and then expose it to the public view and censure of every critic. And questionless 'twill be charity in all readers to think his mind was then so fixed on Heaven, that a holy zeal did transport him; and that, in this sacred ecstacy, his thoughts were then only of the Church Triumphant, into which he daily expected his admission; and that Almighty God was then pleased to make him a Prophet, to tell the Church Militant, and particularly that part of it in this nation, where the weeds of controversy grow to be daily both more numerous and more destructive to humble piety; and where men have consciences that boggle at ceremonies, and yet scruple not to speak and act such sins as the ancient humble Christians believed to be a sin to think; and where, our reverend Hooker says, 'former simplicity, and softness of spirit, is not now to be found, because Zeal hath drowned Charity, and Skill, Meekness.' It will be good to think, that these sad changes have proved this Epitaph to be a useful caution unto us of this nation; and the sad effects thereof in Germany have proved it to be a mournful truth.

This by way of observation concerning his Epitaph; the rest of his Will follows in his own words.

'Further, I the said Henry Wotton, do constitute and ordain to be joint Executors of this my last Will and Testament, my two grand-nephews, Albert Morton, second son to Sir Robert Morton, Knight, late deceased, and Thomas Bargrave, eldest son to Dr. Bargrave, Dean of Canterbury, husband to my right virtuous and only Niece. And I do pray the foresaid Dr. Bargrave, and

Mr. Nicholas Pey, my most faithful and chosen friends, together with Mr. John Harrison, one of the Fellows of Eton College, best acquainted with my books and pictures, and other utensils, to be Supervisors of this my last Will and Testament. And I do pray the foresaid Dr. Bargrave, and Mr. Nicholas Pey, to be solicitors for such arrearages as shall appear due unto me from His Majesty's Exchequer at the time of my death; and to assist my forenamed Executors in some reasonable and conscientious satisfaction of my creditors, and discharge of my legacies now specified; or that shall be hereafter added unto this my Testament, by any Codicil or Schedule, or left in the hands, or in any memorial with the aforesaid Mr. John Harrison. And first, to my most dear Sovereign and Master, of incomparable goodness,—in whose gracious opinion I have ever had some portion, as far as the interest of a plain honest man,—I leave four pictures at large of those Dukes of Venice, in whose time I was there employed, with their names written on the back side, which hang in my great ordinary Dining room, done after the life by Edoardo Fialetto: likewise a table of the Venetian College, where Ambassadors had their audience, hanging over the mantel of the chimney in the said room, done by the same hand, which containeth a draught in little, well resembling the famous Duke Leonardo Donato, in a time which needed a wise and constant man. Item. The picture of a Duke of Venice, hanging over against the door, done either by Titiano, or some other principal hand, long before my time. Most humbly beseeching his Majesty, that the said pieces may remain in some corner of any of his houses, for a poor memorial of his most humble vassal.

'Item. I leave his said Majesty all the papers and negociations of Sir Nich. Throgmorton, Knight, during his famous employment under Queen Elizabeth, in Scotland, and in France; which contain divers secrets of State, that perchance his Majesty will think fit to be preserved in his Paper-Office, after they have been perused and sorted by Mr. Secretary Windebank, with whom I have

heretofore, as I remember, conferred about them. They were committed to my disposal by Sir Arthur Throgmorton, his Son, to whose worthy memory I cannot better discharge my faith than by assigning them to the highest place of trust. Item. I leave to our most gracious and virtuous Queen Mary, Dioscorides, with the plants naturally coloured, and the text translated by Matthiolo, in the best language of Tuscany, whence her said Majesty is lineally descended, for a poor token of my thankful devotion, for the honour she was once pleased to do my private Study with her presence. I leave to the most hopeful Prince, the picture of the elected and crowned Queen of Bohemia, his Aunt, of clear and resplendent virtues, through the clouds of her fortune. To my Lord's Grace of Canterbury now being, I leave my picture of Divine Love, rarely copied from one in the King's galleries, of my presentation to his Majesty; beseeching him to receive it as a pledge of my humble reverence to his great wisdom. And to the most worthy Lord Bishop of London, Lord High Treasurer of England, in true admiration of his Christian simplicity and contempt of earthly pomp, I leave a picture of Heraclitus bewailing, and Democritus laughing at the world: most humbly beseeching the said Lord Archbishop his Grace, and the Lord Bishop of London, of both whose favours I have tasted in my lifetime, to intercede with our most gracious Sovereign after my death, in the bowels of Jesus Christ, that out of compassionate memory of my long services,—wherein I more studied the public honour than mine own utility,—some order may be taken out of my arrears due in the Exchequer, for such satisfaction of my creditors, as those whom I have ordained Supervisors of this my last Will and Testament shall present unto their Lordships, without their further trouble: hoping likewise in his Majesty's most indubitable goodness, that he will keep me from all prejudice, which I may otherwise suffer by any defect of formality in the demand of my said arrears. To —— for a poor addition to his Cabinet, I leave, as emblems of his attractive virtues and

obliging nobleness, my great Loadstone, and a piece of Amber, of both kinds naturally united, and only differing in degree of concoction, which is thought somewhat rare. Item, a piece of Chrystal Sexangular—as they grow all—grasping divers several things within it, which I bought among the Rhaetian Alps, in the very place where it grew; recommending most humbly unto his Lordship, the reputation of my poor name in the point of my debts, as I have done to the forenamed Spiritual Lords, and am heartily sorry that I have no better token of my humble thankfulness to his honoured person. Item. I leave to Sir Francis Windebank, one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State,—whom I found my great friend in point of necessity,—the four Seasons of old Bassano, to hang near the eye in his Parlour,—being in little form,—which I bought at Venice, where I first entered into his most worthy acquaintance.

'To the above-named Dr. Bargrave, Dean of Canterbury, I leave all my Italian Books not disposed in this Will. I leave to him likewise my Viol de Gamba, which hath been twice with me in Italy, in which country I first contracted with him an unremoveable affection. To my other Supervisor, Mr. Nicholas Pey, I leave my Chest, or Cabinet of Instruments and Engines of all kinds of uses: in the lower box whereof, are some[1] fit to be bequeathed to none but so entire an honest man as he is. I leave him likewise forty pounds for his pains in the solicitation of my arrears; and am sorry that my ragged estate can reach no further to one that hath taken such care for me in the same kind, during all my foreign employments. To the Library of Eton College, I leave all my Manuscripts not before disposed, and to each of the Fellows a plain ring of gold, enamelled black, all save the verge, with this motto within, '*Amor unit omnia.*'

'This is my last Will and Testament, save what shall be added by a Schedule thereunto annexed, written on the

[1] In it were Italian locks, pick-locks, screws to force open doors, and many things of worth and rarity, that he had gathered in his foreign travel.

First of October, in the present year of our Redemption, 1637, and subscribed by myself, with the testimony of these Witnesses,

HENRY WOTTON.

Nich. Oudert,
Geo. Lash.'

And now, because the mind of man is best satisfied by the knowledge of events, I think fit to declare, that every one that was named in his Will did gladly receive their legacies: by which, and his most just and passionate desires for the payment of his debts, they joined in assisting the Overseers of his Will; and by their joint endeavours to the King,—than whom none was more willing,—conscionable satisfaction was given for his just debts.

The next thing wherewith I shall acquaint the Reader is, that he went usually once a year, if not oftener, to the beloved Bocton Hall, where he would say, 'He found a cure for all cares, by the cheerful company, which he called the living furniture of that place: and a restoration of his strength, by the connaturalness of that which he called his genial air.'

He yearly went also to Oxford. But the summer before his death he changed that for a journey to Winchester College, to which School he was first removed from Bocton. And as he returned from Winchester towards Eton College, said to a friend, his companion in that journey: 'How useful was that advice of a holy Monk, who persuaded his friend to perform his customary devotions in a constant place, because in that place we usually meet with those very thoughts which possessed us at our last being there! And I find it thus far experimentally true, that at my now being in that School, and seeing that very place where I sat when I was a boy, occasioned me to remember those very thoughts of my youth which then possessed me: sweet thoughts indeed, that promised my growing years numerous pleasures, without mixtures of cares: and those to be enjoyed, when

time—which I therefore thought slow-paced—had changed my youth into manhood. But age and experience have taught me that those were but empty hopes; for I have always found it true, as my Saviour did foretell, "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." Nevertheless, I saw there a succession of boys using the same recreations, and, questionless, possessed with the same thoughts that then possessed me. Thus one generation succeeds another, both in their lives, recreations, hopes, fears, and death.'

After his return from Winchester to Eton, which was about five months before his death, he became much more retired and contemplative: in which time he was often visited by Mr. John Hales,—learned Mr. John Hales,—then a Fellow of that College, to whom upon an occasion he spake to this purpose: 'I have, in my passage to my grave, met with most of those joys of which a discoursive soul is capable; and been entertained with more inferior pleasures than the sons of men are usually made partakers of: nevertheless, in this voyage I have not always floated on the calm sea of content; but have often met with cross winds and storms, and with many troubles of mind and temptations to evil. And yet, though I have been, and am a man compassed about with human frailties, Almighty God hath by his grace prevented me from making shipwreck of faith and a good conscience, the thought of which is now the joy of my heart, and I most humbly praise him for it: and I humbly acknowledge that it was not myself, but he that hath kept me to this great age, and let him take the glory of his great mercy.—And, my dear friend, I now see that I draw near my harbour of death; that harbour that will secure me from all the future storms and waves of this restless world; and I praise God I am willing to leave it, and expect a better; that world wherein dwelleth righteousness; and I long for it!'

These and the like expressions were then uttered by him at the beginning of a feverish distemper, at which time he was also troubled with an Asthma, or short spitting: but after less than twenty fits, by the help of a familiar physic and a spare diet, this fever abated, yet so

as to leave him much weaker than it found him; and his Asthma seemed also to be overcome in a good degree by his forbearing tobacco, which, as many thoughtful men do, he also had taken somewhat immoderately. This was his then present condition, and thus he continued till about the end of October, 1639, which was about a month before his death, at which time he again fell into a fever, which though he seemed to recover, yet these still left him so weak, that they, and those other common infirmities that accompany age, were wont to visit him like civil friends, and after some short time to leave him,—came now both oftener and with more violence, and at last took up their constant habitation with him, still weakening his body and abating his cheerfulness; of both which he grew more sensible, and did the oftener retire into his Study, and there made many papers that had passed his pen, both in the days of his youth and in the busy part of his life, useless, by a fire made there to that purpose. These, and several unusual expressions to his servants and friends, seemed to foretell that the day of his death drew near; for which he seemed to those many friends that observed him, to be well prepared, and to be both patient and free from all fear, as several of his letters writ on this his last sick-bed may testify. And thus he continued till about the beginning of December following, at which time he was seized more violently with a Quotidian fever; in the tenth fit of which fever, his better part, that part of Sir Henry Wotton which could not die, put off mortality with as much content and cheerfulness as human frailty is capable of, being then in great tranquillity of mind, and in perfect peace with God and man.

And thus the circle of Sir Henry Wotton's life—that circle which began at Bocton, and in the circumference thereof did first touch at Winchester School, then at Oxford, and after upon so many remarkable parts and passages in Christendom—that circle of his Life was by Death thus closed up and completed, in the seventy and second year of his age, at Eton College; where, according to his Will, he now lies buried, with his Motto on a plain

Grave-stone over him: dying worthy of his name and family, worthy of the love and favour of so many Princes, and persons of eminent wisdom and learning, worthy of the trust committed unto him, for the service of his Prince and Country.

And all Readers are requested to believe that he was worthy of a more worthy pen, to have preserved his Memory and commended his Merits to the imitation of posterity. Iz. Wa.

An Elegy on Sir Henry Wotton, writ by Mr. Abraham Cowley

What shall we say, since silent now is he,
Who when he spoke all things would silent be?
Who had so many languages in store,
That only Fame shall speak of him in more.
Whom England now no more return'd, must see;
He's gone to Heaven, on his fourth embassy.
On earth he travell'd often, not to say,
He'd been abroad to pass loose time away;
For in whatever land he chanced to come,
He read the men and manners; bringing home
Their wisdom, learning, and their piety,
As if he went to conquer, not to see.
So well he understood the most and best
Of tongues that Babel sent into the West;
Spoke them so truly, that he had, you'd swear,
Not only liv'd, but been born every-where.
Justly each nation's speech to him was known,
Who for the world was made, not us alone:
Nor ought the language of that man be less,
Who in his breast had all things to express.
We say that learning's endless, and blame Fate
For not allowing life a longer date,
He did the utmost bounds of Knowledge find,
And found them not so large as was his mind;
But, like the brave Pellean youth, did moan,
Because that Art had no more worlds than one.
And when he saw that he through all had past,
He died—lest he should idle grow at last.

A. Cowley.

THE LIFE OF MR. RICHARD HOOKER:

The Author of those Learned Books of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity

Eccles. xxiv. 34—*Behold! I have not labour'd for myself only, but for all those that seek wisdom*

Psal. cxlv. 4—*One generation shall praise thy works to another*

THE INTRODUCTION

I HAVE been persuaded, by a friend whom I reverence, and ought to obey, to write the Life of Richard Hooker, the happy Author of Five—if not more—of the eight learned books of *The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*. And though I have undertaken it, yet it hath been with some unwillingness: because I foresee that it must prove to me, and especially at this time of my age, a work of much labour to enquire, consider, research, and determine what is needful to be known concerning him. For I knew him not in his life, and must therefore not only look back to his death,—now sixty-four years past, —but almost fifty years beyond that, even to his childhood and youth; and gather thence such observations and prognostics as may at least adorn, if not prove necessary for the completing of what I have undertaken.

This trouble I foresee, and foresee also that it is impossible to escape censures; against which I will not hope my well-meaning and diligence can protect me,—

for I consider the age in which I live—and shall therefore but intreat of my reader a suspension of his censures, till I have made known unto him some reasons, which I myself would now gladly believe do make me in some measure fit for this undertaking; and if these reasons shall not acquit me from all censures, they may at least abate of their severity, and this is all I can probably hope for. My reasons follow.

About forty years past—for I am now past the seventy of my age—I began a happy affinity with William Cranmer, —now with God,—grand-nephew unto the great Archbishop of that name;—a family of noted prudence and resolution; with him and two of his sisters I had an entire and free friendship: one of them was the wife of Dr. Spencer, a bosom friend and sometime com-pupil with Mr. Hooker in Corpus Christi College in Oxford, and after President of the same. I name them here, for that I shall have occasion to mention them in this following discourse, as also George Cranmer, their brother, of whose useful abilities my Reader may have a more authentic testimony than my pen can purchase for him, by that of our learned Camden and others.

This William Cranmer and his two forenamed sisters had some affinity, and a most familiar friendship, with Mr. Hooker, and had had some part of their education with him in his house, when he was parson of Bishop's-Bourne near Canterbury; in which City their good father then lived. They had, I say, a part of their education with him as myself, since that time, a happy cohabitation with them; and having some years before read part of Mr. Hooker's works with great liking and satisfaction, my affection to them made me a diligent inquisitor into many things that concerned him; as namely, of his persons, his nature, the management of his time, his wife, his family, and the fortune of him and his. Which enquiry hath given me much advantage in the knowledge of what is now under my consideration, and intended for the satisfaction of my Reader.

I had also a friendship with the Reverend Dr. Usher,

the late learned Archbishop of Armagh; and with Dr. Morton, the late learned and charitable Bishop of Durham; as also with the learned John Hales, of Eton College; and with them also—who loved the very name of Mr. Hooker—I have had many discourses concerning him; and from them, and many others that have now put off mortality, I might have had more informations, if I could then have admitted a thought of any fitness for what by persuasion I have now undertaken. But though that full harvest be irrecoverably lost, yet my memory hath preserved some gleanings, and my diligence made such additions to them, as I hope will prove useful to the completing of what I intend: in the discovery of which I shall be faithful, and with this assurance put a period to my Introduction.

THE LIFE OF MR. RICHARD HOOKER.

It is not to be doubted, but that Richard Hooker was born at Heavy-tree, near, or within the precincts, or in the City of Exeter; a City which may justly boast, that it was the birth-place of him and Sir Thomas Bodley; as indeed the County may, in which it stands, that it hath furnished this nation with Bishop Jewel, Sir Francis Drake, Sir Walter Raleigh, and many others, memorable for their valour and learning. He was born about the year of our Redemption 1553, and of parents that were not so remarkable for their extraction or riches, as for their virtue and industry, and God's blessing upon both; by which they were enabled to educate their children in some degree of learning, of which our Richard Hooker may appear to be one fair testimony, and that nature is not so partial as always to give the great blessings of wisdom and learning, and with them the greater blessings of virtue and government, to those only that are of a more high and honourable birth.

His complexion—if we may guess by him at the age of

forty—was sanguine, with a mixture of choler; and yet his motion was slow even in his youth, and so was his speech, never expressing an earnestness in either of them, but an humble gravity suitable to the aged. And 'tis observed,—so far as enquiry is able to look back at this distance of time,—that at his being a school-boy he was an early questionist, quietly inquisitive 'why this was, and that was not, to be remembered? why this was granted, and that denied?' This being mixed with a remarkable modesty, and a sweet serene quietness of nature, and with them a quick apprehension of many perplexed parts of learning, imposed then upon him as a scholar, made his Master and others to believe him to have an inward blessed divine light, and therefore to consider him to be a little wonder. For in that, children were less pregnant, less confident and more malleable, than in this wiser, but not better, age.

This meekness and conjuncture of knowledge, with modesty in his conversation, being observed by his Schoolmaster, caused him to persuade his parents—who intended him for an apprentice—to continue him at school till he could find out some means, by persuading his rich Uncle, or some other charitable person, to ease them of a part of their care and charge; assuring them that their son was so enriched with the blessings of nature and grace, that God seemed to single him out as a special instrument of his glory. And the good man told them also, that he would double his diligence in instructing him, and would neither expect nor receive any other reward, than the content of so hopeful and happy an employment.

This was not unwelcome news, and especially to his Mother, to whom he was a dutiful and dear child, and all parties were so pleased with this proposal, that it was resolved so it should be. And in the mean time his Parents and Master laid a foundation for his future happiness, by instilling into his soul the seeds of piety, those conscientious principles of loving and fearing God, of an early belief that he knows the very secrets of our souls; that he punisheth our vices, and rewards our innocence;

that we should be free from hypocrisy, and appear to man what we are to God, because first or last the crafty man is catched in his own snare. These seeds of piety were so seasonably planted, and so continually watered with the daily dew of God's blessed Spirit, that his infant virtues grew into such holy habits, as did make him grow daily into more and more favour both with God and man; which, with the great learning that he did after attain to, hath made Richard Hooker honoured in this, and will continue him to be so to succeeding generations.

This good School-master, whose name I am not able to recover,—and am sorry, for that I would have given him a better memorial in this humble monument, dedicated to the memory of his scholar,—was very solicitous with John Hooker, then Chamberlain of Exeter, and uncle to our Richard, to take his Nephew into his care, and to maintain him for one year in the University, and in the mean time to use his endeavours to procure an admission for him into some College, though it were but in a mean degree; still urging and assuring him, that his charge would not continue long; for the lad's learning and manners were both so remarkable, that they must of necessity be taken notice of; and that doubtless God would provide him some second patron, that would free him and his Parents from their future care and charge.

These reasons, with the affectionate rhetoric of his good Master, and God's blessing upon both, procured from his Uncle a faithful promise, that he would take him into his care and charge before the expiration of the year following, which was performed by him, and with the assistance of the learned Mr. John Jewel; of whom this may be noted, that he left, or was about the first of Queen Mary's reign expelled out of Corpus Christi College in Oxford,—of which he was a Fellow,—for adhering to the truth of those principles of Religion to which he had assented and given testimony in the days of her brother and predecessor, Edward the Sixth; and this John Jewel, having within a short time after, a just cause to fear a more heavy punishment than expulsion, was forced, by forsaking this, to seek

safety in another nation; and, with that safety, the enjoyment of that doctrine and worship for which he suffered.

But the cloud of that persecution and fear ending with the life of Queen Mary, the affairs of the Church and State did then look more clear and comfortable; so that he, and with him many others of the same judgment, made a happy return into England about the first of Queen Elizabeth; in which year this John Jewel was sent a Commissioner or Visitor, of the Churches of the Western parts of this kingdom, and especially of those in Devonshire, in which County he was born; and then and there he contracted a friendship with John Hooker, the Uncle of our Richard.

About the second or third year of her reign, this John Jewel was made Bishop of Salisbury; and there being always observed in him a willingness to do good, and to oblige his friends, and now a power added to his willingness; this John Hooker gave him a visit in Salisbury, and besought him for charity's sake to look favourably upon a poor nephew of his, whom Nature had fitted for a scholar; but the estate of his parents was so narrow, that they were unable to give him the advantage of learning; and that the Bishop would therefore become his patron, and prevent him from being a tradesman, for he was a boy of remarkable hopes. And though the Bishop knew men do not usually look with an indifferent eye upon their own children and relations, yet he assented so far to John Hooker, that he appointed the boy and his School-master should attend him, about Easter next following, at that place: which was done accordingly; and then, after some questions and observations of the boy's learning, and gravity, and behaviour, the Bishop gave his School-master a reward, and took order for an annual pension for the boy's parents; promising also to take him into his care for a future preferment, which he performed: for about the fifteenth year of his age, which was anno 1567, he was by the Bishop appointed to remove to Oxford, and there to attend Dr. Cole, then President of Corpus Christi College. Which he did; and Dr. Cole had—according to a promise

made to the Bishop—provided for him both a Tutor—which was said to be the learned Dr. John Reynolds,—and a Clerk's place in that College: which place, though it were not a full maintenance, yet, with the contribution of his Uncle, and the continued pension of his patron, the good Bishop, gave him a comfortable subsistence. And in this condition he continued unto the eighteenth year of his age, still increasing in learning and prudence, and so much in humility and piety, that he seemed to be filled with the Holy Ghost; and even like St. John Baptist, to be sanctified from his mother's womb, who did often bless the day in which she bare him.

About this time of his age, he fell into a dangerous sickness, which lasted two months; all which time his Mother, having notice of it, did in her hourly prayers as earnestly beg his life of God, as Monica the mother of St. Augustine did, that he might become a true Christian; and their prayers were both so heard as to be granted. Which Mr. Hooker would often mention with much joy, and as often pray that 'he might never live to occasion any sorrow to so good a mother; of whom he would often say, he loved her so dearly, that he would endeavour to be good, even as much for her's as for his own sake.'

As soon as he was perfectly recovered from this sickness, he took a journey from Oxford to Exeter, to satisfy and see his good Mother, being accompanied with a countryman and companion of his own College, and both on foot; which was then either more in fashion, or want of money, or their humility made it so: but on foot they went, and took Salisbury in their way, purposely to see the good Bishop, who made Mr. Hooker and his companion dine with him at his own table: which Mr. Hooker boasted of with much joy and gratitude when he saw his mother and friends: and at the Bishop's parting with him, the Bishop gave him good counsel, and his benediction, but forgot to give him money; which, when the Bishop had considered, he sent a servant in all haste to call Richard back to him: and at Richard's return, the Bishop said to him, 'Richard, I sent for you back to lend you a

horse, which hath carried me many a mile, and, I thank God, with much ease'; and presently delivered into his hand a walking-staff, with which he professed he had travelled through many parts of Germany. And he said, 'Richard, I do not give, but lend you my horse: be sure you be honest, and bring my horse back to me at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you ten groats, to bear your charges to Exeter; and here is ten groats more, which I charge you to deliver to your Mother and tell her I send her a Bishop's benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you ten groats more, to carry you on foot to the College: and so God bless you, good Richard.'

And this, you may believe, was performed by both parties. But, alas! the next news that followed Mr. Hooker to Oxford was, that his learned and charitable patron had changed this for a better life. Which happy change may be believed, for that as he lived, so he died, in devout meditation and prayer: and in both so zealously, that it became a religious question, 'Whether his last ejaculations or his soul did first enter into Heaven?'

And now Mr. Hooker became a man of sorrow and fear: of sorrow, for the loss of so dear and comfortable a patron; and of fear for his future subsistence. But Dr. Cole raised his spirits from this dejection, by bidding him go cheerfully to his studies, and assuring him, he should neither want food nor raiment,—which was the utmost of his hopes,—for he would become his patron. And so he was for about nine months, and not longer; for about that time this following accident did befall Mr. Hooker.

Edwin Sandys—sometime Bishop of London, and after Archbishop of York—had also been in the days of Queen Mary, forced, by forsaking this, to seek safety in another nation; where, for some years, Bishop Jewel and he were companions at bed and board in Germany; and where, in this their exile, they did often eat the bread of sorrow, and by that means they there began such a friendship, as lasted till the death of Bishop Jewel, which was in

September, 1571. A little before which time the two Bishops meeting, Jewel had an occasion to begin a story of his Richard Hooker, and in it gave such a character of his learning and manners, that though Bishop Sandys was educated in Cambridge, where he had obliged, and had many friends; yet his resolution was, that his son Edwin should be sent to Corpus Christi College in Oxford, and by all means be pupil to Mr. Hooker, though his son Edwin was not much younger than Mr. Hooker then was: for the Bishop said, 'I will have a Tutor for my son, that shall teach him learning by instruction, and virtue by example: and my greatest care shall be of the last; and, God willing, this Richard Hooker shall be the man into whose hands I will commit my Edwin.' And the Bishop did so about twelve months, or not much longer, after this resolution.

And doubtless, as to these two, a better choice could not be made; for Mr. Hooker was now in the nineteenth year of his age; had spent five in the University; and had, by a constant unwearied diligence, attained unto a perfection in all the learned languages; by the help of which, an excellent tutor, and his unintermitted studies, he had made the subtilty of all the arts easy and familiar to him, and useful for the discovery of such learning as lay hid from common searchers. So that by these, added to his great reason, and his restless industry added to both, he did not only know more of causes and effects; but what he knew, he knew better than other men. And with this knowledge he had a most blessed and clear method of demonstrating what he knew, to the great advantage of all his pupils,—which in time were many,—but especially to his two first, his dear Edwin Sandys, and his as dear George Cranmer; of which there will be a fair testimony in the ensuing relation.

This for Mr. Hooker's learning. And for his behaviour, amongst other testimonies, this still remains of him, that in four years he was but twice absent from the Chapel prayers; and that his behaviour there was such, as shewed an awful reverence of that God which he then worshipped

and prayed to; giving all outward testimonies that his affections were set on heavenly things. This was his behaviour towards God; and for that to man, it is observable that he was never known to be angry, or passionate, or extreme in any of his desires; never heard to repine or dispute with Providence, but, by a quiet gentle submission and resignation of his will to the wisdom of his Creator, bore the burthen of the day with patience; never heard to utter an uncomely word: and by this, and a grave behaviour, which is a divine charm, he begot an early reverence unto his person, even from those that at other times and in other companies, took a liberty to cast off that strictness of behaviour and discourse that is required in a Collegiate life. And when he took any liberty to be pleasant, his wit was never blemished with scoffing, or the utterance of any conceit that bordered upon, or might beget a thought of looseness in his hearers. Thus mild, thus innocent and exemplary was his behaviour in his College; and thus this good man continued till his death, still increasing in learning, in patience, and piety.

In this nineteenth year of his age, he was, December 24, 1573, admitted to be one of the twenty Scholars of the Foundation; being elected and so admitted as born in Devon or Hantshire; out of which counties a certain number are to be elected in vacancies by the Founder's Statutes. And now as he was much encouraged, so now he was perfectly incorporated into this beloved College, which was then noted for an eminent library, strict students, and remarkable scholars. And indeed it may glory, that it had Cardinal Poole, but more that it had Bishop Jewel, Dr. John Reynolds, and Dr. Thomas Jackson, of that foundation. The first famous for his learned Apology for the Church of England, and his Defence of it against Harding: The second, for the learned and wise manage of a public dispute with John Hart, of the Romish persuasion, about the Head and Faith of the Church, and after printed by consent of both parties. And the third, for his most excellent *Exposition of the Creed*, and other treatises; all such as have given greatest satisfaction to

men of the greatest learning. Nor was Dr. Jackson more note-worthy for his learning, than for his strict and pious life, testified by his abundant love, and meekness, and charity to all men.

And in the year 1576, February 23, Mr. Hooker's Grace was given him for Inceptor of Arts; Dr. Herbert Westphaling, a man of note for learning, being then Vice-Chancellor: and the Act following he was completed Master, which was anno 1577, his patron, Dr. Cole, being Vice-Chancellor that year, and his dear friend, Henry Savile of Merton College, being then one of the Proctors. 'Twas that Henry Savile, that was after Sir Henry Savile, Warden of Merton College, and Provost of Eton; he which founded in Oxford two famous Lectures; and endowed them with liberal maintenance.

It was that Sir Henry Savile that translated and enlightened the *History of Cornelius Tacitus*, with a most excellent Comment; and enriched the world by his laborious and chargeable collecting the scattered pieces of St. Chrysostom, and the publication of them in one entire body in Greek; in which language he was a most judicious critic. 'Twas this Sir Henry Savile that had the happiness to be a contemporary and familiar friend to Mr. Hooker; and let posterity know it.

And in this year of 1577, he was so happy as to be admitted Fellow of the College; happy also in being the contemporary and friend of that Dr. John Reynolds, of whom I have lately spoken, and of Dr. Spencer; both which were after and successively made Presidents of Corpus Christi College: men of great learning and merit, and famous in their generations.

Nor was Mr. Hooker more happy in his contemporaries of his time and College, than in the pupilage and friendship of his Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer; of whom my Reader may note, that this Edwin Sandys was after Sir Edwin Sandys, and as famous for his *Speculum Europae*, as his brother George for making posterity beholden to his pen by a learned relation and comment on his dangerous and remarkable Travels; and for his harmonious transla-

tion of the *Psalms of David*, the *Book of Job*, and other poetical parts of Holy Writ, into most high and elegant verse. And for Cranmer, his other pupil, I shall refer my Reader to the printed testimonies of our learned Mr. Camden, of Fynes Moryson and others.

'This Cranmer,' says Mr. Camden in his *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*,—'whose Christian name was George, was a gentleman of singular hopes, the eldest son of Thomas Cranmer, son of Edmund Cranmer, the Archbishop's brother: he spent much of his youth in Corpus Christi College in Oxford, where he continued Master of Arts for some time before he removed, and then betook himself to travel, accompanying that worthy gentleman Sir Edwin Sandys into France, Germany, and Italy, for the space of three years; and after their happy return, he betook himself to an employment under Secretary Davison, a Privy Councillor of note, who, for an unhappy undertaking, became clouded and pitied: after whose fall, he went in place of Secretary with Sir Henry Killegrew in his Embassage into France: and after his death he was sought after by the most noble Lord Mountjoy, with whom he went into Ireland, where he remained, until in a battle against the rebels near Carlingford, an unfortunate wound put an end both to his life, and the great hopes that were conceived of him, he being then but in the thirty-sixth year of his age.'

Betwixt Mr. Hooker and these his two pupils, there was a sacred friendship; a friendship made up of religious principles, which increased daily by a similitude of inclinations to the same recreations and studies; a friendship elemented in youth, and in an university, free from self-ends, which the friendships of age usually are not. And in this sweet, this blessed, this spiritual amity, they went on for many years: and as the holy Prophet saith, 'so they took sweet counsel together, and walked in the house of God as friends.' By which means they improved this friendship to such a degree of holy amity, as bordered upon heaven: a friendship so sacred, that when it ended in this world, it began in that next, where it shall have no end.

And, though this world cannot give any degree of pleasure equal to such a friendship; yet obedience to parents, and a desire to know the affairs, manners, laws, and learning of other nations, that they might thereby become the more serviceable unto their own, made them put off their gowns, and leave the College and Mr. Hooker to his studies, in which he was daily more assiduous, still enriching his quiet and capacious soul with the precious learning of the Philosophers, Casuists, and Schoolmen; and with them the foundation and reason of all Laws, both Sacred and Civil; and indeed with such other learning as lay most remote from the track of common studies. And, as he was diligent in these, so he seemed restless in searching the scope and intention of God's Spirit revealed to mankind in the Sacred Scripture: for the understanding of which, he seemed to be assisted by the same Spirit with which they were written; He that regardeth truth in the inward parts, making him to understand wisdom secretly. And the good man would often say, that 'God abhors confusion as contrary to his nature'; and as often say, 'That the Scripture was not writ to beget disputations and pride, and opposition to government; but charity and humility, moderation, obedience to authority, and peace to mankind'; of which virtues, he would as often say, 'no man did ever repent himself on his death-bed.' And that this was really his judgment, did appear in his future writings, and in all the actions of his life. Nor was this excellent man a stranger to the more light and airy parts of learning, as Music and Poetry; all which he had digested and made useful; and of all which the Reader will have a fair testimony in what will follow.

In the year 1579, the Chancellor of the University was given to understand, that the public Hebrew Lecture was not read according to the Statutes; nor could be, by reason of a distemper, that had then seized the brain of Mr. Kingsmill, who was to read it: so that it lay long unread, to the great detriment of those that were studious of that language. Therefore the Chancellor writ to his

Vice-Chancellor, and the University, that he had heard such commendations of the excellent knowledge of Mr. Richard Hooker in that tongue, that he desired he might be procured to read it: and he did, and continued to do so till he left Oxford.

Within three months after his undertaking this Lecture, —namely in October 1579,—he was, with Dr. Reynolds and others, expelled his College; and this Letter, transcribed from Dr. Reynolds his own hand, may give some account of it.

To Sir Francis Knolles.

'I am sorry, Right Honourable, that I am enforced to make unto you such a suit, which I cannot move; but I must complain of the unrighteous dealing of one of our College, who hath taken upon him, against all law and reason, to expel out of our house both me and Mr. Hooker, and three other of our fellows, for doing that which by oath we were bound to do. Our matter must be heard before the Bishop of Winchester, with whom I do not doubt but we shall find equity. Howbeit, forasmuch as some of our adversaries have said that the Bishop is already forestalled, and will not give us such audience as we look for; therefore I am humbly to beseech your Honour, that you will desire the Bishop, by your letters, to let us have justice; though it be with rigour, so it be justice: our cause is so good, that I am sure we shall prevail by it. Thus much I am bold to request of your honour for Corpus Christi College sake, or rather for Christ's sake; whom I beseech to bless you with daily increase of his manifold gifts, and the blessed graces of his Holy Spirit.

Your Honour's in Christ to command,

John Reynolds.

London, *Octob.* 9, 1579.

This expulsion was by Dr. John Barfoote, then Vice-President of the College, and Chaplain to Ambrose Earl of

Warwick. I cannot learn the pretended cause; but that they were restored the same month is most certain.

I return to Mr. Hooker in his College, where he continued his studies with all quietness, for the space of three years; about which time he entered into Sacred Orders, being then made Deacon and Priest, and, not long after, was appointed to preach at St. Paul's Cross.

In order to which Sermon, to London he came, and immediately to the Shunamite's House; which is a House so called, for that, besides the stipend paid the Preacher, there is provision made also for his lodging and diet for two days before, and one day after his Sermon. This house was then kept by John Churchman, sometime a Draper of good note in Watling-street, upon whom poverty had at last come like an armed man, and brought him into a necessitous condition; which, though it be a punishment, is not always an argument of God's disfavour; for he was a virtuous man. I shall not yet give the like testimony of his wife, but leave the Reader to judge by what follows. But to this house Mr. Hooker came so wet, so weary, and weather-beaten, that he was never known to express more passion, than against a friend that dissuaded him from footing it to London, and for finding him no easier an horse,—supposing the horse trotted when he did not;—and at this time also, such a faintness and fear possessed him, that he would not be persuaded two days' rest and quietness, or any other means could be used to make him able to preach his Sunday Sermon; but a warm bed, and rest, and drink proper for a cold, given him by Mrs. Churchman, and her diligent attendance added unto it, enabled him to perform the office of the day, which was in or about the year 1581.

And in this first public appearance to the world, he was not so happy as to be free from exceptions against a point of doctrine delivered in his Sermon; what was, 'That in God there were two wills; an antecedent and a consequent will: his first will, That all mankind should be saved; but his second will was, That those only should be saved, that did live answerable to that degree of grace

which he had offered or afforded them.' This seemed to cross a late opinion of Mr. Calvin's, and then taken for granted by many that had not a capacity to examine it, as it had been by him before, and hath been since by Master Henry Mason, Dr. Jackson, Dr. Hammond, and others of great learning, who believed that a contrary opinion intrenches upon the honour and justice of our merciful God. How he justified this, I will not undertake to declare; but it was not excepted against—as Mr. Hooker declares in his rational Answer to Mr. Travers—by John Elmer, then Bishop of London, at this time one of his auditors, and at last one of his advocates too, when Mr. Hooker was accused for it.

But the justifying of this doctrine did not prove of so bad consequence, as the kindness of Mrs. Churchman's curing him of his late distemper and cold; for that was so gratefully apprehended by Mr. Hooker, that he thought himself bound in conscience to believe all that she said: so that the good man came to be persuaded by her, 'that he was a man of a tender constitution; and that it was best for him to have a wife, that might prove a nurse to him; such a one as might both prolong his life, and make it more comfortable; and such a one she could and would provide for him, if he thought fit to marry.' And he, not considering that 'the children of this world are wiser in their generation that the children of light'; but, like a true Nathaniel, fearing no guile, because he meant none, did give her such a power as Eleazar was trusted with,—you may read it in the book of *Genesis*,—when he was sent to choose a wife for Isaac; for even so he trusted her to choose for him, promising upon a fair summons to return to London, and accept of her choice; and he did so in that, or about the year following. Now, the wife provided for him was her daughter Joan, who brought him neither beauty nor portion: and for her conditions, they were too like that wife's, which is by Solomon compared to a dripping house: so that the good man had no reason to 'rejoice in the wife of his youth'; but too just cause to say with the holy Prophet, 'Wo is me, that

I am constrained to have my habitation in the tents of Kedar!'

This choice of Mr. Hooker's—if it were his choice—may be wondered at: but let us consider that the Prophet Ezekiel says, 'There is a wheel within a wheel'; a secret sacred wheel of Providence,—most visible in marriages,—guided by his hand, that 'allows not the race to the swift,' nor 'bread to the wise,' nor good wives to good men: and he that can bring good out of evil—for mortals are blind to this reason—only knows why this blessing was denied to patient Job, to meek Moses, and to our as meek and patient Mr. Hooker. But so it was; and let the Reader cease to wonder, for affliction is a divine diet; which though it be not pleasing to mankind, yet Almighty God hath often, very often, imposed it as good, though bitter physic to those children whose souls are dearest to him.

And by this marriage the good man was drawn from the tranquillity of his College; from that garden of piety, of pleasure, of peace, and a sweet conversation, into the thorny wilderness of a busy world; into those corroding cares that attend a married Priest, and a country Parsonage; which was Drayton-Beauchamp in Buckinghamshire, not far from Aylesbury, and in the Diocese of Lincoln; to which he was presented by John Cheney, Esq.—then Patron of it—the 9th of December, 1584, where he behaved himself so as to give no occasion of evil, but as St. Paul adviseth a minister of God—'in much patience, in afflictions, in anguishes, in necessities, in poverty and no doubt in long-suffering'; yet troubling no man with his discontents and wants.

And in this condition he continued about a year; in which time his two pupils, Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer, took a journey to see their tutor; where they found him with a book in his hand,—it was the *Odes* of Horace,—he being then like humble and innocent Abel, tending his small allotment of sheep in a common field; which he told his pupils he was forced to do then, for that his servant was gone home to dine, and assist his wife

to do some necessary household business. But when his servant returned and released him, then his two pupils attended him unto his house, where their best entertainment was his quiet company, which was presently denied them: for Richard was called to rock the cradle; and the rest of their welcome was so like this, that they stayed but till next morning, which was time enough to discover and pity their tutor's condition; and they having in that time rejoiced in the remembrance, and then paraphrased on many of the innocent recreations of their younger days, and other like diversions, and thereby given him as much present comfort as they were able, they were forced to leave him to the company of his wife Joan, and seek themselves a quieter lodging for next night. But at their parting from him, Mr. Cranmer said, 'Good tutor, I am sorry your lot is fallen in no better ground, as to your parsonage; and more sorry that your wife proves not a more comfortable companion, after you have wearied yourself in your restless studies.' To whom the good man replied, 'My dear George, if Saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I, that am none, ought not to repine at what my wise Creator hath appointed for me: but labour—as indeed I do daily—to submit mine to his will, and possess my soul in patience and peace.'

At their return to London, Edwin Sandys acquaints his father, who was then Archbishop of York, with his Tutor's sad condition, and solicits for his removal to some benefice that might give him a more quiet and a more comfortable subsistence; which his father did most willingly grant him when it should next fall into his power. And not long after this time, which was in the year 1585, Mr. Alvey,—Master of the Temple,—died, who was a man of a strict life, of great learning, and of so venerable behaviour, as to gain so high a degree of love and reverence from all men, that he was generally known by the name of Father Alvey. And at the Temple-reading, next after the death of this Father Alvey, he, the said Archbishop of York being then at dinner with the Judges, the Reader, and the

Benchers of that Society, met with a general condolement for the death of Father Alvey, and with a high commendation of his saint-like life, and of his great merit both towards God and man; and as they bewailed his death, so they wished for a like pattern of virtue and learning to succeed him. And here came in a fair occasion for the Bishop to commend Mr. Hooker to Father Alvey's place, which he did with so effectual an earnestness, and that seconded with so many other testimonies of his worth, that Mr. Hooker was sent for from Drayton-Beauchamp to London, and there the Mastership of the Temple proposed unto him by the Bishop, as a greater freedom from his country cares, the advantage of a better society, and a more liberal pension than his country parsonage did afford him. But these reasons were not powerful enough to incline him to a willing acceptance of it: his wish was rather to gain a better country living, where he might see God's blessings spring out of the earth, and be free from noise,—so he expressed the desire of his heart,—and eat that bread which he might more properly call his own, in privacy and quietness. But, notwithstanding this averseness, he was at last persuaded to accept of the Bishop's proposal; and was by Patent for life, made Master of the Temple the 17th of March, 1585, he being then in the 34th year of his age.[1]

And here I shall make a stop; and, that the Reader may the better judge of what follows, give him a character of the times and temper of the people of this nation, when Mr. Hooker had his admission into this place; a place which he accepted, rather than desired: and yet here he promised himself a virtuous quietness, that blessed tranquillity which he always prayed and laboured for, that so he might in peace bring forth the fruits of peace, and glorify

[1] This you may find in the *Temple Records*. William Ermstead was master of the Temple at the Dissolution of the Priory, and died 2 Eliz. (1559). Richard Alvey, Bat. Divinity, Pat. 13 Febr. 2 Eliz. *Magister, sive Custos Domûs et Ecclesiae Novi Templi*, died 27 Eliz. (1585). Richard Hooker succeeded that year by Patent, in terminis, as Alvey had it, and he left it 33 Eliz. (1591). That year Dr. Balgey succeeded Richard Hooker.

God by uninterrupted prayers and praises. For this he always thirsted and prayed: but Almighty God did not grant it; for his admission into this place was the very beginning of those oppositions and anxieties, which till then this good man was a stranger to; and of which the Reader may guess by what follows.

In this character of the times, I shall by the Reader's favour, and for his information, look so far back as to the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth; a time, in which the many pretended titles to the Crown, the frequent treasons, the doubts of her successor, the late Civil War, and the sharp persecution for Religion that raged to the effusion of so much blood in the reign of Queen Mary, were fresh in the memory of all men; and begot fears in the most pious and wisest of this nation, lest the like days should return again to them, or their present posterity. And the apprehension of these dangers, begot a hearty desire of a settlement in the Church and State; believing there was no other probable way left to make them sit quietly under their own vines and fig-trees, and enjoy the desired fruit of their labours. But time, and peace, and plenty begot self-ends: and these begot animosities, envy, opposition, and unthankfulness for those very blessings for which they lately thirsted, being then the very utmost of their desires, and even beyond their hopes.

This was the temper of the times in the beginning of her reign; and thus it continued too long; for those very people that had enjoyed the desires of their hearts in a Reformation from the Church of Rome, became at last so like the grave, as never to be satisfied, but were still thirsting for more and more; neglecting to pay that obedience, and perform those vows, which they made in their days of adversities and fear: so that in short time there appeared three several interests, each of them fearless and restless in the prosecution of their designs: they may for distinction be called, the active Romanists, the restless Non-conformists,—of which there were many sorts,—and the passive peaceable Protestants. The coun-

sels of the first considered and resolved on in Rome; the second, both in Scotland, in Geneva, and in divers selected, secret, dangerous Conventicles, both there, and within the bosom of our own nation: the third pleaded and defended their cause by established laws, both Ecclesiastical and Civil: and if they were active, it was to prevent the other two from destroying what was by those known Laws happily established to them and their posterity.

I shall forbear to mention the very many and dangerous plots of the Romanists against the Church and State; because what is principally intended in this digression, is an account of the opinions and activity of the Non-conformists: against whose judgment and practice Mr. Hooker became at last, but most unwillingly, to be engaged in a book-war; a war which he maintained not as against an enemy, but with the spirit of meekness and reason.

In which number of Non-conformists, though some might be sincere, well-meaning men, whose indiscreet zeal might be so like charity, as thereby to cover a multitude of their errors; yet of this party there were many that were possessed with a high degree of spiritual wickedness; I mean with an innate restless pride and malice; I do not mean the visible carnal sins of gluttony and drunkenness, and the like,—from which, good Lord, deliver us! —but sins of a higher nature, because they are more unlike God, who is the God of love, and mercy, and order, and peace: and more like the Devil, who is not a glutton, nor can be drunk, and yet is a Devil: but I mean those spiritual wickednesses of malice and revenge, and an opposition to government: men that joyed to be the authors of misery, which is properly his work that is the enemy and disturber of mankind; and thereby greater sinners than the glutton or drunkard, though some will not believe it. And of this party there were also many, whom prejudice and a furious zeal had so blinded, as to make them neither to hear reason, nor adhere to the ways of peace: men that were the very dregs and pest of mankind; men whom pride and self-conceit had made

to over-value their own pitiful crooked wisdom so much as not to be ashamed to hold foolish and unmannerly disputes against those men whom they ought to reverence, and those laws which they ought to obey; men that laboured and joyed first to find out the faults, and then speak evil of Government, and to be the authors of confusion; men whom company, and conversation, and custom had at last so blinded, and made so insensible that these were sins, that like those that perished in the gainsaying of Korah, so these died without repenting of these spiritual wickednesses; of which the practices of Coppinger and Hacket in their lives, and the death of them and their adherents, are, God knows, too sad examples, and ought to be cautions to those men that are inclined to the like spiritual wickednesses.

And in these times, which tended thus to confusion, there were also many of these scruple-mongers, that pretended a tenderness of conscience, refusing to take an oath before a lawful Magistrate: and yet these very men in their secret Conventicles did covenant and swear to each other, to be assiduous and faithful in using their best endeavours to set up the Presbyterian doctrine and discipline; and both in such a manner as they themselves had not yet agreed on; but up that government must. To which end there were many that wandered up and down and were active in sowing discontents and sedition, by venomous and secret murmurings, and a dispersion of scurrilous pamphlets and libels against the Church and State; but especially against the Bishops; by which means, together with venomous and indiscreet sermons, the common people became so fanatic, as to believe the Bishops to be Antichrist, and the only obstructors of God's discipline! and at last some of them were given over to so bloody a zeal, and such other desperate delusions, as to find out a text in the Revelation of St. John, that Antichrist was to be overcome by the sword. So that those very men, that began with tender and meek petitions, proceeded to admonitions: then to satirical remonstrances: and at last—having, like Absalom,

numbered who was not, and who was, for their cause—they got a supposed certainty of so great a party, that they durst threaten first the Bishops, and then the Queen and Parliament, to all which they were secretly encouraged by the Earl of Leicester, then in great favour with her Majesty, and the reputed cherisher and patron-general of these pretenders to tenderness of conscience; his design being, by their means, to bring such an odium upon the Bishops, as to procure an alienation of their lands, and a large proportion of them for himself: which avaricious desire had at last so blinded his reason, that his ambitious and greedy hopes seemed to put him into a present possession of Lambeth-House.

And to these undertakings the Non-conformists of this nation were much encouraged and heightened by a correspondence and confederacy with that brotherhood in Scotland; so that here they became so bold, that one[1] told the Queen openly in a sermon, 'She was like an untamed heifer, that would not be ruled by God's people, but obstructed his discipline.' And in Scotland they were more confident; for there[2] they declared her an Atheist, and grew to such an height, as not to be accountable for any thing spoken against her, nor for treason against their own King, if it were but spoken in the pulpit; shewing at last such a disobedience to him, that his mother being in England, and then in distress, and in prison, and in danger of death, the Church denied the King their prayers for her; and at another time, when he had appointed a day of Feasting, the Church declared for a general Fast, in opposition to his authority.

To this height they were grown in both nations, and by these means there was distilled into the minds of the common people such other venomous and turbulent principles as were inconsistent with the safety of the Church and State: and these opinions vented so daringly, that, beside the loss of life and limbs, the governors of the Church and State were forced to use such other

[1] Mr. Dering.

[2] *Vide* Bishop Spotswood's *History of the Church of Scotland.*

severities as will not admit of an excuse, if it had not been to prevent the gangrene of confusion, and the perilous consequences of it; which, without such prevention, would have been first confusion, and then ruin and misery to this numerous nation.

These errors and animosities were so remarkable, that they begot wonder in an ingenious Italian, who being about this time come newly into this nation, and considering them, writ scoffingly to a friend in his own country, to this purpose; 'That the common people of England were wiser than the wisest of his nation; for here the very women and shop-keepers were able to judge of Predestination, and to determine what laws were fit to be made concerning Church-government; and then, what were fit to be obeyed or abolished. That they were more able—or at least thought so—to raise and determine perplexed Cases of Conscience, than the wisest of the most learned Colleges in Italy! That men of the slightest learning, and the most ignorant of the common people, were mad for a new, or super, or re-reformation of Religion; and that in this they appeared like that man, who would never cease to whet and whet his knife, till there was no steel left to make it useful.' And he concluded his letter with this observation, 'That those very men that were most busy in oppositions, and disputations, and controversies, and finding out the faults of their governors, had usually the least of humility and mortification, or of the power of godliness.'

And to heighten all these discontents and dangers, there was also sprung up a generation of godless men; men that had so long given way to their own lusts and delusions, and so highly opposed the blessed motions of His Spirit, and the inward light of their own consciences, that they became the very slaves of vice, and had thereby sinned themselves into a belief of that which they would, but could not believe, into a belief, which is repugnant even to human nature;—for the Heathens believe that there are many Gods;—but these had sinned themselves into a belief that there was no God! and so, finding nothing

in themselves but what was worse than nothing, began to wish what they were not able to hope for, namely, 'That they might be like the beasts that perish!' and in wicked company—which is the Atheist's sanctuary—were so bold as to say so: though the worst of mankind, when he is left alone at midnight, may wish, but is not then able to think it: even into a belief that there is no God. Into this wretched, this reprobate condition, many had then sinned themselves.

And now, when the Church was pestered with them, and with all those other fore-named irregularities; when her lands were in danger of alienation, her power at least neglected, and her peace torn to pieces by several schisms, and such heresies as do usually attend that sin:—for heresies do usually out-live their first authors;—when the common people seemed ambitious of doing those very things that were forbidden and attended with most dangers, that thereby they might be punished, and then applauded and pitied: when they called the spirit of opposition a tender conscience, and complained of persecution, because they wanted power to persecute others: when the giddy multitude raged, and became restless to find out misery for themselves and others; and the rabble would herd themselves together, and endeavour to govern and act in spite of authority:—in this extremity of fear, and danger of the Church and State, when, to suppress the growing evils of both, they needed a man of prudence and piety, and of an high and fearless fortitude, they were blest in all by John Whitgift his being made Archbishop of Canterbury; of whom Sir Henry Wotton—that knew him well in his youth, and had studied him in his age—gives this true character; 'That he was a man of reverend and sacred memory, and of the primitive temper; such a temper, as when the Church by lowliness of spirit did flourish in highest examples of virtue.' And indeed this man proved so.

And though I dare not undertake to add to this excellent and true character of Sir Henry Wotton; yet I shall neither do right to this discourse, nor to my Reader,

if I forbear to give him a further and short account of the life and manners of this excellent man; and it shall be short, for I long to end this digression, that I may lead my reader back to Mr. Hooker where we left him at the Temple.

John Whitgift was born in the County of Lincoln, of a family that was ancient; and noted to be both prudent and affable, and gentle by nature. He was educated in Cambridge; much of his learning was acquired in Pembroke Hall,—where Mr. Bradford the Martyr was his tutor;—from thence he was removed to Peter House; from thence to be Master of Pembroke Hall; and from thence to the Mastership of Trinity College. About which time the Queen made him her Chaplain; and not long after Prebend of Ely, and then Dean of Lincoln; and having for many years past looked upon him with much reverence and favour, gave him a fair testimony of both, by giving him the Bishoprick of Worcester, and—which was not with her a usual favour—forgiving him his first fruits; then by constituting him Vice-President of the Principality of Wales. And having experimented his wisdom, his justice, and moderation in the manage of her affairs in both these places, she, in the twenty-sixth of her reign, made him Archbishop of Canterbury, and, not long after, of her Privy Council; and trusted him to manage all her Ecclesiastical affairs and preferments. In all which removes, he was like the Ark, which left a blessing on the place where it rested; and in all his employments was like Jehoiada, that did good unto Israel.

These were the steps of this Bishop's ascension to this place of dignity and cares: in which place—to speak Mr. Camden's very words in his *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*—'he devoutly consecrated both his whole life to God, and his painful labours to the good of his Church.'

And yet in this place he met with many oppositions in the regulation of Church affairs, which were much disordered at his entrance, by reason of the age and remissness of Bishop Grindal, his immediate predecessor, the activity of the Non-conformists, and their chief assistant the Earl of

Leicester; and indeed by too many others of the like sacrilegious principles. With these he was to encounter; and though he wanted neither courage, nor a good cause, yet he foresaw, that without a great measure of the Queen's favour, it was impossible to stand in the breach that had been lately made into the lands and immunities of the Church, or indeed to maintain the remaining lands and rights of it. And therefore by justifiable sacred insinuations, such as St. Paul to Agrippa,—'Agrippa, believest thou? I know thou believest,' he wrought himself into so great a degree of favour with her, as, by his pious use of it, hath got both of them a great degree of fame in this world, and of glory in that into which they are now both entered.

His merits to the Queen, and her favours to him were such, that she called him, 'her little black husband,' and called 'his servants her servants': and she saw so visible and blessed a sincerity shine in all his cares and endeavours for the Church's and for her good, that she was supposed to trust him with the very secrets of her soul, and to make him her confessor; of which she gave many fair testimonies; and of which one was, that 'she would never eat flesh in Lent, without obtaining a licence from her little black husband': and would often say 'she pitied him because she trusted him, and had thereby eased herself by laying the burthen of all her Clergy-cares upon his shoulders, which he managed with prudence and piety.'

I shall not keep myself within the promised rules of brevity in this account of his interest with her Majesty, and his care of the Church's rights, if in this digression I should enlarge to particulars; and therefore my desire is, that one example may serve for a testimony of both. And, that the Reader may the better understand it, he may take notice, that not many years before his being made Archbishop, there passed an Act, or Acts of Parliament, intending the better preservation of the Church-lands, by recalling a power which was vested in others to sell or lease them, by lodging and trusting the future care and protection of them only in the Crown: and amongst many that made a bad use of this power or trust of the Queen's, the Earl of

Leicester was one; and the Bishop having, by his interest with her Majesty, put a stop to the Earl's sacrilegious designs, they two fell to an open opposition before her; after which they both quitted the room, not friends in appearance. But the Bishop made a sudden and a seasonable return to her Majesty,—for he found her alone—and spake to her with great humility and reverence, to this purpose.

'I beseech your Majesty to hear me with patience, and to believe that your's and the Church's safety are dearer to me than my life, but my conscience dearer than both: and therefore give me leave to do my duty, and tell you, that Princes are deputed nursing Fathers of the Church, and owe it a protection; and therefore God forbid that you should be so much as passive in her ruins, when you may prevent it; or that I should behold it without horror and detestation; or should forbear to tell your Majesty of the sin and danger of Sacrilege. And though you and myself were born in an age of frailties, when the primitive piety and care of the Church's lands and immunities are much decayed; yet, Madam, let me beg that you would first consider that there are such sins as Profaneness and Sacrilege: and that, if there were not, they could not have names in Holy Writ, and particularly in the New Testament. And I beseech you to consider, that though our Saviour said, "He judged no man"; and, to testify it, would not judge nor divide the inheritance betwixt the two brethren, nor would judge the woman taken in adultery; yet in this point of the Church's rights he was so zealous, that he made himself both the accuser, and the judge, and the executioner too, to punish these sins; witnessed, in that he himself made the whip to drive the profaners out of the Temple, overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and drove them out of it. And I beseech you to consider, that it was St. Paul that said to those Christians of his time that were offended with idolatry, and yet committed sacrilege; "Thou that abhorrest idols, dost thou commit sacrilege?" supposing, I think, sacrilege the greater sin. This may occasion your

Majesty to consider, that there is such a sin as sacrilege; and to incline you to prevent the curse that will follow it, I beseech you also to consider, that Constantine, the first Christian Emperor, and Helena his Mother; that King Edgar, and Edward the Confessor; and indeed many others of your predecessors, and many private Christians, have also given to God, and to his Church, much land, and many immunities, which they might have given to those of their own families, and did not; but gave them for ever as an absolute right and sacrifice to God: and with these immunities and lands they have entailed a curse upon the alienators of them: God prevent your Majesty and your successors from being liable to that curse, which will cleave unto Church-lands as the leprosy to the Jews.

'And to make you, that are trusted with their preservation, the better to understand the danger of it, I beseech you forget not, that, to prevent these Curses, the Church's land and power have been also endeavoured to be preserved, as far as human reason and the law of this nation have been able to preserve them, by an immediate and most sacred obligation on the consciences of the Princes of this realm. For they that consult Magna Charta shall find, that as all your predecessors were at their Coronation, so you also were sworn before all the Nobility and Bishops then present, and in the presence of God, and in his stead to him that anointed you, to maintain the Church-lands, and the rights belonging to it: and this you yourself have testified openly to God at the holy Altar, by laying your hands on the Bible then lying upon it. And not only Magna Charta, but many modern Statutes have denounced a curse upon those that break Magna Charta; a curse like the leprosy, that was entailed on the Jews: for as that, so these curses have, and will cleave to the very stones of those buildings that have been consecrated to God; and the father's sin of Sacrilege hath, and will prove to be entailed on his son and family. And now, Madam, what account can be given for the breach of this Oath at the Last Great Day, either by your Majesty,

or by me, if it be wilfully, or but negligently violated, I know not.

'And therefore, good Madam, let not the late Lord's exceptions against the failings of some few Clergymen prevail with you to punish posterity for the errors of the present age; let particular men suffer for their particular errors; but let God and his Church have their inheritance: and though I pretend not to prophecy, yet I beg posterity to take notice of what is already become visible in many families; that Church-land added to an ancient and just inheritance, hath proved like a moth fretting a garment, and secretly consumed both; or like the Eagle that stole a coal from the altar, and thereby set her nest on fire, which consumed both her young eagles and herself that stole it. And though I shall forbear to speak reproachfully of your Father, yet I beg you to take notice, that a part of the Church's rights added to the vast treasure left him by his Father, hath been conceived to bring an unavoidable consumption upon both, notwithstanding all his diligency to preserve them.

'And consider, that after the violation of those laws, to which he had sworn in Magna Charta, God did so far deny him his restraining grace, that as King Saul, after he was forsaken of God, fell from one sin to another; so he, till at last he fell into greater sins than I am willing to mention. Madam, Religion is the foundation and cement of human societies; and when they that serve at God's Altar shall be exposed to poverty, then Religion itself will be exposed to scorn, and become contemptible; as you may already observe it to be in too many poor Vicarages in this nation. And therefore, as you are by a late Act or Acts of Parliament, entrusted with a great power to preserve or waste the Church-lands; yet dispose of them, for Jesus' sake, as you have promised to men, and vowed to God, that is, as the donors intended: let neither falsehood nor flattery beguile you to do otherwise; but put a stop to God's and the Levites' portion, I beseech you, and to the approaching ruins of His Church, as you expect comfort at the Last Great Day; for Kings must be judged.

Pardon this affectionate plainness, my most dear Sovereign, and let me beg to be still continued in your favour; and the Lord still continue you in His.'

The Queen's patient hearing this affectionate speech, and her future care to preserve the Church's rights, which till then had been neglected, may appear a fair testimony, that he made her's and the Church's good the chiefest of his cares, and that she also thought so. And of this there were such daily testimonies given, as begot betwixt them so mutual a joy and confidence, that they seemed born to believe and do good to each other; she not doubting his piety to be more than all his opposers, which were many; nor doubting his prudence to be equal to the chiefest of her Council, who were then as remarkable for active wisdom, as those dangerous times did require, or this nation did ever enjoy. And in this condition he continued twenty years; in which time he saw some flowings, but many more ebbings of her favour towards all men that had opposed him, especially the Earl of Leicester: so that God seemed still to keep him in her favour, that he might preserve the remaining Church-lands and immunities from Sacrilegious alienations. And this good man deserved all the honour and power with which she gratified and trusted him; for he was a pious man, and naturally of noble and grateful principles: he eased her of all her Church-cares by his wise manage of them; he gave her faithful and prudent counsels in all the extremities and dangers of her temporal affairs, which were very many; he lived to be the chief comfort of her life in her declining age, and to be then most frequently with her, and her assistant at her private devotions; he lived to be the greatest comfort of her soul upon her death-bed, to be present at the expiration of her last breath, and to behold the closing of those eyes that had long looked upon him with reverence and affection. And let this also be added, that he was the Chief Mourner at her sad funeral; nor let this be forgotten, that, within a few hours after her death, he was the happy proclaimer, that King James—her peaceful successor—was heir to the Crown.

Let me beg of my Reader to allow me to say a little, and but a little, more of this good Bishop, and I shall then presently lead him back to Mr. Hooker; and because I would hasten, I will mention but one part of the Bishop's charity and humility; but this of both. He built a large Alms-house near to his own Palace at Croydon in Surrey, and endowed it with maintenance for a Master and twenty-eight poor men and women; which he visited so often, that he knew their names and dispositions; and was so truly humble, that he called them Brothers and Sisters; and whensoever the Queen descended to that lowliness to dine with him at his Palace in Lambeth,—which was very often,—he would usually the next day shew the like lowliness to his poor Brothers and Sisters at Croydon, and dine with them at his Hospital; at which time, you may believe there was joy at the table. And at this place he built also a fair Free-school, with a good accommodation and maintenance for the Master and Scholars. Which gave just occasion for Boyse Sisi, then Ambassador for the French King, and resident here, at the Bishop's death, to say, 'the Bishop had published many learned books; but a Free-school to train up youth, and an Hospital to lodge and maintain aged and poor people, were the best evidences of Christian learning that a Bishop could leave to posterity.' This good Bishop lived to see King James settled in peace, and then fell into an extreme sickness at his Palace in Lambeth; of which when the King had notice, he went presently to visit him, and found him in his bed in a declining condition and very weak; and after some short discourse betwixt them, the King at his departure assured him, 'He had a great affection for him, and a very high value for his prudence and virtues, and would endeavour to beg his life of God for the good of his Church.' To which the good Bishop replied, '*Pro Ecclesia Dei! Pro Ecclesia Dei!*' which were the last words he ever spake; therein testifying, that as in his life, so at his death, his chiefest care was of God's Church.

This John Whitgift was made Archbishop in the year 1583. In which busy place he continued twenty years and

some months; and in which time you may believe he had many trials of his courage and patience: but his motto was '*Vincit qui patitur*'; and he made it good.

Many of his trials were occasioned by the then powerful Earl of Leicester, who did still—but secretly—raise and cherish a faction of Non-conformists to oppose him; especially one Thomas Cartwright, a man of noted learning, sometime contemporary with the Bishop in Cambridge, and of the same College, of which the Bishop had been Master; in which place there began some emulations,—the particulars I forbear,—and at last open and high oppositions betwixt them; and in which you may believe Mr. Cartwright was most faulty, if his expulsion out of the University can incline you to it.

And in this discontent after the Earl's death,—which was 1588,—Mr. Cartwright appeared a chief cherisher of a party that were for the Geneva Church-government; and, to effect it, he ran himself into many dangers both of liberty and life, appearing at the last to justify himself and his party in many remonstrances, which he caused to be printed: and to which the Bishop made a first answer, and Cartwright replied upon him; and then the Bishop having rejoined to his first reply, Mr. Cartwright either was, or was persuaded to be, satisfied, for he wrote no more, but left the Reader to be judge which had maintained their cause with most charity and reason. After some silence, Mr. Cartwright received from the Bishop many personal favours and betook himself to a more private living, which was at Warwick, where he was made Master of an Hospital, and lived quietly, and grew rich; and where the Bishop gave him a licence to preach, upon promises not to meddle with controversies, but incline his hearers to piety and moderation: and this promise he kept during his life, which ended 1602, the Bishop surviving him but some few months; each ending his days in perfect charity with the other.

And now after this long digression, made for the information of my Reader concerning what follows, I bring him back to venerable Mr. Hooker, where we left him in

the Temple, and where we shall find him as deeply engaged in a controversy with Walter Travers,—a friend and favourite of Mr. Cartwright's—as the Bishop had ever been with Mr. Cartwright himself, and of which I shall proceed to give this following account.

And first this; that though the pens of Mr. Cartwright and the Bishop were now at rest, yet there was sprung up a new generation of restless men, that by company and clamours became possessed of a faith, which they ought to have kept to themselves, but could not: men that were become positive in asserting, 'That a papist cannot be saved': insomuch, that about this time, at the execution of the Queen of Scots, the Bishop that preached her Funeral Sermon—which was Dr. Howland, then Bishop of Peterborough—was reviled for not being positive for her damnation. And besides this boldness of their becoming Gods, so far as to set limits to His mercies, there was not only one Martin Mar-Prelate, but other venomous books daily printed and dispersed; books that were so absurd and scurrilous, that the graver Divines disdained them an answer. And yet these were grown into high esteem with the common people, till Tom Nash appeared against them all, who was a man of a sharp wit, and the master of a scoffing, satirical, merry pen, which he employed to discover the absurdities of those blind, malicious, senseless pamphlets, and sermons as senseless as they; Nash's answers being like his books, which bore these, or like titles: 'An Almond for a Parrot'; 'A Fig for my Godson'; 'Come crack me this nut,' and the like; so that this merry wit made some sport, and such a discovery of their absurdities, as—which is strange—he put a greater stop to these malicious pamphlets, than a much wiser man had been able.

And now the Reader is to take notice, that at the death of Father Alvey, who was Master of the Temple, this Walter Travers was Lecturer there for the Evening Sermons, which he preached with great approbation, especially of some citizens, and the younger gentlemen of that Society; and for the most part approved by Mr.

Hooker himself, in the midst of their oppositions. For he continued Lecturer a part of his time; Mr. Travers being indeed a man of competent learning, of a winning behaviour, and of a blameless life. But he had taken Orders by the Presbytery in Antwerp,—and with them some opinions, that could never be eradicated,—and if in anything he was transported, it was in an extreme desire to set up that government in this nation; for the promoting of which he had a correspondence with Theodore Beza at Geneva, and others in Scotland; and was one of the chiefest assistants to Mr. Cartwright in that design.

Mr. Travers had also a particular hope to set up this government in the Temple, and to that end used his most zealous endeavours to be Master of it; and his being disappointed by Mr. Hooker's admittance, proved the occasion of a public opposition betwixt them in their sermons: many of which were concerning the doctrine and ceremonies of this Church; insomuch that, as St. Paul withstood St. Peter to his face, so did they withstand each other in their Sermons: for, as one hath pleasantly expressed it, 'The forenoon sermon spake Canterbury; and the afternoon Geneva.'

In these Sermons there was little of bitterness, but each party brought all the reasons he was able to prove his adversary's opinion erroneous. And thus it continued a long time, till the oppositions became so visible, and the consequences so dangerous, especially in that place, that the prudent Archbishop put a stop to Mr. Travers his preaching, by a positive prohibition. Against which Mr. Travers appealed, and petitioned her Majesty's Privy Council to have it recalled; where, besides his patron, the Earl of Leicester, he met also with many assisting friends: but they were not able to prevail with, or against the Archbishop, whom the Queen had intrusted with all Church-power; and he had received so fair a testimony of Mr. Hooker's principles, and of his learning and moderation, that he withstood all solicitations. But the denying this petition of Mr. Travers, was unpleasant to divers of his party; and the reasonableness of it became at last to be

so publicly magnified by them, and many others of that party, as never to be answered: so that, intending the Bishop's and Mr. Hooker's disgrace, they procured it to be privately printed and scattered abroad; and then Mr. Hooker was forced to appear, and make as public an Answer; which he did, and dedicated it to the Archbishop; and it proved so full an answer, an answer that had in it so much of clear reason, and writ with so much meekness and majesty of style, that the Bishop began to have him in admiration, and to rejoice that he had appeared in his cause, and disdained not earnestly to beg his friendship; even a familiar friendship with a man of so much quiet learning and humility.

To enumerate the many particular points in which Mr. Hooker and Mr. Travers dissented,—all, or most of which I have seen written,—would prove at least tedious: and therefore I shall impose upon my Reader no more than two, which shall immediately follow, and by which he may judge of the rest.

Mr. Travers excepted against Mr. Hooker, for that in one of his sermons he declared, 'That the assurance of what we believe by the Word of God is not to us so certain as that which we perceive by sense.' And Mr. Hooker confesseth he said so, and endeavours to justify it by the reasons following.

'First; I taught that the things which God promises in his Word are surer than what we touch, handle, or see: but are we so sure and certain of them? If we be, why doth God so often prove his promises to us as he doth, by arguments drawn from our sensible experience? For we must be surer of the proof than of the things proved; otherwise it is no proof. For example; how is it that many men looking on the moon, at the same time, every one knoweth it to be the moon as certainly as the other doth? but many believing one and the same promise, have not all one and the same fulness of persuasion. For how falleth it out, that men being assured of any thing by sense, can be no surer of it than they are; when as the strongest in faith that liveth upon the earth hath always

need to labour, strive, and pray, that his assurance concerning heavenly and spiritual things may grow, increase, and be augmented?'

The sermon, that gave him the cause of this his justification, makes the case more plain, by declaring 'That there is, besides this certainty of evidence, a certainty of adherence.' In which having most excellently demonstrated what the certainty of adherence is, he makes this comfortable use of it, 'Comfortable,' he says, 'as to weak believers, who suppose themselves to be faithless, not to believe, when notwithstanding they have their adherence; the Holy Spirit hath his private operations, and worketh secretly in them, and effectually too, though they want the inward testimony of it.'

Tell this, saith he, to a man that hath a mind too much dejected by a sad sense of his sin; to one that, by a too severe judging of himself, concludes that he wants faith, because he wants the comfortable assurance of it; and his answer will be, do not persuade me against my knowledge, against what I find and feel in myself: I do not, I know, I do not believe.—Mr. Hooker's own words follow.—'Well then, to favour such men a little in their weakness, let that be granted which they do imagine; be it, that they adhere not to God's promises, but are faithless, and without belief: but are they not grieved for their unbelief? They confess they are; do they not wish it might, and also strive that it may be otherwise? We know they do. Whence cometh this, but from a secret love and liking, that they have of those things believed? For no man can love those things which in his own opinion are not; and if they think those things to be, which they show they love, when they desire to believe them; then must it be, that, by desiring to believe, they prove themselves true believers: for without faith no man thinketh that things believed are: which argument all the subtilties of infernal powers will never be able to dissolve.' This is an abridgement of part of the reasons Mr. Hooker gives for his justification of this his opinion, for which he was excepted against by Mr. Travers.

Mr. Hooker was also accused by Mr. Travers, for that he in one of his sermons had declared, 'That he doubted not but that God was merciful to many of our forefathers living in Popish superstition, for as much as they sinned ignorantly'; and Mr. Hooker in his Answer professeth it to be his judgment, and declares his reasons for this charitable opinion to be as followeth.

But first, he states the question about Justification and Works, and how the foundation of Faith without works is overthrown; and then he proceeds to discover that way which natural men and some others have mistaken to be the way, by which they hope to attain true and everlasting happiness: and having discovered the mistaken, he proceeds to direct to that true way, by which, and no other, everlasting life and blessedness is attainable. And these two ways he demonstrates thus;—they be his own words that follow:—'That, the way of Nature; this, the way of Grace; the end of that way, Salvation merited, pre-supposing the righteousness of men's works; their righteousness, a natural ability to do them; that ability, the goodness of God, which created them in such perfection. But the end of this way, Salvation bestowed upon men as a gift: pre-supposing not their righteousness, but the forgiveness of their unrighteousness, Justification; their justification, not their natural ability to do good, but their hearty sorrow for not doing, and unfeigned belief in Him, for whose sake not-doers are accepted, which is their Vocation; their vocation, the election of God, taking them out of the number of lost children: their Election, a Mediator in whom to be elected; this mediation, inexplicable mercy: this mercy, supposing their misery for whom He vouchsafed to die, and make Himself a Mediator.'

And he also declareth, 'There is no meritorious cause for our Justification, but Christ: no effectual, but his mercy'; and says also, 'We deny the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, we abuse, disannul and annihilate the benefit of his passion, if by a proud imagination we believe we can merit everlasting life, or can be worthy of it.' This belief,

he declareth, is to destroy the very essence of our Justification; and he makes all opinions that border upon this to be very dangerous. 'Yet nevertheless,'—and for this he was accused,—'considering how many virtuous and just men, how many Saints and Martyrs have had their dangerous opinions amongst which this was one, that they hoped to make God some part of amends, by voluntary punishments which they laid upon themselves: because by this, or the like erroneous opinions, which do by consequence overthrow the merits of Christ, shall man be so bold as to write on their graves, "Such men are damned; there is for them no Salvation?" St. Austin says, *Errare possum, Haereticus esse nolo.* And except we put a difference betwixt them that err ignorantly, and them that obstinately persist in it, how is it possible that any man should hope to be saved? Give me a Pope or Cardinal, whom great afflictions have made to know himself, whose heart God hath touched with true sorrow for all his sins, and filled with a love of Christ and his Gospel; whose eyes are willingly open to see the truth, and his mouth ready to renounce all error,—this one opinion of merit excepted, which he thinketh God will require at his hands; —and because he wanteth, trembleth, and is discouraged, and yet can say, Lord, cleanse me from all my secret sins! shall I think, because of this, or a like error, such men touch not so much as the hem of Christ's garment? If they do, wherefore should I doubt, but that virtue may proceed from Christ to save them? No, I will not be afraid to say to such a one, You err in your opinion; but be of good comfort; you have to do with a merciful God, who will make the best of that little which you hold well; and not with a captious sophister, who gathereth the worst out of everything in which you are mistaken.'

But it will be said, says Mr. Hooker, the admittance of merit in any degree overthroweth the foundation, excludeth from the hope of mercy, from all possibility of salvation. (And now Mr. Hooker's own words follow.)

'What, though they hold the truth sincerely in all other parts of Christian faith; although they have in some measure

all the virtues and graces of the Spirit, although they have all other tokens of God's children in them? although they be far from having any proud opinion, that they shall be saved by the worthiness of their deeds? although the only thing, that troubleth and molesteth them, be a little too much dejection, somewhat too great a fear arising from an erroneous conceit, that God will require a worthiness in them, which they are grieved to find wanting in themselves? although they be not obstinate in this opinion? although they be willing, and would be glad to forsake it, if any one reason were brought sufficient to disprove it? although the only cause why they do not forsake it ere they die, be their ignorance of that means by which it might be disproved? although the cause why the ignorance in this point is not removed, be the want of knowledge in such as should be able, and are not, to remove it? Let me die,' says Mr. Hooker, 'if it be ever proved, that simply an error doth exclude a Pope or Cardinal in such a case utterly from hope of life. Surely, I must confess, that if it be an error to think that God may be merciful to save men, even when they err, my greatest comfort is my error: were it not for the love I bear to this error, I would never wish to speak or to live.'

I was willing to take notice of these two points, as supposing them to be very material; and that, as they are thus contracted, they may prove useful to my Reader; as also for that the answers be arguments of Mr. Hooker's great and clear reason, and equal charity. Other exceptions were also made against him by Mr. Travers, as 'That he prayed before, and not after, his Sermons; that in his prayers he named Bishops; that he kneeled, both when he prayed, and when he received the Sacrament'; and—says Mr. Hooker in his Defence—'other exceptions so like these, as but to name, I should have thought a greater fault than to commit them.'

And 'tis not unworthy the noting, that, in the manage of so great a controversy, a sharper reproof than this, and one like it, did never fall from the happy pen of this humble man. That like it was upon a like occasion of

exceptions, to which his answer was, 'your next argument consists of railing and of reasons: to your railing I say nothing; to your reasons I say what follows.' And I am glad of this fair occasion to testify the dove-like temper of this meek, this matchless man. And doubtless, if Almighty God had blest the Dissenters from the ceremonies and discipline of this Church, with a like measure of wisdom and humility, instead of their pertinacious zeal, then obedience and truth had kissed each other; then peace and piety had flourished in our nation, and this Church and State had been blessed like Jerusalem, that is at unity with itself: but this can never be expected, till God shall bless the common people of this nation with a belief, that Schism is a sin, and they not fit to judge what is Schism: and bless them also with a belief, that there may be offences taken which are not given, and, that laws are not made for private men to dispute, but to obey.

And this also may be worthy of noting, that these exceptions of Mr. Travers against Mr. Hooker proved to be *felix error*, for they were the cause of his transcribing those few of his sermons, which we now see printed with his books; and of his *Answer to Mr. Travers his Supplication*; and of his most learned and useful *Discourse of Justification, of Faith, and Works*: and by their transcription they fell into such hands as have preserved them from being lost, as too many of his other matchless writings were: and from these I have gathered many observations in this discourse of his life.

After the publication of his *Answer to the Petition of Mr. Travers*, Mr. Hooker grew daily into greater repute with the most learned and wise of the nation; but it had a contrary effect in very many of the Temple, that were zealous for Mr. Travers, and for his Church-discipline; insomuch, that though Mr. Travers left the place, yet the seeds of discontent could not be rooted out of that Society, by the great reason, and as great meekness, of this humble man: for though the chief Benchers gave him much reverence and encouragement, yet he there met with many neglects and oppositions by those of Master Travers' judgment;

insomuch that it turned to his extreme grief: and, that he might unbeguile and win them, he designed to write a deliberate, sober treatise of the Church's power to make Canons for the use of ceremonies, and by law to impose an obedience to them, as upon her children; and this he proposed to do in *Eight Books of the Law of Ecclesiastical Polity*; intending therein to shew such arguments as should force an assent from all men, if reason, delivered in sweet language, and void of any provocation, were able to do it: and, that he might prevent all prejudice, he wrote before it a large Preface, or Epistle to the Dissenting Brethren, wherein there were such bowels of love, and such a commixture of that love with reason, as was never exceeded but in Holy Writ; and particularly by that of St. Paul to his dear brother and fellow-labourer Philemon: than which none ever was more like this epistle of Mr. Hooker's. So that his dear friend and companion in his studies, Dr. Spencer, might, after his death, justly say, 'What admirable height of learning, and depth of judgment, dwelt in the lowly mind of this truly humble man—great in all wise men's eyes, except his own; with what gravity and majesty of speech his tongue and pen uttered heavenly mysteries; whose eyes, in the humility of his heart, were always cast down to the ground; how all things that proceeded from him were breathed as from the Spirit of Love; as if he, like the bird of the Holy Ghost, the Dove, had wanted gall:—let those that knew him not in his person, judge by these living images of his soul, his writings.'

The foundation of these books was laid in the Temple; but he found it no fit place to finish what he had there designed; he therefore earnestly solicited the Archbishop for a remove from that place; to whom he spake to this purpose: 'My Lord, when I lost the freedom of my cell, which was my College, yet I found some degree of it in my quiet country parsonage: but I am weary of the noise and oppositions of this place; and indeed God and Nature did not intend me for contentions, but for study and quietness. My Lord, my particular contests with Mr.

Travers here have proved the more unpleasant to me, because I believe him to be a good man; and that belief hath occasioned me to examine mine own conscience concerning his opinions; and, to satisfy that, I have consulted the Scripture, and other laws, both human and divine, whether the conscience of him, and others of his judgment, ought to be so far complied with, as to alter our frame of Church-government, our manner of God's worship, our praising and praying to him, and our established ceremonies, as often as his, and other tender consciences shall require us. And in this examination, I have not only satisfied myself, but have begun a Treatise, in which I intend a justification of the Laws of our Ecclesiastical Polity; in which design God and his holy angels shall at the last great Day bear me that witness which my conscience now does; that my meaning is not to provoke any, but rather to satisfy all tender consciences: and I shall never be able to do this, but where I may study, and pray for God's blessing upon my endeavours, and keep myself in peace and privacy, and behold God's blessing spring out of my mother earth, and eat my own bread without oppositions; and therefore, if your Grace can judge me worthy of such a favour, let me beg it, that I may perfect what I have begun.'

About this time the Parsonage or Rectory of Boscum, in the Diocese of Sarum, and six miles from that City, became void. The Bishop of Sarum is patron of it; but in the vacancy of that See,—which was three years betwixt the translation of Bishop Pierce to the See of York, and Bishop Caldwell's admission into it,—the disposal of that, and all benefices belonging to that See, during this said vacancy, came to be disposed of by the Archbishop of Canterbury: and he presented Richard Hooker to it in the year 1591. And Richard Hooker was also in the said year instituted, July 17, to be a Minor Prebend of Salisbury, the corps to it being Nether-Haven, about ten miles from that City; which prebend was of no great value, but intended chiefly to make him capable of a better preferment in that church. In this Boscum he continued till he

had finished four of his eight proposed books of *The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*, and these were entered into the Register-Book in Stationers' Hall, the 9th of March, 1592, but not published till the year 1594, and then were with the before-mentioned large and affectionate Preface, which he directs to them that seek—as they term it—the reformation of the Laws and Orders Ecclesiastical in the Church of England; of which books I shall yet say nothing more, but that he continued his laborious diligence to finish the remaining four during his life;—of all which more properly hereafter;—but at Boscum he finished and published but only the first four, being then in the 39th year of his age.

He left Boscum in the year 1595, by a surrender of it into the hands of Bishop Caldwell: and he presented Benjamin Russell, who was instituted into it the 23rd of June in the same year.

The Parsonage of Bishop's Bourne in Kent, three miles from Canterbury, is in that Archbishop's gift; but, in that latter end of the year 1594, Dr. William Redman, the Rector of it, was made Bishop of Norwich; by which means the power of presenting to it was *pro eâ vice* in the Queen; and she presented Richard Hooker, whom she loved well, to this good living of Bourne, the 7th of July, 1595; in which living he continued till his death, without any addition of dignity or profit.

And now having brought our Richard Hooker from his birth-place, to this where he found a grave, I shall only give some account of his books and of his behaviour in this Parsonage of Bourne, and then give a rest both to myself and my Reader.

His first four books and large epistle have been declared to be printed at his being at Boscum, anno 1594. Next I am to tell, that at the end of these four books there was, when he first printed them, this Advertisement to the Reader. 'I have for some causes, thought it at this time more fit to let go these first four books by themselves, than to stay both them and the rest, till the whole might together be published. Such generalities of the

cause in question as are here handled, it will be perhaps not amiss to consider apart, by way of introduction unto the books that are to follow concerning particulars; in the mean time the Reader is requested to mend the Printer's errors, as noted underneath.'

And I am next to declare, that his Fifth Book—which is larger than his first four—was first also printed by itself, anno 1597, and dedicated to his patron—for till then he chose none—the Archbishop.—These books were read with an admiration of their excellency in this, and their just fame spread itself also into foreign nations. And I have been told, more than forty years past, that either Cardinal Allen, or learned Dr. Stapleton,—both Englishmen, and in Italy about the time when Mr. Hooker's four books were first printed,—meeting with this general fame of them, were desirous to read an author, that both the reformed and the learned of their own Romish Church did so much magnify; and therefore caused them to be sent for to Rome: and after reading them, boasted to the Pope,—which then was Clement the Eighth,—'That though he had lately said, he never met with an English book, whose writer deserved the name of author; yet there now appeared a wonder to them, and it would be so to his Holiness, if it were in Latin: for a poor obscure English Priest had writ four such books of Laws, and Church-polity, and in a style that expressed such a grave and so humble a majesty, with such clear demonstration of reason, that in all their readings they had not met with any that exceeded him': and this begot in the Pope an earnest desire that Dr. Stapleton should bring the said four books, and, looking on the English, read a part of them to him in Latin; which Dr. Stapleton did, to the end of the first book; at the conclusion of which, the Pope spake to this purpose: 'There is no learning that this man hath not searched into, nothing too hard for his understanding: this man indeed deserves the name of an author: his books will get reverence by age; for there is in them such seeds of eternity, that if the rest be like this, they shall last till the last fire shall consume all learning.'

Nor was this high, the only testimony and commendations given to his books; for at the first coming of King James into this kingdom, he enquired of the Archbishop Whitgift for his friend Mr. Hooker, that writ the books of Church-polity; to which the answer was, that he died a year before Queen Elizabeth, who received the sad news of his death with very much sorrow; to which the King replied, 'And I receive it with no less, that I shall want the desired happiness of seeing and discoursing with that man, from whose books I have received such satisfaction: indeed, my Lord, I have received more satisfaction in reading a leaf or paragraph, in Mr. Hooker, though it were but about the fashion of Churches, or Church-Music, or the like, but especially of the Sacraments, than I have had in the reading particular large treatises written but of one of those subjects by others, though very learned men: and I observe there is in Mr. Hooker no affected language: but a grave, comprehensive, clear manifestation of reason, and that backed with the authority of the Scripture, the Fathers, and Schoolmen, and with all law both sacred and civil. And, though many others write well, yet in the next age they will be forgotten; but doubtless there is in every page of Mr. Hooker's book, the picture of a divine soul, such pictures of truth and reason, and drawn in so sacred colours, that they shall never fade, but give an immortal memory to the author.' And it is so truly true, that the King thought what he spake, that, as the most learned of the nation have, and still do mention Mr. Hooker with reverence; so he also did never mention him but with the epithet of learned, or judicious, or reverend, or venerable Mr. Hooker.

Nor did his son, our late King Charles the First, ever mention him but with the same reverence, enjoining his son, our now gracious King, to be studious in Mr. Hooker's books. And our learned antiquary, Mr. Camden,[1] mentioning the death, the modesty, and other virtues of Mr. Hooker, and magnifying his books, wished, 'that, for the honour of this, and benefit of other nations, they

[1] In his *Annals*, 1599.

were turned into the Universal Language.' Which work, though undertaken by many, yet they have been weary, and forsaken it: but the Reader may now expect it, having been long since begun and lately finished, by the happy pen of Dr. Earle, now Lord Bishop of Salisbury, of whom I may justly say,—and let it not offend him, because it is such a truth as ought not to be concealed from posterity, or those that now live, and yet know him not,—that since Mr. Hooker died, none have lived whom God hath blessed with more innocent wisdom, more sanctified learning, or a more pious, peaceable, primitive temper: so that this excellent person seems to be only like himself, and our venerable Richard Hooker, and only fit to make the learned of all nations happy, in knowing what hath been too long confined to the language of our little island.

There might be many more and just occasions taken to speak of his books, which none ever did or can commend too much; but I decline them, and hasten to an account of his Christian behaviour and death at Bourne; in which place he continued his customary rules of mortification and self-denial; was much in fasting, frequent in meditation and prayers, enjoying those blessed returns, which only men of strict lives feel and know, and of which men of loose and godless lives cannot be made sensible; for spiritual things are spiritually discerned.

At his entrance into this place, his friendship was much sought for by Dr. Hadrian Saravia, then, or about that time, made one of the Prebends of Canterbury; a German by birth, and sometimes a pastor both in Flanders and Holland, where he had studied, and well considered the controverted points concerning Episcopacy and sacrilege; and in England had a just occasion to declare his judgment concerning both, unto his brethren ministers of the Low Countries; which was excepted against by Theodore Beza and others; against whose exceptions he rejoined, and thereby became the happy author of many learned tracts writ in Latin, especially of three; one, of the 'Degrees of Ministers,' and of the 'Bishops' superiority above the Presbytery'; a second, 'against Sacrilege'; and a third of

'Christian Obedience to Princes'; the last being occasioned by Gretzerus the Jesuit. And it is observable, that when, in a time of Church tumults, Beza gave his reasons to the Chancellor of Scotland for the abrogation of Episcopacy in that nation, partly by letters, and more fully in a Treatise of a threefold Episcopacy,—which he calls divine, human, and satanical,—this Dr. Saravia had, by the help of Bishop Whitgift, made such an early discovery of their intentions, that he had almost as soon answered that Treatise as it became public; and he therein discovered how Beza's opinion did contradict that of Calvin's and his adherents; leaving them to interfere with themselves in point of Episcopacy. But of these tracts it will not concern me to say more, than that they were most of them dedicated to his, and the Church of England's watchful patron, John Whitgift, the Archbishop; and printed about the time in which Mr. Hooker also appeared first to the world, in the publication of his first four books of *Ecclesiastical Polity*.

This friendship being sought for by this learned Doctor, you may believe was not denied by Mr. Hooker, who was by fortune so like him, as to be engaged against Mr. Travers, Mr. Cartwright, and others of their judgment, in a controversy too like Dr. Saravia's; so that in this year of 1595, and in this place of Bourne, these two excellent persons began a holy friendship, increasing daily to so high and mutual affections, that their two wills seemed to be but one and the same; and their designs both for the glory of God, and peace of the Church, still assisting and improving each other's virtues, and the desired comforts of a peaceable piety; which I have willingly mentioned, because it gives a foundation to some things that follow.

This Parsonage of Bourne is from Canterbury three miles, and near to the common road that leads from that City to Dover; in which Parsonage Mr. Hooker had not been twelve months, but his books, and the innocency and sanctity of his life became so remarkable, that many turned out of the road, and others—scholars especially—went purposely to see the man, whose life and learning were so much admired: and alas! as our Saviour said of St.

John Baptist, 'What went they out to see? a man clothed in purple and fine linen?' No, indeed: but an obscure, harmless man; a man in poor clothes, his loins usually girt in a coarse gown, or canonical coat; of a mean stature, and stooping, and yet more lowly in the thoughts of his soul; his body worn out, not with age, but study and holy mortifications; his face full of heat-pimples, begot by his unactivity and sedentary life. And to this true character of his person, let me add this of his disposition and behaviour: God and Nature blessed him with so blessed a bashfulness, that as in his younger days his pupils might easily look him out of countenance; so neither then, nor in his age, did he ever willingly look any man in the face: and was of so mild and humble a nature, that his poor Parish-Clerk and he did never talk but with both their hats on, or both off, at the same time: and to this may be added, that though he was not purblind, yet he was short or weak-sighted; and where he fixed his eyes at the beginning of his sermon, there they continued till it was ended: and the Reader has a liberty to believe, that his modesty and dim sight were some of the reasons why he trusted Mrs. Churchman to choose his wife.

This Parish-Clerk lived till the third or fourth year of the late Long Parliament; betwixt which time and Mr. Hooker's death there had come many to see the place of his burial, and the Monument dedicated to his memory by Sir William Cowper, who still lives; and the poor Clerk had many rewards for shewing Mr. Hooker's grave place, and his said Monument, and did always hear Mr. Hooker mentioned with commendations and reverence; to all which he added his own knowledge and observations of his humility and holiness; and in all which discourses the poor man was still more confirmed in his opinion of Mr. Hooker's virtues and learning. But it so fell out, that about the said third or fourth year of the Long Parliament, the then present Parson of Bourne was sequestered,—you may guess why,—and a Genevan Minister put into his good living. This, and other

like sequestrations, made the Clerk express himself in a wonder, and say, 'They had sequestered so many good men, that he doubted, if his good master Mr. Hooker had lived till now, they would have sequestered him too!'

It was not long before this intruding Minister had made a party in and about the said Parish, that were desirous to receive the Sacrament as in Geneva; to which end, the day was appointed for a select company, and forms and stools set about the altar, or communion-table, for them to sit and eat and drink: but when they went about this work, there was a want of some joint-stools, which the Minister sent the Clerk to fetch, and then to fetch cushions,—but not to kneel upon.—When the Clerk saw them begin to sit down, he began to wonder; but the Minister bade him 'cease wondering, and lock the Church-door': to whom he replied, 'Pray take you the keys, and lock me out: I will never come more into this Church; for all men will say, my master Hooker was a good man, and a good scholar; and I am sure it was not used to be thus in his days': and report says the old man went presently home and died; I do not say died immediately, but within a few days after.

But let us leave this grateful Clerk in his quiet grave, and return to Mr. Hooker himself, continuing our observations of his Christian behaviour in this place, where he gave a holy valediction to all the pleasures and allurements of earth; possessing his soul in a virtuous quietness, which he maintained by constant study, prayers, and meditations. His use was to preach once every Sunday, and he, or his Curate, to catechise after the second Lesson in the Evening Prayer. His sermons were neither long nor earnest, but uttered with a grave zeal and an humble voice: his eyes always fixed on one place, to prevent imagination from wandering; insomuch that he seemed to study as he spake. The design of his sermons—as indeed of all his discourses—was to shew reasons for what he spake; and with these reasons such a kind of rhetoric, as did rather convince and persuade, than frighten men into piety; studying not so much for matter,—which he

never wanted,—as for apt illustrations, to inform and teach his unlearned hearers by familiar examples, and then make them better by convincing applications; never labouring by hard words, and then by heedless distinctions and sub-distinctions, to amuse his hearers, and get glory to himself; but glory only to God. Which intention, he would often say, was as discernible in a Preacher, 'as a natural from an artificial beauty.'

He never failed the Sunday before every Ember-week to give notice of it to his parishioners, persuading them both to fast, and then to double their devotions for a learned and pious Clergy, but especially the last; saying often, 'That the life of a pious Clergyman was visible rhetoric; and so convincing, that the most godless men—though they would not deny themselves the enjoyment of their present lusts—did yet secretly wish themselves like those of the strictest lives.' And to what he persuaded others, he added his own example of fasting and prayer; and did usually every Ember-week take from the Parish-Clerk the key of the Church-door, into which place he retired every day, and locked himself up for many hours; and did the like most Fridays and other days of fasting.

He would by no means omit the customary time of Procession, persuading all, both rich and poor, if they desired the preservation of love, and their Parish-rights and liberties, to accompany him in his perambulation; and most did so: in which perambulation he would usually express more pleasant discourse than at other times, and would then always drop some loving and facetious observations to be remembered against the next year, especially by the boys and young people; still inclining them, and all his present parishioners, to meekness, and mutual kindness and love; because 'Love thinks not evil, but covers a multitude of infirmities.'

He was diligent to enquire who of his Parish were sick, or any ways distressed, and would often visit them, unsent for; supposing that the fittest time to discover to them those errors, to which health and prosperity had blinded them. And having by pious reasons and prayers moulded

them into holy resolutions for the time to come, he would incline them to confession and bewailing their sins, with purpose to forsake them, and then to receive the Communion, both as a strengthening of those holy resolutions, and as a seal betwixt God and them of his mercies to their souls, in case that present sickness did put a period to their lives.

And as he was thus watchful and charitable to the sick, so he was as diligent to prevent lawsuits; still urging his parishioners and neighbours to bear with each other's infirmities, and live in love, because, as St. John says, 'He that lives in love, lives in God: for God is love.' And to maintain this holy fire of love constantly burning on the altar of a pure heart, his advice was to watch and pray, and always keep themselves fit to receive the Communion, and then to receive it often; for it was both a confirming and strengthening of their graces. This was his advice; and at his entrance or departure out of any house, he would usually speak to the whole family, and bless them by name; insomuch, that as he seemed in his youth to be taught of God, so he seemed in this place to teach his precepts as Enoch did, by walking with him in all holiness and humility, making each day a step towards a blessed eternity. And though, in this weak and declining age of the world, such examples are become barren, and almost incredible; yet let his memory be blessed with this true recordation, because he that praises Richard Hooker, praises God who hath given such gifts to men; and let this humble and affectionate relation of him become such a pattern, as may invite posterity to imitate these his virtues.

This was his constant behaviour both at Bourne, and in all the places in which he lived: thus did he walk with God, and tread the footsteps of primitive piety; and yet, as that great example of meekness and purity, even our blessed Jesus, was not free from false accusations, no more was this disciple of his, this most humble, most innocent, holy man. His was a slander parallel to that of chaste Susannah's by the wicked Elders; or that against St. Athanasius, as it is recorded in his life,—for that holy man

had heretical enemies,—a slander which this age calls *trepanning*. The particulars need not a repetition; and that it was false, needs no other testimony than the public punishment of his accusers, and their open confession of his innocency. 'Twas said, that the accusation was contrived by a dissenting brother, one that endured not Church-ceremonies, hating him for his book's sake, which he was not able to answer; and his name hath been told me; but I have not so much confidence in the relation, as to make my pen fix a scandal on him to posterity; I shall rather leave it doubtful till the great day of revelation. But this is certain, that he lay under the great charge, and the anxiety of this accusation, and kept it secret to himself for many months; and, being a helpless man, had lain longer under this heavy burthen, but that the Protector of the innocent gave such an accidental occasion, as forced him to make it known to his two dearest friends, Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer, who were so sensible of their tutor's sufferings, that they gave themselves no rest, till by their disquisitions and diligence they had found out the fraud, and brought him the welcome news, that his accusers did confess they had wronged him, and begged his pardon. To which the good man's reply was to this purpose: 'The Lord forgive them; and the Lord bless you for this comfortable news. Now have I a just occasion to say with Solomon, "Friends are born for the days of adversity"; and such you have proved to me. And to my God I say, as did the Mother of St. John Baptist, "Thus hath the Lord dealt with me, in the day wherein he looked upon me, to take away my reproach among men." And, O my God! neither my life, nor my reputation, are safe in mine own keeping; but in thine, who didst take care of me when I yet hanged upon my mother's breast. Blessed are they that put their trust in thee, O Lord! for when false witnesses were risen up against me; when shame was ready to cover my face; when my nights were restless; when my soul thirsted for a deliverance, as the hart panteth after the rivers of waters; then thou, Lord, didst hear my complaints, pity my condition, and

art now become my deliverer; and as long as I live I will hold up my hands in this manner, and magnify thy mercies, who didst not give me over as a prey to mine enemies: the net is broken, and they are taken in it. Oh! blessed are they that put their trust in thee! and no prosperity shall make me forget those days of sorrow, or to perform those vows that I have made to thee in the days of my affliction; for with such sacrifices, thou, O God, art well pleased; and I will pay them.'

Thus did the joy and gratitude of this good man's heart break forth; and it is observable, that as the invitation to this slander was his meek behaviour and dove-like simplicity, for which he was remarkable; so his Christian charity ought to be imitated. For though the spirit of revenge is so pleasing to mankind, that it is never conquered but by a supernatural grace, revenge being indeed so deeply rooted in human nature, that, to prevent the excesses of it,—for men would not know moderation,—Almighty God allows not any degree of it to any man, but says 'vengeance is mine': and though this be said positively by God himself, yet this revenge is so pleasing, that man is hardly persuaded to submit the manage of it to the time, and justice, and wisdom of his Creator, but would hasten to be his own executioner of it. And yet nevertheless, if any man ever did wholly decline, and leave this pleasing passion to the time and measure of God alone, it was this Richard Hooker, of whom I write: for when his slanderers were to suffer, he laboured to procure their pardon; and when that was denied him, his reply was, 'That however he would fast and pray that God would give them repentance, and patience to undergo their punishment.' And his prayers were so far returned into his own bosom, that the first was granted, if we may believe a penitent behaviour, and an open confession. And 'tis observable, that after this time he would often say to Dr. Saravia, 'Oh! with what quietness did I enjoy my soul, after I was free from the fears of my slander! And how much more after a conflict and victory over my desires of revenge!'

About the year 1600, and of his age forty-six, he fell into a long and sharp sickness, occasioned by a cold taken in his passage by water betwixt London and Gravesend, from the malignity of which he was never recovered; for after that time, till his death, he was not free from thoughtful days and restless nights: but a submission to His will that makes the sick man's bed easy, by giving rest to his soul, made his very languishment comfortable: and yet all this time he was solicitous in his study, and said often to Dr. Saravia,—who saw him daily, and was the chief comfort of his life,—'That he did not beg a long life of God for any other reason, but to live to finish his three remaining books of Polity; and then, "Lord, let thy servant depart in peace"'; which was his usual expression. And God heard his prayers, though he denied the Church the benefit of them, as completed by himself; and 'tis thought he hastened his own death, by hastening to give life to his books. But this is certain, that the nearer he was to his death, the more he grew in humility, in holy thoughts, and resolutions.

About a month before his death, this good man, that never knew, or at least never considered, the pleasures of the palate, became first to lose his appetite, and then to have an averseness to all food, insomuch that he seemed to live some intermitted weeks by the smell of meat only, and yet still studied and writ. And now his guardian angel seemed to foretell him that the day of his dissolution drew near; for which his vigorous soul appeared to thirst.

In this time of his sickness and not many days before his death, his house was robbed; of which he having notice, his question was, 'Are my books and written papers safe?' And being answered that they were; his reply was, 'Then it matters not; for no other loss can trouble me.'

About one day before his death, Dr. Saravia, who knew the very secrets of his soul,—for they were supposed to be confessors to each other,—came to him, and, after a conference of the benefit, the necessity, and safety of the Church's absolution, it was resolved the Doctor should give him both that and the Sacrament the following day.

To which end the Doctor came, and, after a short retirement and privacy, they two returned to the company; and then the Doctor gave him and some of those friends which were with him, the blessed Sacrament of the body and blood of our Jesus. Which being performed, the Doctor thought he saw a reverend gaiety and joy in his face; but it lasted not long; for his bodily infirmities did return suddenly, and became more visible, insomuch that the Doctor apprehended death ready to seize him; yet, after some amendment, left him at night, with a promise to return early the day following; which he did, and then found him better in appearance, deep in contemplation, and not inclinable to discourse; which gave the Doctor occasion to require his present thoughts. To which he replied, 'That he was meditating the number and nature of Angels, and their blessed obedience and order, without which, peace could not be in Heaven: and Oh! that it might be so on Earth!' After which words, he said, 'I have lived to see this world is made up of perturbations; and I have been long preparing to leave it, and gathering comfort for the dreadful hour of making my account with God, which I now apprehend to be near: and though I have by his grace loved him in my youth, and feared him in mine age, and laboured to have a conscience void of offence to him, and to all men; yet if thou, O Lord! be extreme to mark what I have done amiss, who can abide it? And therefore, where I have failed, Lord, shew mercy to me; for I plead not my righteousness, but the forgiveness of my unrighteousness, for His merits, who died to purchase pardon for penitent sinners. And since I owe thee a death, Lord, let it not be terrible, and then take thine own time: I submit to it: let not mine, O Lord! but let thy will be done.' With which expression he fell into a dangerous slumber; dangerous as to his recovery, yet recover he did, but it was to speak only these few words: 'Good Doctor, God hath heard my daily petitions, for I am at peace with all men, and he is at peace with me; and from that blessed assurance I feel that inward joy, which this world can neither give nor

take from me: my conscience beareth me this witness, and this witness makes the thoughts of death joyful. I could wish to live to do the Church more service; but cannot hope it, for my days are past as a shadow that returns not.' More he would have spoken, but his spirits failed him; and, after a short conflict betwixt Nature and Death, a quiet sigh put a period to his last breath, and so he fell asleep. And now he seems to rest like Lazarus in Abraham's bosom. Let me here draw his curtain, till with the most glorious company of the Patriarchs and Apostles, the most Noble Army of Martyrs and Confessors, this most learned, most humble, holy man shall also awake to receive an eternal tranquillity, and with it a greater degree of glory than common Christians shall be made partakers of.

In the mean time, Bless, O Lord! Lord, bless his brethren, the Clergy of this nation, with effectual endeavours to attain, if not to his great learning, yet to his remarkable meekness, his godly simplicity, and his Christian moderation; for these will bring peace at the last. And, Lord, let his most excellent writings be blest with what he designed, when he undertook them: which was, glory to thee, O God! on high, peace in thy Church, and goodwill to mankind. Amen, Amen.

IZAAK WALTON.

This following Epitaph was long since presented to the world, in memory of Mr. HOOKER, by SIR WILLIAM COOPER, who also built him a fair Monument in Bourne Church, and acknowledges him to have been his spiritual father.

Though nothing can be spoke worthy his fame,
Or the remembrance of that precious name,
Judicious Hooker; though this cost be spent
On him, that hath a lasting monument
In his own books; yet ought we to express,
If not his worth, yet our respectfulness.
Church-Ceremonies he maintain'd; then why
Without all ceremony should he die?
Was it because his life and death should be
Both equal patterns of humility?
Or that perhaps this only glorious one
Was above all, to ask, why had he none?
Yet he, that lay so long obscurely low,
Doth now preferr'd to greater honours go.
Ambitious men, learn hence to be more wise,
Humility is the true way to rise:
And God in me this lesson did inspire,
To bid this humble man, 'Friend, sit up higher.'

AN APPENDIX TO THE LIFE OF MR. RICHARD HOOKER

AND now, having by a long and laborious search satisfied myself, and I hope my Reader, by imparting to him the true relation of Mr. Hooker's life, I am desirous also to acquaint him with some observations that relate to it, and which could not properly fall to be spoken till after his death; of which my Reader may expect a brief and true account in the following Appendix.

And first, it is not to be doubted but that he died in the forty-seventh, if not in the forty-sixth year of his age: which I mention, because many have believed him to be more aged: but I have so examined it, as to be confident I mistake not: and for the year of his death, Mr. Camden, who in his *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, 1599, mentions him with a high commendation of his life and learning, declares him to die in the year 1599; and yet in that inscription of his Monument, set up at the charge of Sir William Cowper, in Bourne Church, where Mr. Hooker was buried, his death is there said to be in anno 1603; but doubtless both mistaken; for I have it attested under the hand of William Somner, the Archbishop's Registrar for the Province of Canterbury, that Richard Hooker's Will bears date October 26th in anno 1600, and that it was proved the third of December following.[1]

[1] And the Reader may take notice, that since I first writ this Appendix to the Life of Mr. Hooker, Mr. Fulman, of Corpus Christi College, hath shewed me a good authority for the very day and hour of Mr. Hooker's death, in one of his books of Polity, which had been Archbishop Laud's. In which book, beside many considerable marginal notes of some passages of his time, under the Bishop's own hand, there is also written in the title-page of that book—which now is Mr. Fulman's—this attestation: Ricardus Hooker *vir summis doctrinae dotibus ornatus, de Ecclesia praecipue Anglicana optime meritus, obiit Novemb. 2, circiter horam secundam post-meridianum*, Anno 1600.

And that at his death he left four daughters, Alice, Cicely, Jane and Margaret; that he gave to each of them an hundred pounds; that he left Joan, his wife, his sole executrix; and that, by his inventory his estate—a great part of it being in books—came to £1,092 9s. 2d., which was much more than he thought himself worth; and which was not got by his care, much less by the good housewifery of his wife, but saved by his trusty servant, Thomas Lane, that was wiser than his master in getting money for him, and more frugal than his mistress in keeping of it. Of which Will of Mr. Hooker's I shall say no more, but that his dear friend Thomas, the father of George Cranmer,—of whom I have spoken, and shall have occasion to say more,—was one of the witnesses to it.

One of his elder daughters was married to one Chalinor, sometime a School-master in Chichester, and are both dead long since. Margaret, his youngest daughter, was married unto Ezekiel Charke, Bachelor in Divinity, and Rector of St. Nicholas in Harbledown, near Canterbury, who died about sixteen years past, and had a son Ezekiel, now living, and in Sacred Orders; being at this time Rector of Waldron, in Sussex. She left also a daughter, with both whom I have spoken not many months past, and find her to be a widow in a condition that wants not, but very far from abounding. And these two attested unto me, that Richard Hooker, their grandfather, had a sister, by name Elizabeth Harvey, that lived to the age of 121 years, and died in the month of September, 1663.

For his other two daughters I can learn little certainty, but have heard they both died before they were marriageable. And for his wife, she was so unlike Jephtha's daughter, that she staid not a comely time to bewail her widowhood; nor lived long enough to repent her second marriage; for which, doubtless, she would have found cause, if there had been but four months betwixt Mr. Hooker's and her death. But she is dead, and let her other infirmities be buried with her.

Thus much briefly for his age, the year of his death, his

estate, his wife, and his children. I am next to speak of his books; concerning which I shall have a necessity of being longer, or shall neither do right to myself, or my Reader, which is chiefly intended in this Appendix.

I have declared in his *Life*, that he proposed Eight Books, and that his first Four were printed anno 1594, and his Fifth book first printed, and alone, anno 1597; and that he lived to finish the remaining Three of the proposed Eight: but whether we have the last Three as finished by himself, is a just and material question; concerning which I do declare, that I have been told almost forty years past, by one that very well knew Mr. Hooker and the affairs of his family, that, about a month after the death of Mr. Hooker, Bishop Whitgift, then Archbishop of Canterbury, sent one of his Chaplains to enquire of Mrs. Hooker, for the three remaining books of Polity, writ by her husband: of which she would not, or could not, give any account: and that about three months after that time the Bishop procured her to be sent for to London, and then by his procurement she was to be examined by some of her Majesty's Council, concerning the disposal of those books: but, by way of preparation for the next day's examination, the Bishop invited her to Lambeth, and after some friendly questions, she confessed to him, that one Mr. Charke, and another Minister that dwelt near Canterbury, came to her, and desired that they might go into her husband's study, and look upon some of his writings: and that there they two burnt and tore many of them, assuring her, that they were writings not fit to be seen: and that she knew nothing more concerning them. Her lodging was then in King Street in Westminster, where she was found next morning dead in her bed, and her new husband suspected and questioned for it; but he was declared innocent of her death.

And I declare also, that Dr. John Spencer,—mentioned in the *Life of Mr. Hooker*,—who was of Mr. Hooker's College, and of his time there, and betwixt whom there was so friendly a friendship, that they continually advised together in all their studies, and particularly in what con-

cerned these books of Polity—this Dr. Spencer, the Three perfect books being lost, had delivered into his hands—I think by Bishop Whitgift—the imperfect books, or first rough draughts of them, to be made as perfect as they might be by him, who both knew Mr. Hooker's handwriting, and was best acquainted with his intentions. And a fair testimony of this may appear by an Epistle, first, and usually printed before Mr. Hooker's Five books,—but omitted, I know not why, in the last impression of the Eight printed together in anno 1662, in which the Publishers seem to impose the three doubtful books, to be the undoubted books of Mr. Hooker,—with these two letters, J. S. at the end of the said Epistle, which was meant for this John Spencer: in which Epistle the Reader may find these words, which may give some authority to what I have here written of his last Three books.

'And though Mr. Hooker hastened his own death by hastening to give life to his books, yet he held out with his eyes to behold these Benjamins, these sons of his right hand, though to him they proved Benonies, sons of pain and sorrow. But some evil-disposed minds, whether of malice or covetousness, or wicked blind zeal, it is uncertain, as soon as they were born, and their father dead, smothered them, and by conveying the perfect copies, left unto us nothing but the old, imperfect, mangled draughts, dismembered into pieces; no favour, no grace, not the shadow of themselves remaining in them. Had the father lived to behold them thus defaced, he might rightly have named them Benonies, the sons of sorrow: but being the learned will not suffer them to die and be buried, it is intended the world shall see them as they are; the learned will find in them some shadows and resemblances of their father's face. God grant, that as they were with their brethren dedicated to the Church for messengers of peace: so, in the strength of that little breath of life that remaineth in them, they may prosper in their work, and, by satisfying the doubts of such as are willing to learn, they may help to give an end to the calamities of these our civil wars.'—J. S.

And next the Reader may note, that this Epistle of Dr. Spencer's was writ and first printed within four years after the death of Mr. Hooker, in which time all diligent search had been made for the perfect copies; and then granted not recoverable, and therefore endeavoured to be completed out of Mr. Hooker's rough draughts, as is expressed by the said Dr. Spencer in the said Epistle, since whose death it is now fifty years.

And I do profess by the faith of a Christian, that Dr. Spencer's wife—who was my Aunt, and Sister to George Cranmer, of whom I have spoken—told me forty years since, in these, or in words to this purpose: 'That her husband had made up, or finished Mr. Hooker's last Three books; and that upon her husband's death-bed, or in his last sickness, he gave them into her hand, with a charge that they should not be seen by any man, but be by her delivered into the hands of the then Archbishop of Canterbury, which was Dr. Abbot, or unto Dr. King, then Bishop of London, and that she did as he enjoined her.'

I do conceive, that from Dr. Spencer's, and no other copy, there have been divers transcripts; and I know that these were to be found in several places; as namely, in Sir Thomas Bodley's Library; in that of Dr. Andrews, late Bishop of Winton; in the late Lord Conway's; in the Archbishop of Canterbury's; and in the Bishop of Armagh's; and in many others: and most of these pretended to be the Author's own hand, but much disagreeing, being indeed altered and diminished, as men have thought fittest to make Mr. Hooker's judgment suit with their fancies, or give authority to their corrupt designs; and for proof of a part of this, take these following testimonies.

Dr. Barnard, sometime Chaplain to Dr. Usher, late Lord Archbishop of Armagh, hath declared in a late book, called *Clavi Trabales*, printed by Richard Hodgkinson, anno 1661, that, in his search and examination of the said Bishop's manuscripts, he found the Three written books which were supposed the Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth

of Mr. Hooker's books of *Ecclesiastical Polity*; and that in the said Three books—now printed as Mr. Hooker's—there are so many omissions, that they amount to many paragraphs, and which cause many incoherencies: the omissions are set down at large in the said printed book, to which I refer the Reader for the whole; but think fit in this place to insert this following short part of some of the said omissions.

First, as there could be in natural bodies no motion of any thing, unless there were some first which moved all things, and continued unmoveable; even so in politic societies there must be some unpunishable, or else no man shall suffer punishment: for sith punishments proceed always from superiors, to whom the administration of justice belongeth; which administration must have necessarily a fountain, that deriveth it to all others, and receiveth not from any, because otherwise the course of justice should go infinitely in a circle, every superior having his superior without end, which cannot be: therefore a well-spring, it followeth, there is: a supreme head of justice, whereunto all are subject, but itself in subjection to none. Which kind of pre-eminency if some ought to have in a kingdom, who but the King shall have it? Kings, therefore, or no man, can have lawful power to judge.

If private men offend, there is the Magistrate over them, which judgeth; if Magistrates, they have their Prince; if Princes, there is Heaven, a tribunal, before which they shall appear; on earth they are not accountable to any. Here, says the Doctor, it breaks off abruptly.

And I have these words also attested under the hand of Mr. Fabian Philips, a man of note for his useful books. 'I will make oath, if I shall be required, that Dr. Sanderson, the late Bishop of Lincoln, did a little before his death affirm to me, he had seen a manuscript affirmed to him to be the hand-writing of Mr. Richard Hooker, in which there was no mention made of the King or supreme governors being accountable to the people. This I will make oath, that that good man attested to me.

FABIAN PHILIPS.

So that there appears to be both omissions and additions in the said last Three printed books: and this may probably be one reason why Dr. Sanderson, the said learned Bishop,—whose writings are so highly and justly valued,—gave a strict charge near the time of his death, or in his last Will, 'That nothing of his that was not already printed, should be printed after his death.'

It is well known how high a value our learned King James put upon the books writ by Mr. Hooker; and known also that our late King Charles—the Martyr for the Church—valued them the second of all books, testified by his commending them to the reading of his son Charles, that now is our gracious King: and you may suppose that this Charles the First was not a stranger to the pretended three books, because, in a discourse with the Lord Say, in the time of the Long Parliament, when the said Lord required the King to grant the truth of his argument, because it was the judgment of Mr. Hooker,—quoting him in one of the three written books, the King replied, 'They were not allowed to be Mr. Hooker's books: but, however, he would allow them to be Mr. Hooker's, and consent to what his Lordship proposed to prove out of those doubtful books, if he would but consent to the judgment of Mr. Hooker in the other five, that were the undoubted books of Mr. Hooker.'

In this relation concerning these Three doubtful books of Mr. Hooker's, my purpose was to enquire, then set down what I observed and know; which I have done, not as an engaged person, but indifferently; and now leave my Reader to give sentence, for their legitimation, as to himself; but so as to leave others the same liberty of believing or disbelieving them to be Mr. Hooker's: and 'tis observable, that as Mr. Hooker advised with Dr. Spencer, in the design and manage of these books; so also, and chiefly with his dear pupil, George Cranmer,—whose sister was the wife of Dr. Spencer,—of which this following letter may be a testimony, and doth also give authority to some things mentioned both in this Appendix and in the *Life of Mr. Hooker*, and is therefore added. I. W.

George Cranmer's LETTER *unto Mr. Richard Hooker, Feb.* 1598

What posterity is likely to judge of these matters concerning Church-discipline, we may the better conjecture, if we call to mind what our own age, within few years, upon better experience, hath already judged concerning the same. It may be remembered, that at first, the greatest part of the learned in the land were either eagerly affected, or favourably inclined that way. The books then written for the most part savoured of the disciplinary style; it sounded everywhere in pulpits, and in common phrase of men's speech. The contrary part began to fear they had taken a wrong course; many which impugned the discipline, yet so impugned it, not as not being the better form of government, but as not being so convenient for our state, in regard of dangerous innovations thereby likely to grow: one man[1] alone there was to speak of,—whom let no suspicion of flattery deprive of his deserved commendation,—who, in the defiance of the one part, and courage of the other, stood in the gap and gave others respite to prepare themselves to the defence, which, by the sudden eagerness and violence of their adversaries, had otherwise been prevented, wherein God hath made good unto him his own impress, *Vincit qui patitur*: for what contumelious indignities he hath at their hands sustained, the world is witness; and what reward of honour above his adversaries God hath bestowed upon him, themselves, —though nothing glad thereof,—must needs confess. Now of late years the heat of men towards the discipline is greatly decayed; their judgments begin to sway on the other side; the learned have weighed it, and found it light; wise men conceive some fear, lest it prove not only not the best kind of government, but the very bane and destruction of all government. The cause of this change in men's opinions may be drawn from the general nature

[1] John Whitgift, the Archbishop.

of error, disguised and clothed with the name of truth; which did mightily and violently possess men at first, but afterwards, the weakness thereof being by time discovered, it lost that reputation, which before it had gained. As by the outside of an house the passers-by are oftentimes deceived, till they see the conveniency of the rooms within; so, by the very name of discipline and reformation, men were drawn at first to cast a fancy towards it, but now they have not contented themselves only to pass by and behold afar off the fore-front of this reformed house; they have entered it, even at the special request of the master-workmen and chief-builders thereof: they have perused the rooms, the lights, the conveniences, and they find them not answerable to that report which was made of them, nor to that opinion which upon report they had conceived: so as now the discipline, which at first triumphed over all, being unmasked, beginneth to droop, and hang down her head.

The cause of change in opinion concerning the discipline is proper to the learned, or to such as by them have been instructed. Another cause there is more open, and more apparent to the view of all, namely, the course of practice, which the Reformers have had with us from the beginning. The first degree was only some small difference about the cap and surplice; but not such as either bred division in the Church, or tended to the ruin of the government established. This was peaceable; the next degree more stirring. Admonitions were directed to the Parliament in peremptory sort against our whole form of regiment. In defence of them, volumes were published in English and in Latin: yet this was no more than writing. Devices were set on foot to erect the practice of the discipline without authority; yet herein some regard of modesty, some moderation was used. Behold at length it brake forth into open outrage, first in writing by Martin; in whose kind of dealing these things may be observed: 1. That whereas Thomas Cartwright and others his great masters, had always before set out the discipline as a Queen, and as the daughter of God; he contrariwise, to make her more

acceptable to the people, brought her forth as a Vice upon the stage. 2. This conceit of his was grounded—as may be supposed—upon this rare policy, that seeing the discipline was by writing refuted, in Parliament rejected, in secret corners hunted out and decried, it was imagined that by open railing,—which to the vulgar is commonly most plausible,—the State Ecclesiastical might have been drawn into such contempt and hatred, as the overthrow thereof should have been most grateful to all men, and in a manner desired by all the common people. 3. It may be noted—and this I know myself to be true—how some of them, although they could not for shame approve so lewd an action, yet were content to lay hold on it to the advancement of their cause, by acknowledging therein the secret judgments of God against the Bishops, and hoping that some good might be wrought thereby for his Church; as indeed there was, though not according to their construction. For 4thly, contrary to their expectation, that railing spirit did not only not further, but extremely disgrace and prejudice their cause, when it was once perceived from how low degrees of contradiction, at first, to what outrage of contumely and slander, they were at length proceeded; and were also likely to proceed further.

A further degree of outrage was also in fact: certain[1] prophets did arise, who deeming it not possible that God should suffer that to be undone, which they did so fiercely desire to have done, namely, that his holy saints, the favourers and fathers of the discipline, should be enlarged and delivered from persecution; and seeing no means of deliverance ordinary, were fain to persuade themselves that God must needs raise some extraordinary means; and being persuaded of none so well as of themselves, they forthwith must needs be the instruments of this great work. Hereupon they framed unto themselves an assured hope, that, upon their preaching out of a peascart in Cheapside, all the multitude would have presently joined unto them, and in amazement of mind have asked them, *Viri fratres, quid agimus?* whereunto it is likely they would

[1] Hacket and Coppinger.

have returned an answer far unlike to that of St. Peter: 'Such and such are men unworthy to govern; pluck them down: such and such are the dear children of God; let them be advanced.'

Of two of these men it is meet to speak with all commiseration; yet so, that others by their example may receive instruction, and withal some light may appear, what stirring affections the discipline is like to inspire, if it light upon apt and prepared minds.

Now if any man doubt of what society they were; or if the Reformers disclaim them, pretending that by them they were condemned; let these points be considered. 1. Whose associates were they before they entered into this frantic passion? Whose sermons did they frequent? Whom did they admire? 2. Even when they were entering into it, Whose advice did they require? and when they were in, Whose approbation? Whom advertised they of their purpose? Whose assistance by prayer did they request? But we deal injuriously with them to lay this to their charge; for they reproved and condemned it. How! did they disclose it to the Magistrate, that it might be suppressed? or were they not rather content to stand aloof of, and see the end of it, as being loath to quench that spirit? No doubt these mad practitioners were of their society, with whom before, and in the practice of their madness, they had most affinity. Hereof read Dr. Bancroft's book.

A third inducement may be to dislike of the discipline, if we consider not only how far the Reformers themselves have proceeded, but what others upon their foundations have built. Here come the Brownists in the first rank, their lineal descendants, who have seized upon a number of strange opinions; whereof, although their ancestors, the Reformers, were never actually possessed, yet, by right and interest from them derived, the Brownists and Barrowists have taken possession of them: for if the positions of the Reformers be true, I cannot see how the main and general conclusions of Brownism should be false; for upon these two points, as I conceive, they stand.

1. That, because we have no Church, they are to sever themselves from us. 2. That without Civil authority they are to erect a Church of their own. And if the former of these be true, the latter, I suppose, will follow: for if above all things men be to regard their salvation; and if out of the Church there be no salvation; it followeth, that, if we have no Church, we have no means of salvation; and therefore separation from us in that respect is both lawful and necessary; as also, that men, so separated from the false and counterfeit Church, are to associate themselves unto some Church; not to ours; to the Popish much less; therefore to one of their own making. Now the ground of all these inferences being this, That in our Church there is no means of salvation, is out of the Reformers' principles most clearly to be proved. For wheresoever any matter of faith unto salvation necessary is denied, there can be no means of salvation; but in the Church of England, the discipline, by them accounted a matter of faith, and necessary to salvation, is not only denied, but impugned, and the professors thereof oppressed. *Ergo.*

Again,—but this reason perhaps is weak,—every true Church of Christ acknowledgeth the whole Gospel of Christ: the discipline, in their opinion, is a part of the Gospel, and yet by our Church resisted. *Ergo.*

Again, the discipline is essentially united to the Church: by which term essentially, they must mean either an essential part, or an essential property. Both which ways it must needs be, that where that essential discipline is not, neither is there any Church. If therefore between them and the Brownists there should be appointed a solemn disputation, whereof with us they have been oftentimes so earnest challengers; it doth not yet appear what other answer they could possibly frame to these and the like arguments, wherewith they may be pressed, but fairly to deny the conclusion,—for all the premises are their own,—or rather ingeniously to reverse their own principles before laid, whereon so foul absurdities have been so firmly built. What further proofs you can bring out of their high words, magnifying the discipline, I leave to your better

remembrance: but, above all points, I am desirous this one should be strongly enforced against them, because it wringeth them most of all, and is of all others—for aught I see—the most unanswerable. You may notwithstanding say, that you would be heartily glad these their positions might be salved, as the Brownists might not appear to have issued out of their loins: but until that be done, they must give us leave to think that they have cast the seed whereout these tares are grown.

Another sort of men there are, which have been content to run on with the Reformers for a time, and to make them poor instruments of their own designs. These are a sort of godless politics, who, perceiving the plot of discipline to consist of these two parts, the overthrow of Episcopal, and erections of Presbyterial authority; and that this latter can take no place till the former be removed; are content to join with them in the destructive part of discipline, bearing them in hand, that in the other also they shall find them as ready. But when time shall come, it may be they would be as loath to be yoked with that kind of regiment, as now they are willing to be released from this. These men's ends in all their actions is distraction; their pretence and colour, reformation. Those things which under this colour they have effected to their own good, are, 1. By maintaining a contrary faction, they have kept the Clergy always in awe, and thereby made them more pliable, and willing to buy their peace. 2. By maintaining an opinion of equality among ministers, they have made way to their own purposes for devouring Cathedral Churches, and Bishops' livings. 3. By exclaiming against abuses in the Church, they have carried their own corrupt dealing in the Civil State more covertly. For such is the nature of the multitude, that they are not able to apprehend many things at once; so as being possessed with a dislike or liking of any one thing, many other in the mean time may escape them without being perceived. 4. They have sought to disgrace the Clergy, in entertaining a conceit in men's minds, and confirming it by continual practice, That men of learning, and specially of

the Clergy, which are employed in the chiefest kind of learning, are not to be admitted or sparingly admitted to matters of State; contrary to the practice of all well-governed commonwealths, and of our own till these late years.

A third sort of men there are, though not descended from the Reformers, yet in part raised and greatly strengthened by them; namely, the cursed crew of Atheists. This also is one of those points, which I am desirous you should handle most effectually, and strain yourself therein to all points of motion and affection; as in that of the Brownists, to all strength and sinews of reason. This is a sort most damnable, and yet by the general suspicion of the world at this day most common. The causes of it, which are in the parties themselves, although you handle in the beginning of the fifth book, yet here again they may be touched: but the occasions of help and furtherance, which by the Reformers have been yielded unto them, are, as I conceive, two; namely, senseless preaching, and disgracing of the Ministry: for how should not men dare to impugn that, which neither by force of reason, nor by authority of persons is maintained? But in the parties themselves these two causes I conceive of Atheism: 1. More abundance of wit than judgment, and of witty than judicious learning; whereby they are more inclined to contradict any thing, than willing to be informed of the truth. They are not therefore men of sound learning for the most part, but smatterers; neither is their kind of dispute so much by force of argument, as by scoffing; which humour of scoffing, and turning matters most serious into merriment, is now become so common, as we are not to marvel what the Prophet means by the seat of scorners, nor what the Apostles, by foretelling of scorners to come; for our own age hath verified their speech unto us: which also may be an argument against these scoffers and Atheists themselves, seeing it hath been so many ages ago foretold, that such men the later days of the world should afford: which could not be done by any other spirit, save that whereunto things future and present are alike. And even for the main question of the resurrection, whereat they

stick so mightily, was it not plainly foretold, that men should in the latter times say, 'Where is the promise of his coming?' Against the creation, the ark, and divers other points, exceptions are said to be taken, the ground whereof is superfluity of wit, without ground of learning and judgment. A second cause of Atheism is sensuality, which maketh men desirous to remove all stops and impediments of their wicked life; among which because Religion is the chiefest, so as neither in this life without shame they can persist therein, nor—if that be true—without torment in the life to come; they therefore whet their wits to annihilate the joys of Heaven, wherein they see—if any such be—they can have no part, and likewise the pains of Hell, wherein their portion must needs be very great. They labour therefore, not that they may not deserve those pains, but that, deserving them, there may be no such pains to seize upon them. But what conceit can be imagined more base, than that man should strive to persuade himself even against the secret instinct, no doubt, of his own mind, that his soul is as the soul of a beast, mortal, and corruptible with the body? Against which barbarous opinion their own Atheism is a very strong argument. For, were not the soul a nature separable from the body, how could it enter into discourse of things merely spiritual, and nothing at all pertaining to the body? Surely the soul were not able to conceive any thing of Heaven, no not so much as to dispute against Heaven, and against God, if there were not in it somewhat heavenly, and derived from God.

The last which have received strength and encouragement from the Reformers are Papists; against whom, although they are most bitter enemies, yet unwittingly they have given them great advantage. For what can any enemy rather desire than the breach and dissension of those which are confederates against him? Wherein they are to remember that if our communion with Papists in some few ceremonies do so much strengthen them, as is pretended, how much more doth this division and rent among ourselves, especially seeing it is maintained to be,

not in light matters only, but even in matters of faith and salvation? Which over-reaching speech of theirs, because it is so open an advantage for the Barrowist and the Papist, we are to wish and hope for, that they will acknowledge it to have been spoken rather in heat of affection, than with soundness of judgment; and that through their exceeding love to that creature of discipline which themselves have bred, nourished, and maintained, their mouth in commendation of her did so often overflow.

From hence you may proceed—but the means of connexion I leave to yourself—to another discourse, which I think very meet to be handled either here or elsewhere at large; the parts whereof may be these: 1. That in this cause between them and us, men are to sever the proper and essential points and controversy from those which are accidental. The most essential and proper are these two: overthrow of the Episcopal, and erection of Presbyterial authority. But in these two points whosoever joineth with them, is accounted of their number; whosoever in all other points agreeth with them, yet thinketh the authority of Bishops not unlawful, and of Elders not necessary, may justly be severed from their retinue. Those things, therefore, which either in the persons, or in the laws and orders themselves are faulty, may be complained on, acknowledged, and amended, yet they no whit the nearer their main purpose: for what if all errors by them supposed in our Liturgy were amended, even according to their own heart's desire; if non-residence, pluralities, and the like were utterly taken away; are their lay-elders therefore presently authorized? or their sovereign ecclesiastical jurisdiction established?

But even in their complaining against the outward and accidental matters in Church-Government, they are many ways faulty. 1. In their end, which they propose to themselves. For in declaiming against abuses, their meaning is not to have them redressed, but, by disgracing the present state, to make way for their own discipline. As therefore in Venice, if any Senator should discourse against the power of their Senate, as being either too sovereign, or

too weak in government, with purpose to draw their authority to a moderation, it might well be suffered; but not so, if it should appear he spake with purpose to induce another state by depraving the present. So in all causes belonging either to Church or Commonwealth, we are to have regard what mind the complaining part doth bear, whether of amendment or innovation; and accordingly either to suffer or suppress it. Their objection therefore is frivolous, 'Why, may not men speak against abuses?' Yes: but with desire to cure the part affected, not to destroy the whole. 2. A second fault is in their manner of complaining, not only because it is for the most part in bitter and reproachful terms, but also it is to the common people, who are judges incompetent and insufficient, both to determine any thing amiss, and for want of skill and authority to amend it. Which also discovereth their intent and purpose to be rather destructive than corrective. 3. Thirdly, those very exceptions which they take are frivolous and impertinent. Some things indeed they accuse as impious; which if they may appear to be such, God forbid they should be maintained.

Against the rest it is only alleged, that they are idle ceremonies without use, and that better and more profitable might be devised. Wherein they are doubly deceived; for neither is it a sufficient plea to say, this must give place, because a better may be devised; because in our judgments of better and worse, we oftentimes conceive amiss, when we compare those things which are in device with those which are in practice: for the imperfections of the one are hid, till by time and trial they be discovered: the others are already manifest and open to all. But last of all,—which is a point in my opinion of great regard, and which I am desirous to have enlarged,—they do not see that for the most part when they strike at the State Ecclesiastical, they secretly wound the Civil State, for personal faults; 'What can be said against the Church, which may not also agree to the Commonwealth?' In both states, men have always been, and will be always, men; sometimes blinded with error, most commonly per-

verted by passions; many unworthy have been and are advanced in both; many worthy not regarded. And as for abuses, which they pretend to be in the law themselves; when they inveigh against non-residence, do they take it a matter lawful or expedient in the Civil State, for a man to have a great and gainful office in the North, himself continually remaining in the South? 'He that hath an office let him attend his office.' When they condemn plurality of livings spiritual to the pit of Hell, what think they of the infinite of temporal promotions? By the great Philosopher, *Pol. lib. ii. cap.* 9, it is forbidden as a thing most dangerous to Commonwealths, that by the same man many great offices should be exercised. When they deride our ceremonies as vain and frivolous, were it hard to apply their exceptions even to those civil ceremonies, which at the Coronation, in Parliament, and all Courts of Justice, are used? Were it hard to argue even against Circumcision, the ordinance of God, as being a cruel ceremony? against the Passover, as being ridiculous—shod, girt, a staff in their hand, to eat a lamb?

To conclude: you may exhort the Clergy,—or what if you direct your conclusion not to the Clergy in general, but only to the learned in or of both Universities?—you may exhort them to a due consideration of all things, and to a right esteem and valuing of each thing in that degree wherein it ought to stand. For it oftentimes falleth out, that what men have either devised themselves, or greatly delighted in, the price and the excellency thereof they do admire above desert. The chiefest labour of a Christian should be to know, of a Minister to preach Christ crucified: in regard whereof, not only worldly things, but things otherwise precious, even the discipline itself, is vile and base. Whereas now, by the heat of contention, and violence of affection, the zeal of men towards the one hath greatly decayed their love to the other. Hereunto therefore they are to be exhorted to preach Christ Crucified, the mortification of the flesh, the renewing of the Spirit; not those things which in time of strife seem precious, but —passions being allayed—are vain and childish. G. C.

THE LIFE OF MR. GEORGE HERBERT 1670

Wisdom of Salom. iv. 10—*He pleased God, and was beloved of Him; so that whereas he lived among sinners, He translated him*

THE INTRODUCTION

In a late retreat from the business of this world, and those many little cares with which I have too often cumbered myself, I fell into a contemplation of some of those historical passages that are recorded in Sacred Story: and more particularly of what had passed betwixt our blessed Saviour and that wonder of Women, and Sinners, and Mourners, St. Mary Magdalen. I call her Saint, because I did not then, nor do now consider her, as when she was possessed with seven devils; not as when her wanton eyes and dishevelled hair were designed and managed to charm and ensnare amorous beholders. But I did then, and do now consider her, as after she had expressed a visible and sacred sorrow for her sensualities; as after those eyes had wept such a flood of penitential tears as did wash, and that hair had wiped, and she most passionately kissed the feet of her's and our blessed Jesus. And I do now consider, that because she loved much, not only much was forgiven her: but that beside that blessed blessing of having her sins pardoned, and the joy of knowing her happy condition, she also had from him a testimony, that her alabaster box of precious ointment

poured on his head and feet, and that spikenard, and those spices that were by her dedicated to embalm and preserve his sacred body from putrefaction, should so far preserve her own memory, that these demonstrations of her sanctified love, and of her officious and generous gratitude, should be recorded and mentioned wheresoever his Gospel should be read; intending thereby, that as his, so her name, should also live to succeeding generations, even till time itself shall be no more.

Upon occasion of which fair example, I did lately look back, and not without some content,—at least to myself, —that I have endeavoured to deserve the love, and preserve the memory, of my two deceased friends, Dr. Donne, and Sir Henry Wotton, by declaring the several employments and various accidents of their lives. And though Mr. George Herbert—whose Life I now intend to write—were to me a stranger as to his person, for I have only seen him; yet since he was, and was worthy to be, their friend, and very many of his have been mine, I judge it may not be unacceptable to those that knew any of them in their lives, or do now know them by mine, or their own writings, to see this conjunction of them after their deaths; without which, many things that concerned them, and some things that concerned the age on which they lived, would be less perfect, and lost to posterity.

For these reasons I have undertaken it; and if I have prevented any abler person, I beg pardon of him and my Reader.

THE LIFE

George Herbert was born the Third day of April, in the year of our Redemption 1593. The place of his birth was near to the Town of Montgomery, and in that Castle that did then bear the name of that Town and County; that Castle was then a place of state and strength, and had been successively happy in the Family of the Herberts,

who had long possessed it; and with it, a plentiful estate, and hearts as liberal to their poor neighbours. A family, that hath been blessed with men of remarkable wisdom, and a willingness to serve their country, and, indeed, to do good to all mankind; for which they are eminent: But alas! this family did in the late rebellion suffer extremely in their estates; and the heirs of that Castle saw it laid level with that earth, that was too good to bury those wretches that were the cause of it.

The Father of our George was Richard Herbert, the son of Edward Herbert, Knight, the son of Richard Herbert, Knight, the son of the famous Sir Richard Herbert of Colebrook, in the County of Monmouth, Banneret, who was the youngest brother of that memorable William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, that lived in the reign of our King Edward the Fourth.

His Mother was Magdalen Newport, the youngest daughter of Sir Richard, and sister to Sir Francis Newport of High-Arkall, in the County of Salop, Knight, and grandfather of Francis Lord Newport, now Controller of his Majesty's Household. A family that for their loyalty have suffered much in their estates, and seen the ruin of that excellent structure, where their ancestors have long lived, and been memorable for their hospitality.

This Mother of George Herbert—of whose person, and wisdom, and virtue I intend to give a true account in a seasonable place—was the happy Mother of seven sons and three daughters, which she would often say was Job's number, and Job's distribution; and as often bless God, that they were neither defective in their shapes, or in their reason; and very often reprove them that did not praise God for so great a blessing. I shall give the Reader a short account of their names, and not say much of their fortunes.

Edward, the eldest, was first made Knight of the Bath, at that glorious time of our late Prince Henry's being installed Knight of the Garter; and after many years' useful travel, and the attainment of many languages, he was by King James sent Ambassador resident to the then

French King, Lewis the thirteenth. There he continued about two years; but he could not subject himself to a compliance with the humours of the Duke de Luisnes, who was then the great and powerful favourite at Court: so that upon a complaint to our King, he was called back into England in some displeasure; but at his return he gave such an honourable account of his employment, and so justified his comportment to the Duke and all the Court, that he was suddenly sent back upon the same Embassy, from which he returned in the beginning of the reign of our good King Charles the First, who made him first Baron of Castle-Island, and not long after of Cherbury, in the County of Salop. He was a man of great learning and reason, as appears by his printed book *De Veritate* and by his *History of the reign of King Henry the Eighth*, and by several other tracts.

The second and third brothers were Richard and William, who ventured their lives to purchase honour in the wars of the Low Countries, and died officers in that employment. Charles was the fourth, and died fellow of New College in Oxford. Henry was the sixth, who became a menial servant to the Crown in the days of King James, and hath continued to be so for fifty years; during all which time he hath been Master of the Revels; a place that requires a diligent wisdom, with which God hath blessed him. The seventh son was Thomas, who, being made captain of a ship in that fleet with which Sir Robert Mansell was sent against Algiers, did there shew a fortunate and true English valour. Of the three sisters I need not say more, than that they were all married to persons of worth, and plentiful fortunes; and lived to be examples of virtue, and to do good in their generations.

I now come to give my intended account of George, who was the fifth of those seven brothers.

George Herbert spent much of his childhood in a sweet content under the eye and care of his prudent Mother, and the tuition of a Chaplain, or tutor to him and two of his brothers, in her own family,—for she was then a widow,—where he continued till about the age of twelve

years; and being at that time well instructed in the rules of Grammar, he was not long after commended to the care of Dr. Neale, who was then Dean of Westminster; and by him to the care of Mr. Ireland, who was then Chief Master of that School; where the beauties of his pretty behaviour and wit shined, and became so eminent and lovely in this his innocent age, that he seemed to be marked out for piety, and to become the care of Heaven, and of a particular good angel to guard and guide him. And thus he continued in that School, till he came to be perfect in the learned languages, and especially in the Greek tongue, in which he after proved an excellent critic.

About the age of fifteen—he being then a King's Scholar—he was elected out of that School for Trinity College in Cambridge, to which place he was transplanted about the year 1608; and his prudent Mother, well knowing that he might easily lose or lessen that virtue and innocence, which her advice and example had planted in his mind, did therefore procure the generous and liberal Dr. Nevil, who was then Dean of Canterbury, and Master of that College, to take him into his particular care, and provide him a tutor; which he did most gladly undertake, for he knew the excellencies of his mother, and how to value such a friendship.

This was the method of his education, till he was settled in Cambridge; where we will leave him in his study, till I have paid my promised account of his excellent mother; and I will endeavour to make it short.

I have told her birth, her marriage, and the number of her children, and have given some short account of them. I shall next tell the Reader, that her husband died when our George was about the age of four years: I am next to tell, that she continued twelve years a widow; that she then married happily to a noble gentleman, the brother and heir of the Lord Danvers, Earl of Danby, who did highly value both her person and the most excellent endowments of her mind.

In this time of her widowhood, she being desirous to give Edward, her eldest son, such advantages of learning,

and other education, as might suit his birth and fortune, and thereby make him the more fit for the service of his country, did, at his being of a fit age, remove from Montgomery Castle with him, and some of her younger sons, to Oxford; and having entered Edward into Queen's College, and provided him a fit tutor, she commended him to his care, yet she continued there with him, and still kept him in a moderate awe of herself, and so much under her own eye, as to see and converse with him daily: but she managed this power over him without any such rigid sourness as might make her company a torment to her child; but with such a sweetness and compliance with the recreations and pleasures of youth, as did incline him willingly to spend much of his time in the company of his dear and careful mother; which was to her great content: for she would often say, 'That as our bodies take a nourishment suitable to the meat on which we feed; so our souls do as insensibly take in vice by the example or conversation with wicked company': and would therefore as often say, 'That ignorance of vice was the best preservation of virtue; and that the very knowledge of wickedness was as tinder to inflame and kindle sin and keep it burning.' For these reasons she endeared him to her own company, and continued with him in Oxford four years; in which time her great and harmless wit, her cheerful gravity, and her obliging behaviour, gained her an acquaintance and friendship with most of any eminent worth or learning, that were at that time in or near that University; and particularly with Mr. John Donne, who then came accidentally to that place, in this time of her being there. It was that John Donne who was after Dr. Donne, and Dean of St. Paul's, London: and he, at his leaving Oxford, writ and left there, in verse, a character of the beauties of her body and mind: of the first he says,

> No Spring nor Summer-beauty hath such grace
> As I have seen in an Autumnal face.

Of the latter he says,

> In all her words to every hearer fit,
> You may at revels, or at council sit.

The rest of her character may be read in his printed poems, in that Elegy which bears the name of *The Autumnal Beauty*. For both he and she were then past the meridian of man's life.

This amity, begun at this time and place, was not an amity that polluted their souls; but an amity made up of a chain of suitable inclinations and virtues; an amity like that of St. Chrysostom's to his dear and virtuous Olympias; whom, in his letters, he calls his Saint: or an amity, indeed, more like that of St. Hierome to his Paula; whose affection to her was such, that he turned poet in his old age, and then made her epitaph: wishing all his body were turned into tongues, that he might declare her just praises to posterity. And this amity betwixt her and Mr. Donne was begun in a happy time for him, he being then near to the fortieth year of his age,—which was some years before he entered into Sacred Orders;—a time when his necessities needed a daily supply for the support of his wife, seven children, and a family. And in this time she proved one of his most bountiful benefactors; and he as grateful an acknowledger of it. You may take one testimony for what I have said of these two worthy persons, from this following Letter and Sonnet.

'MADAM,

'Your favours to me are every where: I use them and have them. I enjoy them at London, and leave them there; and yet find them at Mitcham. Such riddles as these become things inexpressible; and such is your goodness. I was almost sorry to find your servant here this day, because I was loath to have any witness of my not coming home last night, and indeed of my coming this morning. But my not coming was excusable, because earnest business detained me; and my coming this day is by the example of your St. Mary Magdalen, who rose early upon Sunday to seek that which she loved most; and so did I. And, from her and myself, I return such thanks as are due to one, to whom we owe all the good opinion, that they, whom we need most, have of us. By this messenger, and

on this good day, I commit the inclosed Holy Hymns and Sonnets—which for the matter, not the workmanship, have yet escaped the fire—to your judgment, and to your protection too, if you think them worthy of it; and I have appointed this inclosed Sonnet to usher them to your happy hand.

Your unworthiest servant,
Unless your accepting him to be so
have mended him,

Jo. Donne.

Mitcham, July 11, 1607.'

To the Lady Magdalen Herbert: of St. Mary Magdalen

Her of your name, whose fair inheritance
  Bethina was, and jointure Magdalo,
An active faith so highly did advance,
  That she once knew more than the Church did know,
The Resurrection! so much good there is
  Delivered of her, that some Fathers be
Loth to believe one woman could do this:
  But think these Magdalens were two or three.
Increase their number, Lady, and their fame:
  To their devotion add your innocence:
Take so much of th' example, as of the name;
  The latter half; and in some recompense
That they did harbour Christ himself, a guest,
  Harbour these Hymns, to his dear name addrest.

J. D.

These Hymns are now lost to us; but doubtless they were such as they two now sing in Heaven.

There might be more demonstrations of the friendship, and the many sacred endearments betwixt these two excellent persons,—for I have many of their letters in my hand,—and much more might be said of her great prudence and piety: but my design was not to write her's, but the life of her son; and therefore I shall only tell my Reader, that about that very day twenty years that this letter was dated, and sent her, I saw and heard this Mr. John Donne—who was then Dean of St. Paul's—weep, and preach her Funeral Sermon, in the Parish Church of

Chelsea, near London, where she now rests in her quiet grave: and where we must now leave her, and return to her son George, whom we left in his study in Cambridge.

And in Cambridge we may find our George Herbert's behaviour to be such, that we may conclude he consecrated the first-fruits of his early age to virtue, and a serious study of learning. And that he did so, this following Letter and Sonnet, which were, in the first year of his going to Cambridge, sent his dear Mother for a New-year's gift, may appear to be some testimony.

—'But I fear the heat of my late ague hath dried up those springs, by which scholars say the Muses use to take up their habitations. However, I need not their help to reprove the vanity of those many love-poems, that are daily writ, and consecrated to Venus; nor to bewail that so few are writ, that look towards God and Heaven. For my own part, my meaning—dear Mother—is, in these Sonnets, to declare my resolution to be, that my poor abilities in Poetry, shall be all and ever consecrated to God's glory: and I beg you to receive this as one testimony.'

My God, where is that ancient heat towards thee,
  Wherewith whole shoals of Martyrs once did burn,
  Besides their other flames? Doth Poetry
Wear Venus' livery? only serve her turn?
Why are not Sonnets made of thee? and lays
  Upon thine altar burnt? Cannot thy love
  Heighten a spirit to sound out thy praise
As well as any she? Cannot thy Dove
Outstrip their Cupid easily in flight?
  Or, since thy ways are deep, and still the same,
  Will not a verse run smooth that bears thy name?
Why doth that fire, which by thy power and might
  Each breast does feel, no braver fuel choose
  Than that, which one day, worms may chance refuse?
Sure, Lord, there is enough in thee to dry
  Oceans of ink; for as the Deluge did
  Cover the Earth, so doth thy Majesty;
Each cloud distils thy praise, and doth forbid
Poets to turn it to another use.
  Roses and lilies speak Thee; and to make
  A pair of cheeks of them, is thy abuse.
Why should I women's eyes for crystal take?

Such poor invention burns in their low mind
  Whose fire is wild, and doth not upward go
  To praise, and on thee, Lord, some ink bestow.
Open the bones, and you shall nothing find
  In the best face but filth; when, Lord, in Thee
  The beauty lies in the discovery. G. H.

This was his resolution at the sending this letter to his dear Mother, about which time he was in the seventeenth year of his age: and as he grew older, so he grew in learning, and more and more in favour both with God and man: insomuch that, in this morning of that short day of his life, he seemed to be marked out for virtue, and to become the care of Heaven; for God still kept his soul in so holy a frame, that he may, and ought to be a pattern of virtue to all posterity, and especially to his brethren of the Clergy, of which the Reader may expect a more exact account in what will follow.

I need not declare that he was a strict student, because, that he was so, there will be many testimonies in the future part of his life. I shall therefore only tell, that he was made Minor Fellow in the year 1609, Bachelor of Arts in the year 1611; Major Fellow of the College, March 15th, 1615: and that in that year he was also made Master of Arts, he being then in the 22nd year of his age; during all which time, all, or the greatest diversion from his study, was the practice of Music, in which he became a great master; and of which he would say, 'That it did relieve his drooping spirits, compose his distracted thoughts, and raised his weary soul so far above earth, that it gave him an earnest of the joys of Heaven, before he possessed them.' And it may be noticed, that from his first entrance into the College, the generous Dr. Nevil was a cherisher of his studies, and such a lover of his person, his behaviour, and the excellent endowments of his mind, that he took him often into his own company; by which he confirmed his native gentleness: and if during his time he expressed any error, it was, that he kept himself too much retired, and at too great a distance with all his inferiors; and his clothes seemed to prove, that he put too great a value on his parts and parentage.

This may be some account of his disposition, and of the employment of his time till he was Master of Arts, which was anno 1615, and in the year 1619 he was chosen Orator for the University. His two precedent Orators were Sir Robert Naunton, and Sir Francis Nethersole. The first was not long after made Secretary of State, and Sir Francis, not very long after his being Orator, was made Secretary to the Lady Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia. In this place of Orator our George Herbert continued eight years; and managed it with as becoming and grave a gaiety, as any had ever before or since his time. For 'he had acquired great learning, and was blessed with a high fancy, a civil and sharp wit; and with a natural elegance, both in his behaviour, his tongue, and his pen.' Of all which there might be very many particular evidences; but I will limit myself to the mention of but three.

And the first notable occasion of shewing his fitness for this employment of Orator was manifested in a letter to King James, upon the occasion of his sending that University his book called *Basilicon Doron*; and their Orator was to acknowledge this great honour, and return their gratitude to his Majesty for such a condescension; at the close of which letter he writ,

Quid Vaticanam Bodleianamque objicis, hospes!
Unicus est nobis Bibliotheca Liber.

This letter was writ in such excellent Latin, was so full of conceits, and all the expressions so suited to the genius of the King, that he enquired the Orator's name, and then asked William Earl of Pembroke, if he knew him? whose answer was, 'That he knew him very well, and that he was his kinsman; but he loved him more for his learning and virtue, than for that he was of his name and family.' At which answer the King smiled, and asked the Earl leave that he might love him too, for he took him to be the jewel of that University.

The next occasion he had and took to shew his great abilities, was, with them, to shew also his great affection to that Church in which he received his baptism, and of which

he professed himself a member; and the occasion was this: There was one Andrew Melvin, a Minister of the Scotch Church, and Rector of St. Andrew's; who, by a long and constant converse with a discontented part of that Clergy which opposed Episcopacy, became at last to be a chief leader of that faction; and had proudly appeared to be so to King James, when he was but King of that nation, who, the second year after his Coronation in England, convened a part of the Bishops, and other learned Divines of his Church, to attend him at Hampton-Court, in order to a friendly conference with some dissenting brethren, both of this and the Church of Scotland: of which Scotch party Andrew Melvin was one; and he being a man of learning, and inclined to satirical poetry, had scattered many malicious, bitter verses against our Liturgy, our ceremonies, and our Church-government; which were by some of that party so magnified for the wit, that they were therefore brought into Westminster School, where Mr. George Herbert, then, and often after, made such answers to them, and such reflections on him and his Kirk, as might unbeguile any man that was not too deeply pre-engaged in such a quarrel.—But to return to Mr. Melvin at Hampton-Court Conference; he there appeared to be a man of an unruly wit, of a strange confidence, of so furious a zeal, and of so ungoverned passions, that his insolence to the King, and others at this Conference, lost him both his Rectorship of St. Andrew's and his liberty too; for his former verses, and his present reproaches there used against the Church and State, caused him to be committed prisoner to the Tower of London; where he remained very angry for three years. At which time of his commitment, he found the Lady Arabella an innocent prisoner there; and he pleased himself much in sending, the next day after his commitment, these two verses to the good lady; which I will underwrite, because they may give the Reader a taste of his others, which were like these.

Causa tibi mecum est communis, carceris, Ara-
Bella, tibi causa est, Araque sacra mihi.

I shall not trouble my Reader with an account of his enlargement from that prison, or his death; but tell him Mr. Herbert's verses were thought so worthy to be preserved, that Dr. Duport, the learned Dean of Peterborough hath lately collected and caused many of them to be printed, as an honourable memorial of his friend Mr. George Herbert, and the cause he undertook.

And in order to my third and last observation of his great abilities, it will be needful to declare, that about this time King James came very often to hunt at Newmarket and Royston, and was almost as often invited to Cambridge, where his entertainment was comedies, suited to his pleasant humour; and where Mr. George Herbert was to welcome him with gratulations, and the applauses of an Orator; which he always performed so well, that he still grew more into the King's favour, insomuch that he had a particular appointment to attend his Majesty at Royston; where, after a discourse with him, his Majesty declared to his kinsman, the Earl of Pembroke, that he found the Orator's learning and wisdom much above his age or wit. The year following, the King appointed to end his progress at Cambridge, and to stay there certain days; at which time he was attended by the great Secretary of Nature and all learning, Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, and by the ever-memorable and learned Dr. Andrews, Bishop of Winchester, both which did at that time begin a desired friendship with our Orator. Upon whom, the first put such a value on his judgment, that he usually desired his approbation before he would expose any of his books to be printed; and thought him so worthy of his friendship, that having translated many of the Prophet David's Psalms into English verse, he made George Herbert his patron, by a public dedication of them to him, as the best judge of Divine Poetry. And for the learned Bishop, it is observable, that at that time there fell to be a modest debate betwixt them two about Predestination, and Sanctity of life; of both of which the Orator did, not long after, send the Bishop some safe and useful aphorisms, in a long letter, written in Greek; which

letter was so remarkable for the language and reason of it, that, after the reading of it, the Bishop put it into his bosom, and did often shew it to many Scholars, both of this and foreign nations; but did always return it back to the place where he first lodged it, and continued it so near his heart till the last day of his life.

To this I might add the long and entire friendship betwixt him and Sir Henry Wotton, and Dr. Donne; but I have promised to contract myself, and shall therefore only add one testimony to what is also mentioned in the *Life of Dr. Donne*; namely, that a little before his death he caused many Seals to be made, and in them to be engraven the figure of Christ, crucified on an Anchor,—the emblem of Hope,—and of which Dr. Donne would often say, '*Crux mihi anchora.*'—These Seals he gave or sent to most of those friends on which he put a value: and, at Mr. Herbert's death, these verses were found wrapt up with that seal, which was by the Doctor given to him;

When my dear friend could write no more,
He gave this *Seal* and so gave o'er.

When winds and waves rise highest I am sure,
This *Anchor* keeps my faith, that, me secure.

At this time of being Orator, he had learned to understand the Italian, Spanish, and French tongues very perfectly: hoping, that as his predecessors, so he might in time attain the place of a Secretary of State, he being at that time very high in the King's favour, and not meanly valued and loved by the most eminent and most powerful of the Court Nobility. This, and the love of a Court-conversation, mixed with a laudable ambition to be something more than he then was, drew him often from Cambridge, to attend the King wheresoever the Court was, who then gave him a sinecure, which fell into his Majesty's disposal, I think, by the death of the Bishop of St. Asaph. It was the same that Queen Elizabeth had formerly given to her favourite Sir Philip Sidney, and valued to be worth an hundred and twenty pounds per annum. With this,

and his annuity, and the advantage of his College, and of his Oratorship, he enjoyed his genteel humour for clothes, and Court-like company, and seldom looked towards Cambridge, unless the King were there, but then he never failed; and, at other times, left the manage of his Orator's place to his learned friend, Mr. Herbert Thorndike, who is now Prebend of Westminster.

I may not omit to tell, that he had often designed to leave the University, and decline all study, which he thought did impair his health? for he had a body apt to a consumption, and to fevers, and other infirmities, which he judged were increased by his studies; for he would often say, 'He had too thoughtful a wit; a wit like a penknife in too narrow a sheath, too sharp for his body.' But his Mother would by no means allow him to leave the University, or to travel; and though he inclined very much to both, yet he would by no means satisfy his own desires at so dear a rate, as to prove an undutiful son to so affectionate a Mother; but did always submit to her wisdom. And what I have now said may partly appear in a copy of verses in his printed poems; 'tis one of those that bears the title of Affliction; and it appears to be a pious reflection on God's providence, and some passages of his life, in which he says,

Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
The way that takes the town:
Thou didst betray me to a lingering book,
And wrap me in a gown:
I was entangled in a world of strife,
Before I had the power to change my life.

Yet, for I threaten'd oft the siege to raise,
Not simpering all mine age;
Thou often didst with academic praise
Melt and dissolve my rage:
I took the sweeten'd pill, till I came where
I could not go away, nor persevere.

Yet, lest perchance I should too happy be
In my unhappiness,
Turning my purge to food, thou throwest me
Into more sicknesses.

Thus doth thy power cross-bias me, not making
Thine own gifts good, yet me from my ways taking.

Now I am here, what thou wilt do with me
None of my books will show.
I read, and sigh, and wish I were a tree,
For then sure I should grow
To fruit or shade, at least some bird would trust
Her household with me, and I would be just.

Yet, though thou troublest me, I must be meek,
In weakness must be stout,
Well, I will change my service, and go seek
Some other master out;
Ah, my dear God! though I am clean forgot,
Let me not love thee, if I love thee not.

G. H.

In this time of Mr. Herbert's attendance and expectation of some good occasion to remove from Cambridge to Court, God, in whom there is an unseen chain of causes, did in a short time put an end to the lives of two of his most obliging and most powerful friends, Lodowick Duke of Richmond, and James Marquis of Hamilton; and not long after him King James died also, and with them, all Mr. Herbert's Court-hopes: so that he presently betook himself to a retreat from London, to a friend in Kent, where he lived very privately, and was such a lover of solitariness, as was judged to impair his health, more than his study had done. In this time of retirement, he had many conflicts with himself, whether he should return to the painted pleasures of a Court-life, or betake himself to a study of Divinity, and enter into Sacred Orders, to which his dear mother had often persuaded him. These were such conflicts, as they only can know, that have endured them; for ambitious desires, and the outward glory of this world, are not easily laid aside; but at last God inclined him to put on a resolution to serve at his altar.

He did, at his return to London, acquaint a Court-friend with his resolution to enter into Sacred Orders, who persuaded him to alter it, as too mean an employment, and too much below his birth, and the excellent abilities and

endowments of his mind. To whom he replied, 'It hath been formerly judged that the domestic servants of the King of Heaven should be of the noblest families on earth. And though the iniquity of the late times have made clergymen meanly valued, and the sacred name of priest contemptible; yet I will labour to make it honourable, by consecrating all my learning, and all my poor abilities to advance the glory of that God that gave them; knowing that I can never do too much for him, that hath done so much for me, as to make me a Christian. And I will labour to be like my Saviour, by making humility lovely in the eyes of all men, and by following the merciful and meek example of my dear Jesus.'

This was then his resolution; and the God of constancy, who intended him for a great example of virtue, continued him in it, for within that year he was made Deacon, but the day when, or by whom, I cannot learn; but that he was about that time made Deacon, is most certain; for I find by the Records of Lincoln, that he was made Prebend of Layton Ecclesia, in the Diocese of Lincoln, July 15th, 1626, and that this Prebend was given him by John, then Lord Bishop of that See. And now he had a fit occasion to shew that piety and bounty that was derived from his generous mother, and his other memorable ancestors, and the occasion was this.

This Layton Ecclesia is a village near to Spalden, in the County of Huntingdon, and the greatest part of the Parish Church was fallen down, and that of it which stood was so decayed, so little, and so useless, that the parishioners could not meet to perform their duty to God in public prayer and praises; and thus it had been for almost twenty years, in which time there had been some faint endeavours for a public collection to enable the parishioners to rebuild it; but with no success, till Mr. Herbert undertook it; and he, by his own, and the contribution of many of his kindred, and other noble friends, undertook the re-edification of it; and made it so much his whole business, that he became restless till he saw it finished as it now stands; being for the workman-

ship, a costly mosaic; for the form, an exact cross; and for the decency and beauty, I am assured, it is the most remarkable parish church that this nation affords. He lived to see it so wainscotted, as to be exceeded by none; and, by his order, the Reading pew and Pulpit were a little distant from each other, and both of an equal height; for he would often say, 'They should neither have a precedency or priority of the other; but that prayer and preaching, being equally useful, might agree like brethren, and have an equal honour and estimation.'

Before I proceed farther, I must look back to the time of Mr. Herbert's being made prebend, and tell the reader, that not long after, his mother being informed of his intentions to rebuild that church, and apprehending the great trouble and charge that he was like to draw upon himself, his relations and friends, before it could be finished, sent for him from London to Chelsea,—where she then dwelt,—and at his coming, said, 'George, I sent for you, to persuade you to commit Simony, by giving your patron as good a gift as he has given to you; namely, that you give him back his prebend; for, George, it is not for your weak body, and empty purse, to undertake to build Churches.' Of which, he desired he might have a day's time to consider, and then make her an answer. And at his return to her the next day, when he had first desired her blessing, and she given it him, his next request was, 'That she would at the age of thirty-three years, allow him to become an undutiful son: for he had made a vow to God, that, if he were able, he would rebuild that Church.' And then shewed her such reasons for his resolution, that she presently subscribed to be one of his benefactors; and undertook to solicit William Earl of Pembroke to become another, who subscribed for fifty pounds; and not long after, by a witty and persuasive letter from Mr. Herbert, made it fifty pounds more. And in this nomination of some of his benefactors, James Duke of Lenox, and his brother, Sir Henry Herbert, ought to be remembered; as also the bounty of Mr. Nicholas Farrer, and Mr. Arthur Woodnot: the one a gentleman

in the neighbourhood of Layton, and the other a Goldsmith in Foster Lane, London, ought not to be forgotten: for the memory of such men ought to outlive their lives. Of Mr. Farrer, I shall hereafter give an account in a more seasonable place; but before I proceed farther, I will give this short account of Mr. Arthur Woodnot.

He was a man that had considered overgrown estates do often require more care and watchfulness to preserve than get them, and considered that there be many discontents, that riches cure not; and did therefore set limits to himself, as to desire of wealth. And having attained so much as to be able to shew some mercy to the poor, and preserve a competence for himself, he dedicated the remaining part of his life to the service of God, and to be useful for his friends; and he proved to be so to Mr. Herbert; for beside his own bounty, he collected and returned most of the money that was paid for the rebuilding of that Church; he kept all the account of the charges, and would often go down to state them, and see all the workmen paid. When I have said, that this good man was a useful friend to Mr. Herbert's father, and to his mother, and continued to be so to him, till he closed his eyes on his death-bed; I will forbear to say more, till I have the next fair occasion to mention the holy friendship that was betwixt him and Mr. Herbert. From whom Mr. Woodnot carried to his mother this following letter, and delivered it to her in a sickness, which was not long before that which proved to be her last.

A Letter of Mr. George Herbert *to his Mother, in her Sickness*

'Madam,

'At my last parting from you, I was the better content, because I was in hope I should myself carry all sickness out of your family: but since I know I did not and that your share continues, or rather increaseth, I wish earnestly that I were again with you; and would quickly make good my wish, but that my employment does fix me here, it being now but a month to our commencement: wherein

my absence, by how much it naturally augmenteth suspicion, by so much shall it make my prayers the more constant and the more earnest for you to the God of all consolation.—In the mean time, I beseech you to be cheerful, and comfort yourself in the God of all comfort, who is not willing to behold any sorrow but for sin.—What hath affliction grievous in it more than for a moment? or why should our afflictions here, have so much power or boldness as to oppose the hope of our joys hereafter?—Madam, as the earth is but a point in respect of the heavens, so are earthly troubles compared to heavenly joys; therefore, if either age or sickness lead you to those joys, consider what advantage you have over youth and health, who are now so near those true comforts. Your last letter gave me earthly preferment, and I hope kept heavenly for yourself: but would you divide and choose too? Our College customs allow not that: and I should account myself most happy, if I might change with you; for I have always observed the thread of life to be like other threads or skeins of silk, full of snarles and incumbrances. Happy is he, whose bottom is wound up, and laid ready for work in the New Jerusalem.—For myself, dear Mother, I always feared sickness more than death, because sickness hath made me unable to perform those offices for which I came into the world, and must yet be kept in it; but you are freed from that fear, who have already abundantly discharged that part, having both ordered your family and so brought up your children, that they have attained to the years of discretion, and competent maintenance. So that now, if they do not well, the fault cannot be charged on you, whose example and care of them will justify you both to the world and your own conscience; insomuch that, whether you turn your thoughts on the life past, or on the joys that are to come, you have strong preservatives against all disquiet. And for temporal afflictions, I beseech you consider, all that can happen to you are either afflictions of estate, or body, or mind. For those of estate, of what poor regard ought they to be? since, if we had riches, we are commanded to give them

away: so that the best use of them is, having, not to have them. But perhaps, being above the common people, our credit and estimation calls on us to live in a more splendid fashion: but, O God! how easily is that answered, when we consider that the blessings in the holy Scripture are never given to the rich, but to the poor. I never find "Blessed be the rich," or "Blessed be the noble"; but, "Blessed be the meek," and, "Blessed be the poor," and, "Blessed be the mourners, for they shall be comforted."—And yet, O God! most carry themselves so, as if they not only not desired, but even feared to be blessed.—And for afflictions of the body, dear Madam, remember the holy Martyrs of God, how they have been burned by thousands, and have endured such other tortures, as the very mention of them might beget amazement: but their fiery trials have had an end; and your's—which, praised be God, are less,—are not like to continue long. I beseech you, let such thoughts as these moderate your present fear and sorrow; and know that if any of yours should prove a Goliah-like trouble, yet you may say with David, "That God, who hath delivered me out of the paws of the lion and bear, will also deliver me out of the hands of this uncircumcised Philistine."—Lastly, for those afflictions of the soul; consider that God intends that to be as a Sacred Temple for himself to dwell in, and will not allow any room there for such an inmate as grief; or allow that any sadness shall be his competitor. And, above all, if any care of future things molest you, remember those admirable words of the Psalmist: "Cast thy care on the Lord, and he shall nourish thee."[1] To which join that of St. Peter, "Casting all your care on the Lord, for he careth for you."[2] What an admirable thing is this, that God puts his shoulder to our burden, and entertains our care for us, that we may the more quietly intend his service! To conclude, let me commend only one place more to you: Philipp. iv. 4. St. Paul saith there, "Rejoice in the Lord always: and again I say, rejoice." He doubles it to take away the scruple of those that might say, What,

[1] *Psal.* lv. 22. [2] 1 *Pet.* v. 7.

shall we rejoice in afflictions? Yes. I say again, rejoice; so that it is not left to us to rejoice, or not rejoice; but, whatsoever befalls us, we must always, at all times, rejoice in the Lord, who taketh care for us. And it follows in the next verse: "Let your moderation appear to all men: The Lord is at hand: Be careful for nothing." What can be said more comfortably? Trouble not yourselves; God is at hand, to deliver us from all, or in all.—Dear Madam, pardon my boldness, and accept the good meaning of

Your most obedient son,

GEORGE HERBERT.

Trin. Coll. *May 25th*, 1622.'

About the year 1629, and the thirty-fourth of his age, Mr. Herbert was seized with a sharp quotidian ague, and thought to remove it by the change of air; to which end, he went to Woodford in Essex, but thither more chiefly to enjoy the company of his beloved brother, Sir Henry Herbert, and other friends then of that family. In his house he remained about twelve months, and there became his own physician, and cured himself of his ague, by forbearing drink, and not eating any meat, no not mutton, nor a hen, or pigeon, unless they were salted; and by such a constant diet he removed his ague, but with inconveniences that were worse; for he brought upon himself a disposition to rheums, and other weaknesses, and a supposed consumption. And it is to be noted, that in the sharpest of his extreme fits he would often say, 'Lord, abate my great affliction, or increase my patience: but Lord, I repine not; I am dumb, Lord, before thee, because thou doest it.' By which, and a sanctified submission to the will of God, he shewed he was inclinable to bear the sweet yoke of Christian discipline, both then and in the latter part of his life, of which there will be many true testimonies.

And now his care was to recover from his consumption, by a change from Woodford into such an air as was most proper to that end. And his remove was to Dauntsey in

Wiltshire, a noble house, which stands in a choice air; the owner of it then was the Lord Danvers, Earl of Danby, who loved Mr. Herbert so very much, that he allowed him such an apartment in it as might best suit with his accommodation and liking. And in this place, by a spare diet, declining all perplexing studies, moderate exercise, and a cheerful conversation, his health was apparently improved to a good degree of strength and cheerfulness. And then he declared his resolution both to marry, and to enter into the Sacred Orders of Priesthood. These had long been the desires of his Mother, and his other relations; but she lived not to see either, for she died in the year 1627. And though he was disobedient to her about Layton Church, yet, in conformity to her will, he kept his Orator's place till after her death, and then presently declined it; and the more willingly, that he might be succeeded by his friend Robert Creighton, who now is Dr. Creighton, and the worthy Bishop of Wells.

I shall now proceed to his marriage; in order to which, it will be convenient that I first give the Reader a short view of his person, and then an account of his wife, and of some circumstances concerning both.—He was for his person of a stature inclining towards tallness; his body was very straight, and so far from being cumbered with too much flesh, that he was lean to an extremity. His aspect was cheerful, and his speech and motion did both declare him a gentleman; for they were all so meek and obliging, that they purchased love and respect from all that knew him.

These, and his other visible virtues, begot him much love from a gentleman of a noble fortune, and a near kinsman to his friend the Earl of Danby; namely, from Mr. Charles Danvers of Bainton, in the County of Wilts, Esq. This Mr. Danvers, having known him long, and familiarly, did so much affect him, that he often and publicly declared a desire, that Mr. Herbert would marry any of his nine daughters,—for he had so many,—but rather his daughter Jane than any other, because Jane was his beloved daughter. And he had often said the same to

Mr. Herbert himself; and that if he could like her for a wife, and she him for a husband, Jane should have a double blessing: and Mr. Danvers had so often said the like to Jane, and so much commended Mr. Herbert to her, that Jane became so much a platonic, as to fall in love with Mr. Herbert unseen.

This was a fair preparation for a marriage; but, alas! her father died before Mr. Herbert's retirement to Dauntsey: yet some friends to both parties procured their meeting; at which time a mutual affection entered into both their hearts, as a conqueror enters into a surprised city; and love having got such possession, governed, and made there such laws and resolutions, as neither party was able to resist; insomuch, that she changed her name into Herbert the third day after this first interview.

This haste might in others be thought a love-frenzy, or worse; but it was not, for they had wooed so like princes, as to have select proxies; such as were true friends to both parties, such as well understood Mr. Herbert's and her temper of mind, and also their estates, so well before this interview, that the suddenness was justifiable by the strictest rules of prudence; and the more, because it proved so happy to both parties; for the eternal lover of mankind made them happy in each other's mutual and equal affections, and compliance; indeed, so happy, that there never was any opposition betwixt them, unless it were a contest which should most incline to a compliance with the other's desires. And though this begot, and continued in them, such a mutual love, and joy, and content, as was no way defective; yet this mutual content, and love, and joy, did receive a daily augmentation, by such daily obligingness to each other, as still added such new affluences to the former fulness of these divine souls, as was only improvable in Heaven, where they now enjoy it.

About three months after this marriage, Dr. Curle, who was then Rector of Bemerton, in Wiltshire, was made Bishop of Bath and Wells, and not long after translated to Winchester, and by that means the presentation of a Clerk to Bemerton did not fall to the Earl of Pembroke,

—who was the undoubted Patron of it,—but to the King, by reason of Dr. Curle's advancement: but Philip, then Earl of Pembroke,—for William was lately dead,—requested the King to bestow it upon his kinsman George Herbert; and the King said, 'Most willingly to Mr. Herbert, if it be worth his acceptance'; and the Earl as willingly and suddenly sent it him, without seeking. But though Mr. Herbert had formerly put on a resolution for the Clergy; yet, at receiving this presentation, the apprehension of the last great account, that he was to make for the cure of so many souls, made him fast and pray often, and consider for not less than a month: in which time he had some resolutions to decline both the Priesthood, and that living. And in this time of considering, 'he endured,' as he would often say, 'such spiritual conflicts, as none can think, but only those that have endured them.'

In the midst of these conflicts, his old and dear friend, Mr. Arthur Woodnot, took a journey to salute him at Bainton,—where he then was, with his wife's friends and relations,—and was joyful to be an eye-witness of his health and happy marriage. And after they had rejoiced together some few days, they took a journey to Wilton, the famous seat of the Earls of Pembroke; at which time the King, the Earl, and the whole Court were there, or at Salisbury, which is near to it. And at this time Mr. Herbert presented his thanks to the Earl, for his presentation to Bemerton, but had not yet resolved to accept it, and told him the reason why: but that night, the Earl acquainted Dr. Laud, then Bishop of London, and after Archbishop of Canterbury, with his kinsman's irresolution. And the Bishop did the next day so convince Mr. Herbert, that the refusal of it was a sin, that a tailor was sent for to come speedily from Salisbury to Wilton, to take measure, and make him canonical clothes against next day; which the tailor did: and Mr. Herbert being so habited, went with his presentation to the learned Dr. Davenant, who was then Bishop of Salisbury, and he gave him institution immediately,—for Mr. Herbert had been made Deacon

some years before,—and he was also the same day—which was April 26th, 1630—inducted into the good, and more pleasant than healthful, Parsonage of Bemerton; which is a mile from Salisbury.

I have now brought him to the Parsonage of Bemerton, and to the thirty-sixth year of his age, and must stop here, and bespeak the reader to prepare for an almost incredible story, of the great sanctity of the short remainder of his holy life; a life so full of charity, humility, and all Christian virtues, that it deserves the eloquence of St. Chrysostom to commend and declare it: a life, that if it were related by a pen like his, there would then be no need for this age to look back into times past for the examples of primitive piety; for they might be all found in the life of George Herbert. But now, alas! who is fit to undertake it? I confess I am not; and am not pleased with myself that I must; and profess myself amazed, when I consider how few of the Clergy lived like him then, and how many live so unlike him now. But it becomes not me to censure: my design is rather to assure the reader, that I have used very great diligence to inform myself, that I might inform him of the truth of what follows; and though I cannot adorn it with eloquence, yet I will do it with sincerity.

When at his induction he was shut into Bemerton Church, being left there alone to toll the bell,—as the Law requires him,—he staid so much longer than an ordinary time, before he returned to those friends that staid expecting him at the Church-door, that his friend Mr. Woodnot looked in at the Church-window, and saw him lie prostrate on the ground before the Altar; at which time and place —as he after told Mr. Woodnot—he set some rules to himself, for the future manage of his life; and then and there made a vow to labour to keep them.

And the same night that he had his induction, he said to Mr. Woodnot, 'I now look back upon my aspiring thoughts, and think myself more happy than if I had attained what then I so ambitiously thirsted for. And I can now behold the Court with an impartial eye, and see

plainly that it is made up of fraud and titles, and flattery, and many other such empty, imaginary, painted pleasures; pleasures, that are so empty, as not to satisfy when they are enjoyed. But in God, and his service, is a fulness of all joy and pleasure, and no satiety. And I will now use all my endeavours to bring my relations and dependents to a love and reliance on Him, who never fails those that trust him. But above all, I will be sure to live well, because the virtuous life of a Clergyman is the most powerful eloquence to persuade all that see it to reverence and love, and at least to desire to live like him. And this I will do, because I know we live in an age that hath more need of good examples than precepts. And I beseech that God, who hath honoured me so much as to call me to serve him at his altar, that as by his special grace he hath put into my heart these good desires and resolutions; so he will, by his assisting grace, give me ghostly strength to bring the same to good effect. And I beseech him, that my humble and charitable life may so win upon others, as to bring glory to my Jesus, whom I have this day taken to be my Master and Governor; and I am so proud of his service, that I will always observe, and obey, and do his will; and always call him, Jesus my Master; and I will always contemn my birth, or any title or dignity that can be conferred upon me, when I shall compare them with my title of being a Priest, and serving at the Altar of Jesus my Master.'

And that he did so, may appear in many parts of his book of *Sacred Poems*: especially in that which he calls 'The Odour.' In which he seems to rejoice in the thoughts of that word Jesus, and say, that the adding these words, my Master, to it, and the often repetition of them, seemed to perfume his mind, and leave an oriental fragrancy in his very breath. And for his unforced choice to serve at God's altar, he seems in another place of his poems, 'The Pearl,' (*Matt.* xiii. 45, 46,) to rejoice and say—'He knew the ways of learning; knew what nature does willingly, and what, when it is forced by fire; knew the ways of honour, and when glory inclines the soul to noble expressions;

knew the Court; knew the ways of pleasure, of love, of wit, of music, and upon what terms he declined all these for the service of his Master Jesus'; and then concludes, saying,

> That, through these labyrinths, not my grovelling wit,
> But thy silk twist, let down from Heaven to me,
> Did both conduct, and teach me, how by it
> To climb to thee.

The third day after he was made Rector of Bemerton, and had changed his sword and silk clothes into a canonical coat, he returned so habited with his friend Mr. Woodnot to Bainton; and immediately after he had seen and saluted his wife, he said to her—'You are now a Minister's wife, and must now so far forget your father's house, as not to claim a precedence of any of your parishioners; for you are to know, that a Priest's wife can challenge no precedence or place, but that which she purchases by her obliging humility; and I am sure, places so purchased do best become them. And let me tell you, that I am so good a Herald, as to assure you that this is truth.' And she was so meek a wife, as to assure him, 'it was no vexing news to her, and that he should see her observe it with a cheerful willingness.' And, indeed, her unforced humility, that humility that was in her so original, as to be born with her, made her so happy as to do so; and her doing so begot her an unfeigned love, and a serviceable respect from all that conversed with her; and this love followed her in all places, as inseparably as shadows follow substances in sunshine.

It was not many days before he returned back to Bemerton, to view the Church, and repair the Chancel: and indeed to rebuild almost three parts of his house, which was fallen down, or decayed by reason of his predecessor's living at a better Parsonage-house; namely, at Minal, sixteen or twenty miles from this place. At which time of Mr. Herbert's coming alone to Bemerton, there came to him a poor old woman, with an intent to acquaint him with her necessitous condition, as also with some troubles

of her mind: but after she had spoke some few words to him, she was surprised with a fear, and that begot a shortness of breath, so that her spirits and speech failed her; which he perceiving, did so compassionate her, and was so humble, that he took her by the hand, and said, 'Speak, good mother; be not afraid to speak to me; for I am a man that will hear you with patience; and will relieve your necessities too, if I be able: and this I will do willingly; and therefore, mother, be not afraid to acquaint me with what you desire.' After which comfortable speech, he again took her by the hand, made her sit down by him, and understanding she was of his parish, he told her 'He would be acquainted with her, and take her into his care.' And having with patience heard and understood her wants,—and it is some relief for a poor body to be but heard with patience,—he, like a Christian Clergyman, comforted her by his meek behaviour and counsel: but because that cost him nothing, he relieved her with money too, and so sent her home with a cheerful heart, praising God, and praying for him. Thus worthy, and—like David's blessed man—thus lowly, was Mr. George Herbert in his own eyes, and thus lovely in the eyes of others.

At his return that night to his wife at Bainton, he gave her an account of the passages betwixt him and the poor woman; with which she was so affected, that she went next day to Salisbury, and there bought a pair of blankets, and sent them as a token of her love to the poor woman; and with them a message, 'That she would see and be acquainted with her, when her house was built at Bemerton.'

There be many such passages both of him and his wife, of which some few will be related: but I shall first tell, that he hastened to get the Parish-Church repaired; then to beautify the Chapel,—which stands near his house,—and that at his own great charge. He then proceeded to rebuild the greatest part of the Parsonage-house, which he did also very completely, and at his own charge; and having done this good work, he caused these verses to be

writ upon, or engraven in, the mantle of the chimney in his hall.

To My Successor

If thou chance for to find
A new house to thy mind,
And built without thy cost;
Be good to the poor,
As God gives thee store,
And then my labour's not lost.

We will now, by the Reader's favour, suppose him fixed at Bemerton, and grant him to have seen the Church repaired, and the Chapel belonging to it very decently adorned at his own great charge,—which is a real truth; —and having now fixed him there, I shall proceed to give an account of the rest of his behaviour, both to his parishioners, and those many others that knew and conversed with him.

Doubtless Mr. Herbert had considered, and given rules to himself for his Christian carriage both to God and man, before he entered into Holy Orders. And 'tis not unlike, but that he renewed those resolutions at his prostration before the holy altar, at his induction into the Church of Bemerton: but as yet he was but a Deacon, and therefore longed for the next Ember-week, that he might be ordained Priest, and made capable of administering both the Sacraments. At which time the reverend Dr. Humphrey Henchman, now Lord Bishop of London,—who does not mention him but with some veneration for his life and excellent learning,—tells me, 'He laid his hand on Mr. Herbert's head, and, alas! within less than three years, lent his shoulder to carry his dear friend to his grave.'

And that Mr. Herbert might the better preserve those holy rules which such a Priest as he intended to be, ought to observe; and that time might not insensibly blot them out of his memory, but that the next year might shew him his variations from this year's resolutions; he therefore did set down his rules, then resolved upon, in that order as the world now sees them printed in a little

book, called *The Country Parson*; in which some of his rules are:

The Parson's knowledge.
The Parson on Sundays.
The Parson praying.
The Parson preaching.
The Parson's charity.
The Parson comforting the sick.
The Parson arguing.
The Parson condescending.
The Parson in his journey.
The Parson in his mirth.
The Parson with his Churchwardens.
The Parson blessing the people.

And his behaviour toward God and man may be said to be a practical comment on these, and the other holy rules set down in that useful book: a book so full of plain, prudent, and useful rules, that that Country Parson, that can spare twelve pence, and yet wants it, is scarce excusable; because it will both direct him what he ought to do, and convince him for not having done it.

At the death of Mr. Herbert, this book fell into the hands of his friend Mr. Woodnot; and he commended it into the trusty hands of Mr. Barnabas Oley, who published it with a most conscientious and excellent preface; from which I have had some of those truths, that are related in this life of Mr. Herbert. The text of his first Sermon was taken out of Solomon's *Proverbs*, [chap. iv. 23,] and the words were, 'Keep thy heart with all diligence.' In which first Sermon he gave his Parishioners many necessary, holy, safe rules for the discharge of a good conscience, both to God and man; and delivered his Sermon after a most florid manner, both with great learning and eloquence; but, at the close of this Sermon, told them, 'That should not be his constant way of preaching; for since Almighty God does not intend to lead men to Heaven by hard questions, he would not therefore fill their heads with unnecessary notions; but that, for their sakes, his language and his expressions should be more plain and practical in his future sermons.' And he then made it his humble request, 'That they would be constant to the Afternoon's Service, and Catechising': and shewed

them convincing reasons why he desired it; and his obliging example and persuasions brought them to a willing conformity to his desires.

The texts for all his future sermons—which, God knows, were not many—were constantly taken out of the Gospel for the day; and he did as constantly declare why the Church did appoint that portion of Scripture to be that day read; and in what manner the Collect for every Sunday does refer to the Gospel, or to the Epistle then read to them; and, that they might pray with understanding, he did usually take occasion to explain, not only the Collect for every particular Sunday, but the reasons of all the other Collects and Responses in our Church-service; and made it appear to them, that the whole service of the Church was a reasonable, and therefore an acceptable sacrifice to God: as namely, that we begin with 'Confession of ourselves to be vile, miserable sinners'; and that we begin so, because, till we have confessed ourselves to be such, we are not capable of that mercy which we acknowledge we need, and pray for: but having, in the prayer of our Lord, begged pardon for those sins which we have confessed; and hoping, that as the Priest hath declared our absolution, so by our public confession, and real repentance, we have obtained that pardon; then we dare and do proceed to beg of the Lord, 'to open our lips, that our mouths may shew forth his praise'; for till then we are neither able nor worthy to praise him. But this being supposed, we are then fit to say, 'Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost'; and fit to proceed to a further service of our God, in the Collects, and Psalms, and Lauds, that follow in the service.

And as to the Psalms and Lauds, he proceeded to inform them why they were so often, and some of them daily, repeated in our Church-service; namely, the Psalms every month, because they be an historical and thankful repetition of mercies past, and such a composition of prayers and praises, as ought to be repeated often, and publicly; for with such sacrifice God is honoured and well-pleased. This for the Psalms.

And for the Hymns and Lauds appointed to be daily repeated or sung after the first and second Lessons are read to the congregation; he proceeded to inform them, that it was most reasonable, after they have heard the will and goodness of God declared or preached by the Priest in his reading the two chapters, that it was then a seasonable duty to rise up, and express their gratitude to Almighty God, for those his mercies to them, and to all mankind; and then to say with the Blessed Virgin, 'that their souls do magnify the Lord, and that their spirits do also rejoice in God their Saviour': and that it was their duty also to rejoice with Simeon in his song, and say with him, 'That their eyes have' also 'seen their salvation'; for they have seen that salvation which was but prophesied till his time: and he then broke out into these expressions of joy that he did see it; but they live to see it daily in the history of it, and therefore ought daily to rejoice, and daily to offer up their sacrifices of praise to their God, for that particular mercy. A service, which is now the constant employment of that Blessed Virgin and Simeon, and all those blessed Saints that are possessed of Heaven: and where they are at this time interchangeably and constantly singing, 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God; glory be to God on high, and on earth peace.' And he taught them, that to do this was an acceptable service to God, because the Prophet David says in his Psalms, 'He that praiseth the Lord honoureth him.'

He made them to understand how happy they be that are freed from the encumbrances of that law which our forefathers groaned under: namely, from the legal sacrifices, and from the many ceremonies of the Levitical Law; freed from Circumcision, and from the strict observation of the Jewish Sabbath, and the like. And he made them know, that having received so many and so great blessings, by being born since the days of our Saviour, it must be an acceptable sacrifice to Almighty God, for them to acknowledge those blessings daily, and stand up and worship, and say as Zacharias did, 'Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for he hath—in our days—visited and redeemed his people;

and he hath—in our days—remembered, and shewed that mercy, which by the mouth of the Prophets, he promised to our forefathers; and this he has done according to his holy covenant made with them.' And he made them to understand that we live to see and enjoy the benefit of it, in his Birth, in his Life, his Passion, his Resurrection, and Ascension into Heaven, where he now sits sensible of all our temptations and infirmities; and where he is at this present time making intercession for us, to his and our Father: and therefore they ought daily to express their public gratulations, and say daily with Zacharias, 'Blessed be that Lord God of Israel, that hath thus visited and thus redeemed his people.'—These were some of the reasons, by which Mr. Herbert instructed his congregation for the use of the Psalms and the Hymns appointed to be daily sung or said in the Church-service.

He informed them also, when the Priest did pray only for the congregation, and not for himself; and when they did only pray for him; as namely, after the repetition of the Creed before he proceeds to pray the Lord's Prayer, or any of the appointed Collects, the Priest is directed to kneel down, and pray for them, saying, 'The Lord be with you'; and when they pray for him, saying, 'And with thy spirit'; and then they join together in the following Collects: and he assured them, that when there is such mutual love, and such joint prayers offered for each other, then the holy Angels look down from Heaven, and are ready to carry such charitable desires to God Almighty, and he as ready to receive them; and that a Christian congregation calling thus upon God with one heart, and one voice, and in one reverent and humble posture, looks as beautifully as Jerusalem, that is at peace with itself.

He instructed them also why the prayer of our Lord was prayed often in every full service of the Church; namely, at the conclusion of the several parts of that service; and prayed then, not only because it was composed and commanded by our Jesus that made it, but as a perfect pattern for our less perfect forms of prayer, and therefore fittest to sum up and conclude all our imperfect petitions.

He instructed them also, that as by the second Commandment we are required not to bow down, or worship an idol, or false God; so, by the contrary rule, we are to bow down and kneel, or stand up and worship the true God. And he instructed them why the Church required the congregation to stand up at the repetition of the Creeds; namely, because they thereby declare both their obedience to the Church, and an assent to that faith into which they had been baptized. And he taught them that in that shorter Creed or Doxology, so often repeated daily, they also stood up to testify their belief to be, 'the God that they trusted in was one God, and three persons; the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; to whom they and the Priest gave glory.' And because there had been heretics that had denied some of these three persons to be God, therefore the congregation stood up and honoured him, by confessing and saying, 'It was so in the beginning, is now so, and shall ever be so world without end.' And all gave their assent to this belief, by standing up and saying, Amen.

He instructed them also what benefit they had by the Church's appointing the celebration of holidays and the excellent use of them, namely, that they were set apart for particular commemorations of particular mercies received from almighty God; and—as Reverend Mr. Hooker says—to be the landmarks to distinguish times; for by them we are taught to take notice how time passes by us, and that we ought not to let the years pass without a celebration of praise for those mercies which those days give us occasion to remember, and therefore they were to note that the year is appointed to begin the 25th day of March; a day in which we commemorate the Angel's appearing to the Blessed Virgin, with the joyful tidings that 'she should conceive and bear a son, that should be the Redeemer of mankind.' And she did so forty weeks after this joyful salutation; namely, at our Christmas: a day in which we commemorate his Birth with joy and praise: and that eight days after this happy birth we celebrate his Circumcision; namely, in that which we call New-year's

day. And that, upon that day which we call Twelfth-day, we commemorate the manifestation of the unsearchable riches of Jesus to the Gentiles: and that that day we also celebrate the memory of his goodness in sending a star to guide the three Wise Men from the East to Bethlehem, that they might there worship, and present him with their oblations of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. And he—Mr. Herbert—instructed them, that Jesus was forty days after his birth presented by his blessed Mother in the Temple; namely, on that day which we call, 'The Purification of the Blessed Virgin, Saint Mary.' And he instructed them, that by the Lent-fast we imitate and commemorate our Saviour's humiliation in fasting forty days; and that we ought to endeavour to be like him in purity: and that on Good Friday we commemorate and condole his Crucifixion; and at Easter commemorate his glorious Resurrection. And he taught them that after Jesus had manifested himself to his Disciples to be 'that Christ that was crucified, dead and buried'; and by his appearing and conversing with his Disciples for the space of forty days after his Resurrection, he then, and not till then, ascended into Heaven in the sight of those Disciples; namely, on that day which we call the Ascension, or Holy Thursday. And that we then celebrate the performance of the promise which he made to his Disciples at or before his Ascension; namely, 'that though he left them, yet he would send them the Holy Ghost to be their Comforter'; and that he did so on that day which the Church calls Whitsunday.—Thus the Church keeps an historical and circular commemoration of times, as they pass by us; of such times as ought to incline us to occasional praises, for the particular blessings which we do, or might receive, by those holy commemorations.

He made them know also why the Church hath appointed Ember-weeks; and to know the reason why the Commandments, and the Epistles and Gospels, were to be read at the Altar or Communion Table: why the Priest was to pray the Litany kneeling; and why to pray some Collects standing: and he gave them many other observations, fit

for his plain congregation, but not fit for me now to mention; for I must set limits to my pen, and not make that a treatise, which I intended to be a much shorter account than I have made it: but I have done, when I have told the Reader, that he was constant in catechising every Sunday in the afternoon, and that his catechising was after his Second Lesson, and in the pulpit; and that he never exceeded his half hour, and was always so happy as to have an obedient and a full congregation.

And to this I must add, that if he were at any time too zealous in his Sermons, it was in reproving the indecencies of the people's behaviour in the time of divine service; and of those Ministers that huddle up the Church prayers, without a visible reverence and affection; namely, such as seemed to say the Lord's prayer, or a Collect in a breath. But for himself, his custom was to stop betwixt every Collect, and give the people time to consider what they had prayed, and to force their desires affectionately to God, before he engaged them into new petitions.

And by this account of his diligence to make his parishioners understand what they prayed, and why they praised and adored their Creator, I hope I shall the more easily obtain the reader's belief to the following account of Mr. Herbert's own practice; which was to appear constantly with his wife and three nieces—the daughters of a deceased sister—and his whole family, twice every day at the Church-prayers in the Chapel, which does almost join to his Parsonage-house. And for the time of his appearing, it was strictly at the canonical hours of ten and four: and then and there he lifted up pure and charitable hands to God in the midst of the congregation. And he would joy to have spent that time in that place, where the honour of his Master Jesus dwelleth; and there, by that inward devotion which he testified constantly by an humble behaviour and visible adoration, he, like Joshua, brought not only 'his own household thus to serve the Lord,' but brought most of his parishioners, and many gentlemen in the neighbourhood, constantly to make a part of his congregation twice a day: and some of the meaner sort of

his parish did so love and reverence Mr. Herbert, that they would let their plough rest when Mr. Herbert's Saint's-bell rung to prayers, that they might also offer their devotions to God with him; and would then return back to their plough. And his most holy life was such, that it begot such reverence to God, and to him, that they thought themselves the happier, when they carried Mr. Herbert's blessing back with them to their labour. Thus powerful was his reason and example to persuade others to a practical piety and devotion.

And his constant public prayers did never make him to neglect his own private devotions, nor those prayers that he thought himself bound to perform with his family, which always were a set form, and not long; and he did always conclude them with that Collect which the Church hath appointed for the day or week.—Thus he made every day's sanctity a step towards the kingdom, where impurity cannot enter.

His chiefest recreation was Music, in which heavenly art he was a most excellent master, and did himself compose many Divine Hymns and Anthems, which he set and sung to his lute or viol: and though he was a lover of retiredness, yet his love to Music was such, that he went usually twice every week, on certain appointed days, to the Cathedral Church in Salisbury; and at his return would say, 'that his time spent in prayer, and Cathedral-music, elevated his soul, and was his Heaven upon earth.' But before his return thence to Bemerton, he would usually sing and play his part at an appointed private Music-meeting; and, to justify this practice, he would often say, 'Religion does not banish mirth, but only moderates and set rules to it.'

And as his desire to enjoy his Heaven upon earth drew him twice every week to Salisbury, so his walks thither were the occasion of many happy accidents to others; of which I will mention some few.

In one of his walks to Salisbury he overtook a gentleman, that is still living in that city; and in their walk together, Mr. Herbert took a fair occasion to talk with

him, and humbly begged to be excused, if he asked him some account of his faith; and said, 'I do this the rather, because though you are not of my parish, yet I receive tythe from you by the hand of your tenant; and, Sir, I am the bolder to do it, because I know there be some sermon-hearers that be like those fishes, that always live in salt water and yet are always fresh.'

After which expression, Mr. Herbert asked him some needful questions, and having received his answer, gave him such rules for the trial of his sincerity, and for a practical piety, and in so loving and meek a manner, that the gentleman did so fall in love with him, and his discourse, that he would often contrive to meet him in his walk to Salisbury, or to attend him back to Bemerton; and still mentions the name of Mr. George Herbert with veneration, and still praiseth God for the occasion of knowing him.

In another of his Salisbury walks, he met with a neighbour Minister; and after some friendly discourse betwixt them, and some condolement for the decay of piety, and too general contempt of the Clergy, Mr. Herbert took occasion to say,

'One cure for these distempers would be for the Clergy themselves to keep the Ember-weeks strictly, and beg of their parishioners to join with them in fasting and prayers for a more religious Clergy.

'And another cure would be, for themselves to restore the great and neglected duty of Catechising, on which the Salvation of so many of the poor and ignorant lay-people does depend; but principally, that the Clergy themselves would be sure to live unblameably; and that the dignified Clergy especially which preach temperance, would avoid surfeiting and take all occasions to express a visible humility and charity in their lives; for this would force a love and an imitation, and an unfeigned reverence from all that knew them to be such.' (And for proof of this, we need no other testimony than the life and death of Dr. Lake, late Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells.) 'This,' said Mr. Herbert, 'would be a cure for the wickedness and growing

Atheism of our age. And, my dear brother, till this be done by us, and done in earnest, let no man expect a reformation of the manners of the Laity; for 'tis not learning, but this, this only that must do it; and, till then, the fault must lie at our doors.'

In another walk to Salisbury, he saw a poor man with a poorer horse, that was fallen under his load: they were both in distress, and needed present help; which Mr. Herbert perceiving, put off his canonical coat, and helped the poor man to unload, and after to load, his horse. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man; and was so like the Good Samaritan, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse; and told him, 'That if he loved himself he should be merciful to his beast.' Thus he left the poor man: and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr. George Herbert, which used to be so trim and clean, came into that company so soiled and discomposed: but he told them the occasion. And when one of the company told him 'He had disparaged himself by so dirty an employment,' his answer was, 'That the thought of what he had done would prove music to him at midnight; and that the omission of it would have upbraided and made discord in his conscience, whensoever he should pass by that place: for if I be bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure that I am bound, so far as it is in my power, to practise what I pray for. And though I do not wish for the like occasion every day, yet let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or shewing mercy; and I praise God for this occasion. And now let's tune our instruments.'

Thus, as our blessed Saviour, after his Resurrection, did take occasion to interpret the Scripture to Cleopas, and that other Disciple, which he met with and accompanied in their journey to Emmaus; so Mr. Herbert, in his path toward Heaven, did daily take any fair occasion to instruct the ignorant, or comfort any that were in affliction; and did always confirm his precepts, by shewing humility and mercy, and ministering grace to the hearers.

And he was most happy in his wife's unforced compliance with his acts of Charity, whom he made his almoner, and paid constantly into her hand, a tenth penny of what money he received for tythe, and gave her power to dispose that to the poor of his parish, and with it a power to dispose a tenth part of the corn that came yearly into his barn: which trust she did most faithfully perform, and would often offer to him an account of her stewardship, and as often beg an enlargement of his bounty; for she rejoiced in the employment: and this was usually laid out by her in blankets and shoes for some such poor people as she knew to stand in most need of them. This as to her charity.—And for his own, he set no limits to it: nor did ever turn his face from any that he saw in want, but would relieve them; especially his poor neighbours; to the meanest of whose houses he would go, and inform himself of their wants, and relieve them cheerfully, if they were in distress; and would always praise God, as much for being willing, as for being able to do it. And when he was advised by a friend to be more frugal, because he might have children, his answer was, 'He would not see the danger of want so far off: but being the Scripture does so commend Charity, as to tell us that Charity is the top of Christian virtues, the covering of sins, the fulfilling of the Law, the Life of Faith; and that Charity hath a promise of the blessings of this life, and of a reward in that life which is to come: being these, and more excellent things are in Scripture spoken of thee, O Charity! and that, being all my tythes and Church-dues are a deodate from thee, O my God! make me, O my God! so far to trust thy promise, as to return them back to thee; and by thy grace I will do so, in distributing them to any of thy poor members that are in distress, or do but bear the image of Jesus my Master.' 'Sir,' said he to his friend, 'my wife hath a competent maintenance secured after my death; and therefore, as this is my prayer, so this my resolution shall, by God's grace, be unalterable.'

This may be some account of the excellencies of the active part of his life; and thus he continued, till

a consumption so weakened him, as to confine him to his house, or to the Chapel, which does almost join to it; in which he continued to read prayers constantly twice every day, though he were very weak: in one of which times of his reading, his wife observed him to read in pain, and told him so, and that it wasted his spirits, and weakened him; and he confessed it did, but said, his 'life could not be better spent, than in the service of his Master Jesus, who had done and suffered so much for him. But,' said he, 'I will not be wilful; for though my spirit be willing, yet I find my flesh is weak; and therefore Mr. Bostock shall be appointed to read prayers for me to-morrow; and I will now be only a hearer of them, till this mortal shall put on immortality.' And Mr. Bostock did the next day undertake and continue this happy employment, till Mr. Herbert's death. This Mr. Bostock was a learned and virtuous man, an old friend of Mr. Herbert's and then his Curate to the Church of Fulston, which is a mile from Bemerton, to which Church Bemerton is but a Chapel of Ease. And this Mr. Bostock did also constantly supply the Church-service for Mr. Herbert in that Chapel, when the Music-meeting at Salisbury caused his absence from it.

About one month before his death, his friend Mr. Farrer,—for an account of whom I am by promise indebted to the reader, and intend to make him sudden payment, —hearing of Mr. Herbert's sickness, sent Mr. Edmund Duncon—who is now Rector of Friar Barnet in the County of Middlesex—from his house of Gidden Hall, which is near to Huntingdon, to see Mr. Herbert, and to assure him, he wanted not his daily prayers for his recovery; and Mr. Duncon was to return back to Gidden, with an account of Mr. Herbert's condition. Mr. Duncon found him weak, and at that time lying on his bed, or on a pallet; but at his seeing Mr. Duncon he raised himself vigorously, saluted him, and with some earnestness enquired the health of his brother Farrer; of which Mr. Duncon satisfied him, and after some discourse of Mr. Farrer's holy life, and the manner of his constant

serving God, he said to Mr. Duncon,—'Sir, I see by your habit that you are a Priest, and I desire you to pray with me': which being granted, Mr Duncon asked him, 'What prayers?' To which Mr. Herbert's answer was, 'O, Sir! the prayers of my Mother, the Church of England: no other prayers are equal to them! But at this time, I beg of you to pray only the Litany, for I am weak and faint': and Mr. Duncon did so. After which, and some other discourse of Mr. Farrer, Mrs. Herbert provided Mr. Duncon a plain supper, and a clean lodging, and he betook himself to rest. This Mr. Duncon tells me; and tells me, that, at his first view of Mr. Herbert, he saw majesty and humility so reconciled in his looks and behaviour, as begot in him an awful reverence for his person; and says, 'his discourse was so pious, and his motion so gentle and meek, that after almost forty years, yet they remain still fresh in his memory.'

The next morning Mr. Duncon left him, and betook himself to a journey to Bath, but with a promise to return back to him within five days; and he did so: but before I shall say any thing of what discourse then fell betwixt them two, I will pay my promised account of Mr. Farrer.

Mr. Nicholas Farrer—who got the reputation of being called St. Nicholas at the age of six years—was born in London, and doubtless had good education in his youth; but certainly was, at an early age, made Fellow of Clare-Hall in Cambridge; where he continued to be eminent for his piety, temperance, and learning. About the twenty-sixth year of his age, he betook himself to travel: in which he added, to his Latin and Greek, a perfect knowledge of all the languages spoken in the Western parts of our Christian world; and understood well the principles of their Religion, and of their manner, and the reasons of their worship. In this his travel he met with many persuasions to come into a communion with that church which calls itself Catholic: but he returned from his travels as he went, eminent for his obedience to his mother, the Church of England. In his absence from

England, Mr. Farrer's father—who was a merchant—allowed him a liberal maintenance; and, not long after his return into England, Mr. Farrer had, by the death of his father, or an elder brother, or both, an estate left him, that enabled him to purchase land to the value of four or five hundred pounds a year; the greatest part of which land was at Little Gidden, four or six miles from Huntingdon, and about eighteen from Cambridge; which place he chose for the privacy of it, and for the Hall, which had the Parish-Church or Chapel, belonging and adjoining near to it; for Mr. Farrer, having seen the manners and vanities of the world, and found them to be, as Mr. Herbert says, 'a nothing between two dishes,' did so contemn it, that he resolved to spend the remainder of his life in mortifications, and in devotion, and charity, and to be always prepared for death. And his life was spent thus:

He and his family, which were like a little College, and about thirty in number, did most of them keep Lent and all Ember-weeks strictly, both in fasting and using all those mortifications and prayers that the Church hath appointed to be then used; and he and they did the like constantly on Fridays, and on the Vigils or Eves appointed to be fasted before the Saints' days: and this frugality and abstinence turned to the relief of the poor: but this was but a part of his charity; none but God and he knew the rest.

This family, which I have said to be in number about thirty, were a part of them his kindred, and the rest chosen to be of a temper fit to be moulded into a devout life; and all of them were for their dispositions serviceable, and quiet, and humble, and free from scandal. Having thus fitted himself for his family, he did, about the year 1630, betake himself to a constant and methodical service of God; and it was in this manner:—He, being accompanied with most of his family, did himself use to read the common prayers—for he was a Deacon—every day, at the appointed hours of ten and four, in the Parish-Church, which was very near his house, and which he had both

repaired and adorned; for it was fallen into a great ruin, by reason of a depopulation of the village before Mr. Farrer bought the manor. And he did also constantly read the Matins every morning at the hour of six, either in the Church, or in an Oratory, which was within his own house. And many of the family did there continue with him after the prayers were ended, and there they spent some hours in singing Hymns, or Anthems, sometimes in the Church, and often to an organ in the Oratory. And there they sometimes betook themselves to meditate, or to pray privately, or to read a part of the New Testament to themselves, or to continue their praying or reading the Psalms; and in case the Psalms were not always read in the day, then Mr. Farrer, and others of the congregation, did at night, at the ringing of a watch-bell, repair to the Church or Oratory, and there betake themselves to prayers and lauding God, and reading the Psalms that had not been read in the day: and when these, or any part of the congregation, grew weary or faint, the watch-bell was rung, sometimes before, and sometimes after midnight; and then another part of the family rose, and maintained the watch, sometimes by praying, or singing lauds to God, or reading the Psalms; and when, after some hours, they also grew weary or faint, then they rung the watch-bell and were also relieved by some of the former, or by a new part of the society, which continued their devotions —as hath been mentioned—until morning. And it is to be noted, that in this continued serving of God, the Psalter or the whole Book of Psalms, was in every four and twenty hours sung or read over, from the first to the last verse: and this was done as constantly as the sun runs his circle every day about the world, and then begins again the same instant that it ended.

Thus did Mr. Farrer and his happy family serve God day and night; thus did they always behave themselves as in his presence. And they did always eat and drink by the strictest rules of temperance; eat and drink so as to be ready to rise at midnight, or at the call of a watch-bell, and perform their devotions to God. And 't is fit to tell

the reader, that many of the Clergy, that were more inclined to practical piety and devotion, than to doubtful and needless disputations, did often come to Gidden Hall, and make themselves a part of that happy society, and stay a week or more, and then join with Mr. Farrer and the family in these devotions, and assist and ease him or them in their watch by night. And these various devotions had never less than two of the domestic family in the night; and the watch was always kept in the Church or Oratory, unless in extreme cold winter nights, and then it was maintained in a parlour, which had a fire in it; and the parlour was fitted for that purpose. And this course of piety, and great liberality to his poor neighbours, Mr. Farrer maintained till his death, which was in the year 1639.

Mr. Farrer's and Mr. Herbert's devout lives were both so noted, that the general report of their sanctity gave them occasion to renew that slight acquaintance which was begun at their being contemporaries in Cambridge; and this new holy friendship was long maintained without any interview, but only by loving and endearing letters. And one testimony of their friendship and pious designs, may appear by Mr. Farrer's commending the 'Considerations of John Valdesso'—a book which he had met with in his travels, and translated out of Spanish into English,—to be examined and censured by Mr. Herbert before it was made public: which excellent book Mr. Herbert did read, and return back with many marginal notes, as they be now printed with it; and with them, Mr. Herbert's affectionate letter to Mr. Farrer.

This John Valdesso was a Spaniard, and was for his learning and virtue much valued and loved by the great Emperor Charles the Fifth, whom Valdesso had followed as a Cavalier all the time of his long and dangerous wars: and when Valdesso grew old, and grew weary both of war and the world, he took his fair opportunity to declare to the Emperor, that his resolution was to decline his Majesty's service, and betake himself to a quiet and contemplative life, 'because there ought to be a vacancy of

time betwixt fighting and dying.' The Emperor had himself, for the same, or other like reasons, put on the same resolution: but God and himself did, till then, only know them; and he did therefore desire Valdesso to consider well of what he had said, and to keep his purpose within his own breast, till they two might have a second opportunity of a friendly discourse; which Valdesso promised to do.

In the mean time the Emperor appoints privately a day for him and Valdesso to meet again; and, after a pious and free discourse, they both agreed on a certain day to receive the blessed Sacrament publicly; and appointed an eloquent and devout Friar to preach a Sermon of contempt of the world, and of the happiness and benefit of a quiet and contemplative life; which the Friar did most affectionately. After which Sermon, the Emperor took occasion to declare openly, 'That the Preacher had begot in him a resolution to lay down his dignities, and to forsake the world, and betake himself to a monastical life.' And he pretended, he had persuaded John Valdesso to do the like: but this is most certain, that after the Emperor had called his son Philip out of England, and resigned to him all his kingdoms, that then the Emperor and John Valdesso did perform their resolutions.

This account of John Valdesso I received from a friend, that had it from the mouth of Mr. Farrer. And the Reader may note, that in this retirement John Valdesso writ his *Hundred and Ten Considerations*, and many other treatises of worth, which want a second Mr. Farrer to procure and translate them.

After this account of Mr. Farrer and John Valdesso, I proceed to my account of Mr. Herbert and Mr. Duncon, who according to his promise returned from Bath the fifth day, and then found Mr. Herbert much weaker than he left him; and therefore their discourse could not be long: but at Mr. Duncon's parting with him, Mr. Herbert spoke to this purpose: 'Sir, I pray you give my brother Farrer an account of the decaying condition of my body, and tell him I beg him to continue his daily prayers for

me; and let him know that I have considered, that God only is what he would be; and that I am, by his grace, become now so like him, as to be pleased with what pleaseth him; and tell him, that I do not repine, but am pleased with my want of health: and tell him, my heart is fixed on that place where true joy is only to be found; and that I long to be there, and do wait for my appointed change with hope and patience.' Having said this, he did, with so sweet a humility as seemed to exalt him, bow down to Mr. Duncon, and with a thoughtful and contented look, say to him, 'Sir, I pray deliver this little book to my dear brother Farrer, and tell him, he shall find in it a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed betwixt God and my soul, before I could subject mine to the will of Jesus my Master: in whose service I have now found perfect freedom. Desire him to read it; and then, if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any dejected poor soul, let it be made public; if not, let him burn it; for I and it are less than the least of God's mercies.' Thus meanly did this humble man think of this excellent book, which now bears the name of *The Temple; or, Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations*; of which Mr. Farrer would say, 'There was in it the picture of a divine soul in every page: and that the whole book was such a harmony of holy passions, as would enrich the world with pleasure and piety.' And it appears to have done so; for there have been more than twenty thousand of them sold since the first impression.

And this ought to be noted, that when Mr. Farrer sent this book to Cambridge to be licensed for the press, the Vice-Chancellor would by no means allow the two so much noted verses,

> Religion stands a tiptoe in our land,
> Ready to pass to the American strand,

to be printed; and Mr. Farrer would by no means allow the book to be printed and want them. But after some time, and some arguments for and against their being made

public, the Vice-Chancellor said, 'I knew Mr. Herbert well, and know that he had many heavenly speculations, and was a divine poet: but I hope the world will not take him to be an inspired prophet, and therefore I license the whole book.' So that it came to be printed without the diminution or addition of a syllable, since it was delivered into the hands of Mr. Duncon, save only that Mr. Farrer hath added that excellent Preface that is printed before it.

At the time of Mr. Duncon's leaving Mr. Herbert,—which was about three weeks before his death,—his old and dear friend Mr. Woodnot came from London to Bemerton, and never left him till he had seen him draw his last breath, and closed his eyes on his death-bed. In this time of his decay, he was often visited and prayed for by all the Clergy that lived near to him, especially by his friends the Bishop and Prebends of the Cathedral Church in Salisbury; but by none more devoutly than his wife, his three nieces,—then a part of his family,—and Mr. Woodnot, who were the sad witnesses of his daily decay; to whom he would often speak to this purpose: 'I now look back upon the pleasures of my life past, and see the content I have taken in beauty, in wit, in music, and pleasant conversation, are now all past by me like a dream, or as a shadow that returns not, and are now all become dead to me, or I to them; and I see, that as my father and generation hath done before me, so I also shall now suddenly (with Job) make my bed also in the dark; and I praise God I am prepared for it; and I praise him that I am not to learn patience now I stand in such need of it; and that I have practised mortification, and endeavoured to die daily, that I might not die eternally; and my hope is, that I shall shortly leave this valley of tears, and be free from all fevers and pain; and, which will be a more happy condition, I shall be free from sin, and all the temptations and anxieties that attend it: and this being past, I shall dwell in the New Jerusalem; dwell there with men made perfect; dwell where these eyes shall see my Master and Saviour Jesus; and with him see my dear Mother, and all my relations and friends. But I must

die, or not come to that happy place. And this is my content, that I am going daily towards it: and that every day which I have lived, hath taken a part of my appointed time from me; and that I shall live the less time, for having lived this and the day past.' These, and the like expressions, which he uttered often, may be said to be his enjoyment of Heaven before he enjoyed it. The Sunday before his death, he rose suddenly from his bed or couch, called for one of his instruments, took it into his hand and said,

My God, my God,
My music shall find thee,
And every string
Shall have his attribute to sing.

And having tuned it, he played and sung:

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King:
On Sundays Heaven's doors stand ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

Thus he sung on earth such Hymns and Anthems, as the Angels, and he, and Mr. Farrer, now sing in Heaven.

Thus he continued meditating, and praying, and rejoicing, till the day of his death; and on that day said to Mr. Woodnot, 'My dear friend, I am sorry I have nothing to present to my merciful God but sin and misery; but the first is pardoned, and a few hours will now put a period to the latter; for I shall suddenly go hence, and be no more seen.' Upon which expression Mr. Woodnot took occasion to remember him of the re-edifying Layton Church, and his many acts of mercy. To which he made answer, saying, 'They be good works, if they be sprinkled with the blood of Christ, and not otherwise.' After this discourse he became more restless, and his soul seemed to be weary of her earthly tabernacle; and this uneasiness became so visible, that his wife, his three nieces, and Mr. Woodnot, stood constantly about

his bed, beholding him with sorrow, and an unwillingness to lose the sight of him, whom they could not hope to see much longer. As they stood thus beholding him, his wife observed him to breathe faintly, and with much trouble, and observed him to fall into a sudden agony; which so surprised her, that she fell into a sudden passion, and required of him to know how he did. To which his answer was, 'that he had passed a conflict with his last enemy, and had overcome him by the merits of his Master Jesus.' After which answer, he looked up, and saw his wife and nieces weeping to an extremity, and charged them, if they loved him, to withdraw into the next room, and there pray every one alone for him; for nothing but their lamentations could make his death uncomfortable. To which request their sighs and tears would not suffer them to make any reply; but they yielded him a sad obedience, leaving only with him Mr. Woodnot and Mr. Bostock. Immediately after they had left him, he said to Mr. Bostock, 'Pray, Sir, open that door, then look into that cabinet, in which you may easily find my last Will, and give it into my hand': which being done, Mr. Herbert delivered it into the hand of Mr. Woodnot, and said, 'My old friend, I here deliver you my last Will, in which you will find that I have made you my sole Executor for the good of my wife and nieces; and I desire you to shew kindness to them, as they shall need it: I do not desire you to be just; for I know you will be so for your own sake; but I charge you, by the religion of our friendship, to be careful of them.' And having obtained Mr. Woodnot's promise to be so, he said, 'I am now ready to die.' After which words, he said, 'Lord, forsake me not now my strength faileth me: but grant me mercy for the merits of my Jesus. And now, Lord—Lord, now receive my soul.' And with those words he breathed forth his divine soul, without any apparent disturbance, Mr. Woodnot and Mr. Bostock attending his last breath, and closing his eyes.

Thus he lived, and thus he died, like a Saint, unspotted

of the world, full of alms-deeds, full of humility, and all the examples of a virtuous life; which I cannot conclude better, than with this borrowed observation:

> ——All must to their cold graves:
> But the religious actions of the just
> Smell sweet in death, and blossom in the dust.

Mr. George Herbert's have done so to this, and will doubtless do so to succeeding generations.—I have but this to say more of him; that if Andrew Melvin died before him, then George Herbert died without an enemy. I wish—if God shall be so pleased—that I may be so happy as to die like him.

Iz. Wa.

There is a debt justly due to the memory of Mr. Herbert's virtuous Wife; a part of which I will endeavour to pay, by a very short account of the remainder of her life, which shall follow.

She continued his disconsolate widow about six years, bemoaning herself, and complaining, that she had lost the delight of her eyes; but more that she had lost the spiritual guide for her poor soul; and would often say, 'O that I had, like holy Mary, the Mother of Jesus, treasured up all his sayings in my heart! But since I have not been able to do that, I will labour to live like him, that where he now is I may be also.' And she would often say,—as the Prophet David for his son Absalom,—'O that I had died for him!' Thus she continued mourning till time and conversation had so moderated her sorrows, that she became the happy wife of Sir Robert Cook, of Highnam, in the County of Gloucester, Knight. And though he put a high value on the excellent accomplishments of her mind and body, and was so like Mr. Herbert, as not to govern like a master, but as an affectionate husband; yet she would even to him often take occasion to mention the name of Mr. George Herbert, and say, that name must live in her memory till she put off mortality. By Sir Robert she had only one child, a daughter, whose parts and plentiful estate make her happy in this world, and her well using of them

gives a fair testimony that she will be so in that which is to come.

Mrs. Herbert was the wife of Sir Robert eight years, and lived his widow about fifteen; all which time she took a pleasure in mentioning and commending the excellencies of Mr. George Herbert. She died in the year 1663, and lies buried at Highnam: Mr. Herbert in his own Church, under the altar, and covered with a gravestone without any inscription.

This Lady Cook had preserved many of Mr. Herbert's private writings, which she intended to make public; but they and Highnam House were burnt together by the late rebels, and so lost to posterity.

I. W.

THE LIFE OF DR. ROBERT SANDERSON,

Late Bishop of Lincoln

Eccles. iii.—*Mysteries are revealed to the meek*

To the Right Reverend and Honourable,
GEORGE, LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER,
Prelate of the Garter, and one of His Majesty's Privy Council

MY LORD,

IF I should undertake to enumerate the many favours and advantages I have had by my very long acquaintance with your Lordship, I should enter upon an employment, that might prove as tedious as the collecting of the materials for this poor Monument, which I have erected, and do dedicate to the Memory of your beloved friend, Dr. Sanderson: But though I will not venture to do that; yet I do remember with pleasure, and remonstrate with gratitude, that your Lordship made me known to him, Mr. Chillingworth, and Dr. Hammond; men, whose merits ought never to be forgotten.

My friendship with the first was begun almost forty years past, when I was as far from a thought, as a desire to outlive him; and farther from an intention to write his Life. But the wise Disposer of all men's lives and actions hath prolonged the first, and now permitted the last; which is here dedicated to your Lordship,—and, as it ought to be—with all humility, and a desire that it may remain as a public testimony of my gratitude.—My Lord, Your most affectionate old friend, and most humble servant,

IZAAK WALTON.

THE PREFACE

I DARE neither think, nor assure the Reader, that I have committed no mistakes in this relation of the Life of Dr. Sanderson; but am sure, there is none that are either wilful, or very material. I confess, it was worthy the employment of some person of more Learning and greater abilities than I can pretend to; and I have not a little wondered that none have yet been so grateful to him and to posterity, as to undertake it. For as it may be noted, that our Saviour had a care, that, for Mary Magdalen's kindness to him, her name should never be forgotten: So I conceive, the great satisfaction many scholars have already had, and the unborn world is like to have, by his exact, clear and useful learning: and might have by a true narrative of his matchless meekness, his calm fortitude, and the innocence of his whole life: doth justly challenge the like from this present age: that posterity may not be ignorant of them: And 'tis to me a wonder, that it has been already fifteen years neglected. But, in saying this, my meaning is not to upbraid others,—I am far from that,—but excuse myself, or beg pardon for daring to attempt it. This being premised, I desire to tell the Reader, that in this relation I have been so bold, as to paraphrase and say, what I think he—whom I had the happiness to know well—would have said upon the same occasions: and if I have been too bold in doing so, and cannot now beg pardon of him that loved me; yet I do of my Reader, from whom I desire the same favour.

And, though my age might have procured me a Writ of Ease, and that secured me from all further trouble in this kind; yet I met with such persuasions to undertake it, and so many willing informers since, and from them, and others, such helps and encouragements to proceed, that when I found myself faint, and weary of the burthen with which I had loaden myself, and sometime ready to lay it down; yet time and new strength hath at last brought it to be what it now is, and here presented to the Reader, and with it this desire; that he will take notice, that Dr. Sanderson did in his Will, or last sickness, advertise, that after his death nothing of his might be printed; because that might be said to be his, which indeed was not; and also for that he might have changed his opinion since he first writ it, as 'tis thought he has since he writ his *Pax Ecclesiae.* And though these reasons ought to be regarded, yet regarded so, as he resolves in his Case of Conscience concerning Rash Vows; that there may appear very good second reasons why we may forbear to perform them. However, for his said reasons, they ought to be read as we do Apocryphal Scripture; to explain, but not oblige us to so firm a belief of what is here presented as his.

And I have this to say more; That as in my queries for writing Dr. Sanderson's Life, I met with these little Tracts annexed; so, in my former queries for my information to write the Life of venerable Mr. Hooker, I met with a Sermon, which I also believe was really his, and here presented as his to the Reader. It is affirmed,—and I have met with reason to believe it,—that there be some Artists, that do certainly know an original picture from a copy; and in what age of the world, and by whom drawn. And if so, then I hope it may be as safely affirmed, that what is here presented for their's is so like their temper of mind, their other writings, the times when, and the occasions upon which they were writ, that all Readers may safely conclude, they could be writ by none but venerable Mr. Hooker, and the humble and learned Dr. Sanderson.

And lastly, the trouble being now past, I look back and am glad that I have collected these memoirs, of this

humble man, which lay scattered, and contracted them into a narrower compass; and if I have, by the pleasant toil of so doing either pleased or profited any man, I have attained what I designed when I first undertook it. But I seriously wish, both for the Reader's and Dr. Sanderson's sake, that posterity had known his great Learning and Virtue by a better pen; by such a pen, as could have made his life as immortal, as his learning and merits ought to be.

I. W.

THE LIFE OF DR. ROBERT SANDERSON

Late Lord Bishop of Lincoln

DR. ROBERT SANDERSON, the late learned Bishop of Lincoln, whose Life I intend to write with all truth and equal plainness, was born the nineteenth day of September in the year of our Redemption 1587. The place of his birth was Rotherham in the county of York; a town of good note, and the more for that Thomas Rotherham, some time Archbishop of that see, was born in it; a man, whose great wisdom, and bounty, and sanctity of life, gave a denomination to it, or hath made it the more memorable: as indeed it ought also to be, for being the birth-place of our Robert Sanderson. And the reader will be of my belief, if this humble relation of his life can hold any proportion with his great sanctity, his useful learning, and his many other extraordinary endowments.

He was the second and youngest Son, of Robert Sanderson, of Gilthwaite-Hall, in the said parish and county, Esq., by Elizabeth, one of the daughters of Richard Carr, of Butterthwaite-Hall, in the parish of Ecclesfield, in the said County of York, Gentleman.

This Robert Sanderson, the Father, was descended from a numerous, ancient, and honourable family of his own name: for the search of which truth, I refer my reader, that inclines to it, to Dr. Thoriton's *History of the Antiquities of Nottinghamshire*, and other records; not

thinking it necessary here to engage him into a search for bare titles, which are noted to have in them nothing of reality: for titles not acquired, but derived only, do but shew us who of our ancestors have, and how they have achieved that honour which their descendants claim, and may not be worthy to enjoy. For, if those titles descend to persons that degenerate into vice, and break off the continued line of Learning, or Valour, or that Virtue that acquired them, they destroy the very foundation upon which that honour was built; and all the rubbish of their degenerousness ought to fall heavy on such dishonourable heads; ought to fall so heavy, as to degrade them of their titles, and blast their memories with reproach and shame.

But this Robert Sanderson lived worthy of his name and family: of which one testimony may be, that Gilbert, called the Great and Glorious Earl of Shrewsbury, thought him not unworthy to be joined with him as a Godfather to Gilbert Sheldon, the late Lord Archbishop of Canterbury; to whose merits and memory, posterity—the Clergy especially—ought to pay a reverence.

But I return to my intended relation of Robert the Son, who (like Josiah that good King) began in his youth to make the Laws of God, and obedience to his parents, the rules of his life; seeming even then to dedicate himself, and all his studies, to piety and virtue.

And as he was inclined to this by that native goodness, with which the wise Disposer of all hearts had endowed his; so this calm, this quiet and happy temper of mind—his being mild, and averse to oppositions—made the whole course of his life easy and grateful both to himself and others: and this blessed temper was maintained and improved by his prudent Father's good example; as also, by his frequent conversing with him, and scattering short and virtuous apophthegms with little pleasant stories, and making useful applications of them, by which his son was in his infancy taught to abhor Vanity and Vice as monsters, and to discern the loveliness of Wisdom and Virtue; and by these means, and God's concurring grace, his knowledge was so augmented, and his native good-

ness so confirmed, that all became so habitual, as 't was not easy to determine whether Nature or Education were his teachers.

And here let me tell the reader, that these early beginnings of Virtue, were by God's assisting grace, blessed with what St. Paul seemed to beg for his Philippians,[1] namely, 'That he, that had begun a good work in them, would finish it.' And Almighty God did: for his whole life was so regular and innocent, that he might have said at his death—and with truth and comfort—what the same St. Paul said after to the same Philippians, when he advised them to walk as they had him for an example.[2]

And this goodness, of which I have spoken, seemed to increase as his years did; and with his goodness his Learning, the foundation of which was laid in the Grammar-school of Rotherham—that being one of those three that were founded and liberally endowed by the said great and good Bishop of that name.—And in this time of his being a Scholar there, he was observed to use an unwearied diligence to attain learning, and to have a seriousness beyond his age, and with it a more than common modesty; and to be of so calm and obliging a behaviour, that the Master and whole number of Scholars loved him as one man.

And in this love and amity he continued at that School till about the thirteenth year of his age; at which time his Father designed to improve his Grammar learning, by removing him from Rotherham to one of the more noted Schools of Eton or Westminster; and after a year's stay there, then to remove him thence to Oxford. But, as he went with him, he called on an old friend, a Minister of noted learning, and told him his intentions; and he, after many questions with his Son, received such answers from him, that he assured his Father, his Son was so perfect a Grammarian, that he had laid a good foundation to build any or all the Arts upon; and therefore advised him to shorten his journey, and leave him at Oxford. And his Father did so.

[1] *Phil.* i. 6. [2] *Phil.* iii. 17.

His father left him there to the sole care and manage of Dr. Kilbie, who was then Rector of Lincoln College. And he, after some time and trial of his manners and learning, thought fit to enter him of that College, and, not long after to matriculate him in the University, which he did the first of July, 1603; but he was not chosen Fellow till the third of May, 1606; at which time he had taken his degree of Bachelor of Arts: at the taking of which degree, his Tutor told the Rector, 'That his pupil Sanderson had a metaphysical brain and a matchless memory; and that he thought he had improved or made the last so by an art of his own invention.' And all the future employments of his life proved that his tutor was not mistaken. I must here stop my Reader, and tell him that this Dr. Kilbie was a man of so great learning and wisdom, and was so excellent a critic in the Hebrew Tongue, that he was made Professor of it in this university; and was also so perfect a Grecian, that he was by King James appointed to be one of the Translators of the Bible; and that this Doctor and Mr. Sanderson had frequent discourses, and loved as father and son. The Doctor was to ride a journey into Derbyshire, and took Mr. Sanderson to bear him company: and they resting on a Sunday with the Doctor's friend and going together to that Parish Church where they then were, found the young Preacher to have no more discretion, than to waste a great part of the hour allotted for his Sermon in exceptions against the late Translation of several words,—not expecting such a hearer as Dr. Kilbie, —and shewed three reasons why a particular word should have been otherwise translated. When Evening Prayer was ended, the Preacher was invited to the Doctor's friend's house; where after some other conference the Doctor told him, 'He might have preached more useful doctrine, and not have filled his auditors' ears with needless exceptions against the late Translation: and for that word, for which he offered to that poor congregation three reasons why it ought to have been translated as he said; he and others had considered all them, and found thirteen more considerable reasons why it was translated

as now printed'; and told him, 'If his friend, then attending him, should prove guilty of such indiscretion, he should forfeit his favour.' To which Mr. Sanderson said, 'He hoped he should not.' And the preacher was so ingenuous, as to say, 'He would not justify himself.' And so I return to Oxford. In the year 1608,—July the 11th,—Mr. Sanderson was completed Master of Arts. I am not ignorant, that for the attaining these dignities the time was shorter than was then or is now required; but either his birth or the well performance of some extraordinary exercise, or some other merit, made him so: and the Reader is requested to believe, that 'twas the last: and requested to believe also, that if I be mistaken in the time, the College Records have misinformed me: but I hope they have not.

In that year of 1608, he was—November the 7th—by his College chosen Reader of Logic in the House; which he performed so well, that he was chosen again the sixth of November, 1609. In the year 1613, he was chosen Sub-Rector of the College, and the like for the year 1614, and chosen again to the same dignity and trust for the year 1616.

In all which time and employments, his abilities and behaviour were such, as procured him both love and reverence from the whole Society; there being no exception against him for any faults, but a sorrow for the infirmities of his being too timorous and bashful; both which were, God knows, so connatural as they never left him. And I know not whether his lovers ought to wish they had; for they proved so like the radical moisture in man's body, that they preserved the life of virtue in his soul, which by God's assisting grace never left him till this life put on immortality. Of which happy infirmities—if they may be so called—more hereafter.

In the year 1614 he stood to be elected one of the Proctors for the University. And 'twas not to satisfy any ambition of his own, but to comply with the desire of the Rector and whole Society, of which he was a Member; who had not had a Proctor chosen out of their College for

the space of sixty years;—namely, not from the year 1554, unto his standing;—and they persuaded him, that if he would but stand for Proctor, his merits were so generally known, and he so well beloved, that 'twas but appearing, and he would infallibly carry it against any opposers; and told him, 'That he would by that means recover a right or reputation that was seemingly dead to his College.' By these, and other like persuasions, he yielded up his own reason to their's, and appeared to stand for Proctor. But that election was carried on by so sudden and secret, and by so powerful a faction, that he missed it. Which when he understood, he professed seriously to his friends, 'That if he were troubled at the disappointment 'twas for their's, and not for his own sake: for he was far from any desire of such an employment, as must be managed with charge and trouble, and was too usually rewarded with hard censures, or hatred, or both.'

In the year following he was earnestly persuaded by Dr. Kilbie and others, to review the Logic Lectures which he had read some years past in his College; and, that done, to methodise and print them, for the ease and public good of posterity, and though he had an averseness to appear publicly in print; yet after many serious solicitations, and some second thoughts of his own, he laid aside his modesty, and promised he would; and he did so in that year of 1615. And the book proved as his friends seemed to prophesy, that is, of great and general use, whether we respect the Art or the Author. For Logic may be said to be an Art of right reasoning; an Art that undeceives men who take falsehood for truth; and enables men to pass a true judgment, and detect those fallacies, which in some men's understandings usurp the place of right reason. And how great a master our Author was in this art, may easily appear from that clearness of method, argument, and demonstration, which is so conspicuous in all his other writings, and that he, who had attained to so great a dexterity in the use of reason himself, was best qualified to prescribe rules and directions for the instructions of others. And I am the more satisfied of the excellency and useful-

ness of this, his first public undertaking, by hearing that most Tutors in both Universities teach Dr. Sanderson's Logic to their Pupils, as a foundation upon which they are to build their future studies in Philosophy. And, for a further confirmation of my belief, the Reader may note, that since his *Book of Logic* was first printed there has not been less than ten thousand sold: and that 'tis like to continue both to discover truth and to clear and confirm the reason of the unborn world.

It will easily be believed that his former standing for a Proctor's place, and being disappointed, must prove much displeasing to a man of his great wisdom and modesty, and create in him an averseness to run a second hazard of his credit and content: and yet he was assured by Dr. Kilbie, and the Fellows of his own College, and most of those that had opposed him in the former Election, that his *Book of Logic* had purchased for him such a belief of his learning and prudence, and his behaviour at the former Election had got for him so great and so general a love, that all his former opposers repented what they had done; and therefore persuaded him to venture to stand a second time. And, upon these, and other like encouragements, he did again, but not without an inward unwillingness, yield up his own reason to their's, and promised to stand. And he did so; and was the tenth of April, 1616, chosen Senior Proctor for the year following; Mr. Charles Crooke of Christ Church being then chosen the Junior.

In this year of his being Proctor, there happened many memorable accidents; part of which I will relate, namely, Dr. Robert Abbot, Master of Balliol College, and Regius Professor of Divinity,—who being elected or consecrated Bishop of Sarum some months before,—was solemnly conducted out of Oxford towards his Diocese, by the Heads of all Houses, and the other chiefs of all the University. And it may be noted that Dr. Prideaux succeeded him in the Professorship, in which he continued till the year 1642,—being then elected Bishop of Worcester, at which time our now Proctor, Mr. Sanderson, succeeded him in the Regius Professorship.

And in this year Dr. Arthur Lake—then Warden of New College—was advanced to the Bishopric of Bath and Wells: a man of whom I take myself bound in justice to say, that he made the great trust committed to him, the chief care and whole business of his life. And one testimony of this truth may be, that he sate usually with his Chancellor in his Consistory, and at least advised, if not assisted, in most sentences for the punishing of such offenders as deserved Church-censures. And it may be noted, that, after a sentence for penance was pronounced, he did very rarely or never, allow of any commutation for the offence, but did usually see the sentence for penance executed; and then as usually preached a Sermon of mortification and repentance, and so apply them to the offenders, that then stood before him, as begot in them then a devout contrition, and at least resolutions to amend their lives: and having done that, he would take them—though never so poor—to dinner with him, and use them friendly, and dismiss them with his blessing and persuasions to a virtuous life, and beg them for their own sakes to believe him. And his humility and charity, and all other Christian excellencies, were all like this. Of all which the Reader may inform himself in his Life, truly writ, and printed before his excellent Sermons.

And in this year also, the very prudent and very wise Lord Ellesmere, who was so very long Lord Chancellor of England, and then of Oxford, resigning up the last, the Right Honourable, and as magnificent, William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, was chosen to succeed him.

And in this year our late King Charles the First—then Prince of Wales—came honourably attended to Oxford; and having deliberately visited the University, the Schools, Colleges, and Libraries, he and his attendants were entertained with ceremonies and feasting suitable to their dignity and merits.

And in this year King James sent letters to the University for the regulating their studies; especially of the young Divines: advising they should not rely on modern sums and systems, but study the Fathers and

Councils, and the more primitive learning. And this advice was occasioned by the indiscreet inferences made by very many Preachers out of Mr. Calvin's doctrine concerning Predestination, Universal Redemption, the Irresistibility of God's Grace, and of some other knotty points depending upon these; points which many think were not, but by interpreters forced to be, Mr. Calvin's meaning; of the truth or falsehood of which I pretend not to have an ability to judge; my meaning in this relation, being only to acquaint the Reader with the occasion of the King's Letter.

It may be observed, that the various accidents of this year did afford our Proctor large and laudable matter to dilate and discourse upon: and that though his office seemed, according to statute and custom, to require him to do so at his leaving it; yet he chose rather to pass them over with some very short observations, and present the governors, and his other hearers, with rules to keep up discipline and order in the University; which at that time was, either by defective Statutes, or want of the due execution of those that were good, grown to be extremely irregular. And in this year also, the magisterial part of the Proctor required more diligence, and was more difficult to be managed than formerly, by reason of a multiplicity of new Statutes, which begot much confusion; some of which Statutes were then and not till then, and others suddenly after, put into a useful execution. And though these Statutes were not then made so perfectly useful as they were designed, till Archbishop Laud's time—who assisted in the forming and promoting them;—yet our present Proctor made them as effectual as discretion and diligence could do: of which one example may seem worthy the noting; namely, that if in his night-walk he met with irregular Scholars absent from their Colleges at University hours, or disordered by drink, or in scandalous company, he did not use his power of punishing to an extremity; but did usually take their names, and a promise to appear before him unsent for next morning; and when they did, convinced them, with such obliging-

ness, and reason added to it, that they parted from him with such resolutions, as the man after God's own heart was possessed with, when he said to God, 'There is mercy with thee, and therefore thou shalt be feared.'[1] And by this and a like behaviour to all men, he was so happy as to lay down this dangerous employment, as but very few, if any, have done, even without an enemy.

After his Proctor's speech was ended, and he retired with a friend into a convenient privacy, he looked upon his friend with a more than common cheerfulness, and spake to him to this purpose: 'I look back upon my late employment with some content to myself, and a great thankfulness to Almighty God, that he hath made me of a temper not apt to provoke the meanest of mankind, but rather to pass by infirmities, if noted; and in this employment I have had—God knows—many occasions to do both. And when I consider, how many of a contrary temper are by sudden and small occasions transported and hurried by anger to commit such errors, as they in that passion could not foresee, and will in their more calm and deliberate thoughts upbraid, and require repentance: and consider, that though repentance secures us from the punishment of any sin, yet how much more comfortable it is to be innocent than need pardon: and consider, that errors against men, though pardoned both by God and them, do yet leave such anxious and upbraiding impressions in the memory, as abates of the offender's content:—when I consider all this, and that God hath of his goodness given me a temper that hath prevented me from running into such enormities, I remember my temper with joy and thankfulness. And though I cannot say with David—I wish I could,—that therefore "his praise shall always be in my mouth";[2] yet I hope, that by his grace, and that grace seconded by my endeavours, it shall never be blotted out of my memory; and I now beseech Almighty God that it never may.'

And here I must look back, and mention one passage more in his Proctorship, which is, that Gilbert Sheldon,

[1] *Psal.* cxxx. 4. [2] *Psal.* xxxiv. 1

the late Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, was this year sent to Trinity College in that University; and not long after his entrance there, a letter was sent after him from his godfather—the father of our Proctor—to let his son know it, and commend his godson to his acquaintance, and to a more than common care of his behaviour; which proved a pleasing injunction to our Proctor, who was so gladly obedient to his father's desire, that he some few days after sent his servitor to intreat Mr. Sheldon to his chamber next morning. But it seems Mr. Sheldon having —like a young man as he was—run into some such irregularity as made him conscious he had transgressed his statutes, did therefore apprehend the Proctor's invitation as an introduction to punishment; the fear of which made his bed restless that night: but, at their meeting the next morning, that fear vanished immediately by the Proctor's cheerful countenance, and the freedom of their discourse of friends. And let me tell my Reader, that this first meeting proved the beginning of as spiritual a friendship as human nature is capable of; of a friendship free from all self ends: and it continued to be so, till death forced a separation of it on earth; but 'tis now reunited in Heaven.

And now, having given this account of his behaviour, and the considerable accidents in his Proctorship, I proceed to tell my Reader, that, this busy employment being ended, he preached his sermon for his Degree of Bachelor in Divinity in as elegant Latin, and as remarkable for the method and matter, as hath been preached in that University since that day. And having well performed his other exercises for that Degree, he took it the nine and twentieth of May following, having been ordained Deacon and Priest in the year 1611, by John King, then Bishop of London, who had not long before been Dean of Christ Church, and then knew him so well, that he owned it at his Ordination and became his more affectionate friend. And in this year, being then about the twenty-ninth of his age, he took from the University a license to preach.

In the year 1618, he was by Sir Nicholas Sanderson, Lord Viscount Castleton, presented to the Rectory of Wibberton, not far from Boston, in the County of Lincoln, a living of very good value; but it lay in so low and wet a part of that country as was inconsistent with his health. And health being—next to a good conscience—the greatest of God's blessings in this life, and requiring therefore of every man a care and diligence to preserve it, he, apprehending a danger of losing it, if he continued at Wibberton a second Winter, did therefore resign it back into the hands of his worthy kinsman and patron, about one year after his donation of it to him.

And about this time of his resignation he was presented to the Rectory of Boothby Pannell, in the same County of Lincoln; a town which has been made famous, and must continue to be famous, because Dr. Sanderson, the humble and learned Dr. Sanderson, was more than forty years Parson of Boothby Pannell, and from thence dated all or most of his matchless writings.

To this living—which was of less value, but a purer air than Wibberton—he was presented by Thomas Harrington, of the same County, and Parish, Esq., who was a gentleman of a very ancient family, and of great use and esteem in his country during his whole life. And in this Boothby Pannell the meek and charitable Dr. Sanderson and his patron lived with an endearing, mutual, and comfortable friendship, till the death of the last put a period to it.

About the time that he was made Parson of Boothby Pannell, he resigned his Fellowship of Lincoln College unto the then Rector and Fellows; and his resignation is recorded in these words:

Ego Robertus Sanderson perpetuus, etc.

I Robert Sanderson, Fellow of the College of St. Mary's and All-Saints, commonly called Lincoln College, in the University of Oxford, do freely and willingly resign into the hands of the Rector and Fellows, all the right and title that I have in the said College, wishing to them and their

successors all peace, and piety, and happiness, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. ROBERT SANDERSON.

May 6, 1619.

And not long after this resignation, he was by the then Bishop of York, or the King *sede vacante*, made Prebend of the Collegiate Church of Southwell in that Diocese; and shortly after of Lincoln by the Bishop of that See.

And being now resolved to set down his rest in a quiet privacy at Boothby Pannell, and looking back with some sadness upon his removal from his general and cheerful acquaintance left in Oxford, and the peculiar pleasures of a University life; he could not but think the want of society would render this of a country Parson still more uncomfortable, by reason of that want of conversation; and therefore he did put on some faint purposes to marry. For he had considered, that though marriage be cumbered with more worldly care than a single life; yet a complying and prudent wife changes those very cares into so mutual joys, as makes them become like the sufferings of St. Paul,[1] which he would not have wanted because they occasioned his rejoicing in them. And he, having well considered this, and observed the secret unutterable joys that children beget in parents, and the mutual pleasures and contented trouble of their daily care and constant endeavours to bring up those little images of themselves, so as to make them as happy as all those cares and endeavours can make them: he, having considered all this, the hopes of such happiness turned his faint purpose into a positive resolution to marry. And he was so happy as to obtain Anne, the daughter of Henry Nelson, Bachelor in Divinity then Rector of Haugham, in the County of Lincoln, a man of noted worth and learning. And the Giver of all good things was so good to him, as to give him such a wife as was suitable to his own desires; a wife, that made his life happy by being always content when he was cheerful; that was always cheerful when he was content;

[1] *Colos.* i. 24.

that divided her joys with him, and abated of his sorrow, by bearing a part of that burden; a wife that demonstrated her affection by a cheerful obedience to all his desires, during the whole course of his life; and at his death too, for she outlived him.

And in this Boothby Pannell, he either found or made his parishioners peaceable, and complying with him in the decent and regular service of God. And thus his Parish, his patron, and he lived together in a religious love and a contented quietness; he not troubling their thoughts by preaching high and useless notions, but such and only such plain truths as were necessary to be known, believed and practised, in order to the honour of God and their own salvation. And their assent to what he taught was testified by such a conformity to his doctrine, as declared they believed and loved him. For it may be noted he would often say, 'That, without the last, the most evident truths—heard as from an enemy, or an evil liver—either are not, or are at least the less effectual; and usually rather harden than convince the hearer.'

And this excellent man did not think his duty discharged by only reading the Church prayers, catechising, preaching, and administering the Sacraments seasonably; but thought—if the Law or the Canons may seem to enjoin no more, yet—that God would require more, than the defective laws of man's making can or does enjoin; even the performance of that inward law, which Almighty God hath imprinted in the conscience of all good Christians, and inclines those whom he loves to perform. He, considering this, did therefore become a law to himself, practising not only what the law enjoins, but what his conscience told him was his duty, in reconciling differences, and preventing law-suits, both in his Parish and in the neighbourhood. To which may be added his often visiting sick and disconsolate families, persuading them to patience, and raising them from dejection by his advice and cheerful discourse, and by adding his own alms, if there were any so poor as to need it: considering how acceptable it is to Almighty God, when we do as we are

advised by St. Paul,[1] 'Help to bear one another's burden,' either of sorrow or want: and what a comfort it will be, when the Searcher of all hearts shall call us to a strict account for that evil we have done, and the good we have omitted, to remember we have comforted and been helpful to a dejected or distressed family.

And that his practice was to do good, the following narrative may be one example. He met with a poor dejected neighbour, that complained he had taken a meadow, the rent of which was 9*l.* a year; and when the hay was made ready to be carried into his barn, several days' constant rain had so raised the water, that a sudden flood carried all away, and his rich Landlord would bate him no rent; and that unless he had half abated, he and seven children were utterly undone. It may be noted, that in this age there are a sort of people so unlike the God of Mercy, so void of the bowels of pity, that they love only themselves and children: love them so, as not to be concerned, whether the rest of mankind waste their days in sorrow or shame; people that are cursed with riches, and a mistake that nothing but riches can make them and their's happy. But it was not so with Dr. Sanderson; for he was concerned, and spoke comfortably to the poor dejected man; bade him go home and pray, and not load himself with sorrow, for he would go to his Landlord next morning; and if his Landlord would not abate what he desired, he and a friend would pay it for him.

To the Landlord he went the next day, and, in a conference, the Doctor presented to him the sad condition of his poor dejected Tenant; telling him how much God is pleased when men compassionate the poor: and told him, that though God loves sacrifice, yet he loves mercy so much better, that he is best pleased when he is called the God of Mercy. And told him, the riches he was possessed of were given him by that God of Mercy, who would not be pleased, if he, that had so much given, yea, and forgiven him too, should prove like the rich steward in the Gospel, 'that took his fellow servant by the throat

[1] *Gal.* vi. 2.

to make him pay the utmost farthing.' This he told him: and told him, that the law of this nation—by which law he claims his rent—does not undertake to make men honest or merciful, that was too nice an undertaking, but does what it can to restrain men from being dishonest or unmerciful, and yet that our law was defective in both: and that taking any rent from his poor Tenant, for what God suffered him not to enjoy, though the law allowed him to do so, yet if he did so, he was too like that rich Steward which he had mentioned to him; and told him that riches so gotten, and added to his great estate, would, as Job says, 'prove like gravel in his teeth': would in time so corrode his conscience, or become so nauseous when he lay upon his deathbed, that he would then labour to vomit it up, and not be able: and therefore advised him, being very rich, to make friends of his unrighteous Mammon, before that evil day come upon him: but however, neither for his own sake, nor for God's sake, to take any rent of his poor, dejected, sad Tenant; for that were to gain a temporal, and lose his eternal happiness. These and other such reasons were urged with so grave and so compassionate an earnestness, that the Landlord forgave his Tenant the whole rent.

The reader will easily believe that Dr. Sanderson, who was so meek and merciful, did suddenly and gladly carry this comfortable news to the dejected Tenant; and will believe also that at the telling of it there was a mutual rejoicing. 'Twas one of Job's boasts, that 'he had seen none perish for want of clothing: and that he had often made the heart of the widow to rejoice.'[1] And doubtless Dr. Sanderson might have made the same religious boast of this and very many like occasions. But, since he did not, I rejoice that I have this just occasion to do it for him; and that I can tell the reader, I might tire myself and him, in telling how like the whole course of Dr. Sanderson's life was to this which I have now related.

Thus he went on in an obscure and quiet privacy, doing good daily both by word and by deed, as often as

[1] *Job* xxxi. 19.

any occasion offered itself; yet not so obscurely, but that his very great learning, prudence, and piety were much noted and valued by the Bishop of his Diocese, and by most of the nobility and gentry of that county. By the first of which he was often summoned to preach many Visitation Sermons, and by the latter at many Assizes. Which Sermons, though they were much esteemed by them that procured, and were fit to judge them; yet they were the less valued, because he read them, which he was forced to do; for though he had an extraordinary memory, —even the art of it,—yet he was punished with such an innate invincible fear and bashfulness, that his memory was wholly useless, as to the repetition of his sermons so as he had writ them; which gave occasion to say, when some of them were first printed and exposed to censure, which was in the year 1632,—'that the best Sermons that were ever read, were never preached.'

In this contented obscurity he continued, till the learned and pious Archbishop Laud, who knew him well in Oxford, —for he was his contemporary there,—told the King,— 'twas the knowing and conscientious King Charles the First,—that there was one Mr. Sanderson, an obscure country Minister, that was of such sincerity, and so excellent in all casuistical learning, that he desired his Majesty would take so much notice of him as to make him his Chaplain. The King granted it most willingly, and gave the Bishop charge to hasten it, for he longed to discourse with a man that had dedicated his studies to that useful part of learning. The Bishop forgot not the King's desire, and Mr. Sanderson was made his Chaplain in Ordinary in November following, 1631. And when the King and he became better known to each other, then, as 'tis said, that after many hard questions put to the Prophet Daniel, King Darius found an excellent spirit in him; so 'twas with Mr. Sanderson and our excellent King; who having put many Cases of Conscience to him, received from Mr. Sanderson such deliberate, safe, and clear solutions, as gave him so great content in conversing with him, which he did several times in private; that, at the end of

his month's attendance, the King told him, 'he should long for the next November; for he resolved to have a more inward acquaintance with him, when that month and he returned.' And when the month and he did return, the good King was never absent from his Sermons, and would usually say, 'I carry my ears to hear other preachers; but I carry my conscience to hear Mr. Sanderson, and to act accordingly.' And this ought not to be concealed from posterity, that the King thought what he spake; for he took him to be his adviser, in that quiet part of his life, and he proved to be his comforter in those days of his affliction, when he was under such a restraint as he apprehended himself to be in danger of death or deposing. Of which more hereafter.

In the first Parliament of this good King,—which was 1625,—he was chosen to be a Clerk of the Convocation for the Diocese of Lincoln; which I here mention, because about that time did arise many disputes about Predestination, and the many critical points that depend upon, or are interwoven in it; occasioned, as was said, by a disquisition of new principles of Mr. Calvin's, though others say they were long before his time. But of these Dr. Sanderson then drew up, for his own satisfaction, such a scheme—he called it *Pax Ecclesia*—as then gave himself, and hath since given others, such satisfaction, that it still remains to be of great estimation. He was also chosen Clerk of all the Convocations during that good King's reign. Which I here tell my reader, because I shall hereafter have occasion to mention that Convocation in 1640, that unhappy Long Parliament, and some debates of the Predestinarian points as they have been since charitably handled betwixt him, the learned Dr. Hammond, and Dr. Pierce, the now Reverend Dean of Salisbury. And here the reader may note, that in letters writ to the said Dean, Dr. Sanderson seems to have altered his judgment in some points, since he writ his scheme called *Pax Ecclesia*, which he seems to say in his last will, besides other reasons to think so.

In the year 1636, his Majesty, then in his progress, took a fair occasion to visit Oxford, and to take an entertain-

ment for two days for himself and his honourable attendants; which the reader ought to believe was suitable to their dignities. But this is mentioned, because at the King's coming thither, May 3, Dr. Sanderson did then attend him, and was then—the 31st of August—created Doctor of Divinity; which honour had an addition to it, by having many of the Nobility of this nation then made Doctors and Masters of Arts with him; some of whose names shall be recorded and live with his, and none shall outlive it. First, Dr. Curle and Dr. Wren, who were then Bishops of Winton and of Norwich,—and had formerly taken their degrees in Cambridge, were with him created Doctors of Divinity in his University. So was Meric, the son of the learned Isaac Casaubon; and Prince Rupert, who still lives, the then Duke of Lenox, Earl of Hereford, Earl of Essex, of Berkshire, and very many others of noble birth—too many to be named—were then created Masters of Arts.

Some years before the unhappy Long Parliament, this nation being then happy and in peace,—though inwardly sick of being well,—namely, in the year 1639, a discontented party of the Scots Church were zealously restless for another reformation of their Kirk-government; and to that end created a new Covenant, for the general taking of which they pretended to petition the King for his assent, and that he would enjoin the taking of it by all of that nation. But this petition was not to be presented to him by a committee of eight or ten men of their fraternity; but by so many thousands, and they so armed as seemed to force an assent to what they seemed to request; so that though forbidden by the King, yet they entered England, and in the heat of zeal took and plundered Newcastle, where the King was forced to meet them with an army: but upon a treaty and some concessions, he sent them back,—though not so rich as they intended, yet,—for that time, without bloodshed. But, Oh! this peace, and this Covenant, were but the fore-runners of war, and the many miseries that followed: for in the year following there were so many chosen into the Long Parliament, that

were of a conjunct council with these very zealous and as factious reformers, as begot such a confusion by the several desires and designs in many of the members of that Parliament, all did never consent, and at last in the very common people of this nation, that they were so lost by contrary designs, fears, and confusions, as to believe the Scots and their Covenant would restore them to that former tranquillity which they had lost. And to that end the Presbyterian party of this nation did again, in the year 1643, invite the Scotch Covenanters back into England: and hither they came marching with it gloriously upon their pikes and in their hats, with this motto: 'For the Crown and Covenant of both Kingdoms.' This I saw, and suffered by it. But when I look back upon the ruin of families, the bloodshed, the decay of common honesty, and how the former piety and plain dealing of this now sinful nation is turned into cruelty and cunning, when I consider this I praise God that he prevented me from being of that party which helped to bring in this Covenant, and those sad confusions that have followed it. And I have been the bolder to say this of myself, because in a sad discourse with Dr. Sanderson, I heard him make the like grateful acknowledgment.

This digression is intended for the better information of the reader in what will follow concerning Dr. Sanderson. And first, that the Covenanters of this nation, and their party in Parliament, made many exceptions against the Common Prayer and ceremonies of the Church, and seemed restless for another Reformation: and though their desires seemed not reasonable to the King, and the learned Dr. Laud, then Archbishop of Canterbury; yet, to quiet their consciences, and prevent future confusion, they did, in the year 1641, desire Dr. Sanderson to call two more of the Convocation to advise with him, and that he would then draw up some such safe alterations as he thought fit in the Service-book, and abate some of the ceremonies that were least material for satisfying their consciences:—and to this end he and two others did meet together privately twice a week at the Dean of Westminster's house, for the space of five months or more. But not long after that time, when

Dr. Sanderson had made the reformation ready for a view, the Church and State were both fallen into such a confusion, that Dr. Sanderson's model for reformation became then useless. Nevertheless, the repute of his moderation and wisdom was such, that he was, in the year 1642, proposed by both Houses of Parliament to the King, then in Oxford, to be one of their trustees for the settling of Church-affairs, and was allowed of by the King to be so: but that treaty came to nothing.

In the year 1643, the two Houses of Parliament took upon them to make an ordinance, and call an Assembly of Divines, to debate and settle some Church-controversies, of which many that were elected were very unfit to judge; in which Dr. Sanderson was also named by the Parliament, but did not appear; I suppose for the same reason that many other worthy and learned men did forbear, the summons wanting the King's authority. And here I must look back, and tell the reader, that in the year 1642, he was, July 21st, named by a more undoubted authority to a more noble employment, which was to be Professor Regius of Divinity in Oxford: but, though knowledge be said to puff up, yet his modesty and too mean an opinion of his great abilities, and some other real or pretended reasons,—expressed in his speech, when he first appeared in the chair, and since printed,—kept him from entering into it till October, 1646.

He did, for about a year's time, continue to read his matchless Lectures, which were first *de Juramento*, a point very seraphical and as difficult, and at that time very dangerous to be handled as it ought to be. But this learned man, as he was eminently furnished with abilities to satisfy the consciences of men upon that important subject; so he wanted not courage to assert the true obligation of it and Oaths in a degenerate age, when men had made perjury a main part or at least very useful to their religion. How much the learned world stands obliged to him for these, and his following Lectures *de Conscientia*, I shall not attempt to declare, as being very sensible that the best pens fall short in the commendation of them: so that

I shall only add, that they continue to this day, and will do for ever, as a complete standard for the resolution of the most material doubts in that part of Casuistical Divinity. And therefore I proceed to tell the reader, that about the time of his reading those Lectures,—the King being then prisoner in the Isle of Wight,—that part of the Parliament then at Westminster sent the Covenant, the Negative Oath, and I know not what more, to Oxford to be taken by the Doctor of the Chair, and all Heads of Houses; and all the other inferior Scholars, of what degree soever, were also to take these Oaths by a fixed day; and those that did not, to abandon their Colleges and the University too, within twenty-four hours after the beating of a drum; for if they remained longer, they were to be proceeded against as spies.

Dr. Laud, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Strafford, and many others, had been formerly murdered; but the King yet was not: and the University had yet some faint hopes that in a Treaty then in being, betwixt him, and them that confined him or pretended to be suddenly, there might be such an agreement made, that the dissenters in the University might both preserve their consciences and the poor subsistence which they then enjoyed by their Colleges.

And being possessed of this mistaken hope, that the men in present power were not yet grown so merciless as not to allow manifest reason for their not submitting to the enjoined Oaths, the University appointed twenty delegates to meet, consider, and draw up a Manifesto to them, why they could not take those oaths but by violation of their consciences: and of these delegates Dr. Sheldon,—late Archbishop of Canterbury,—Dr. Hammond,—Dr. Sanderson,—Dr. Morley,—now Bishop of Winchester,—and that most honest, very learned, and as iudicious Civil Lawyer, Dr. Zouch, were a part; the rest I cannot now name: but the whole number of the delegates requested Dr. Zouch to draw up the Law part, and give it to Dr. Sanderson: and he was requested to methodise and add what referred to reason and con-

science, and put it into form. He yielded to their desires and did so. And then, after they had been read in a full Convocation, and allowed of, they were printed in Latin, that the Parliament's proceedings and the University's sufferings might be manifested to all nations: and the imposers of these oaths might repent, or answer them: but they were past the first; and for the latter, I might swear they neither can, nor ever will. And these Reasons were also suddenly turned into English by Dr. Sanderson, that those of these three kingdoms might the better judge of the cause of the loyal party's sufferings.

About this time the Independents—who were then grown to be the most powerful part of the army—had taken the King from a close to a more large imprisonment; and, by their own pretences to liberty of conscience, were obliged to allow somewhat like that to the King, who had, in the year 1646, sent for Dr. Sanderson, Dr. Hammond, Dr. Sheldon,—the late Archbishop of Canterbury,—and Dr. Morley,—the now Bishop of Winchester,—to attend him, in order to advise with them, how far he might with a good conscience comply with the proposals of the Parliament for a peace in Church and State: but these, having been then denied him by the Presbyterian Parliament, were now by their own rules allowed him by those Independents now in present power. And with some of those Divines, Dr. Sanderson also gave his attendance on his Majesty also in the Isle of Wight, preached there before him, and had in that attendance many, both public and private, conferences with him, to his Majesty's great satisfaction. At which time he desired Dr. Sanderson, that, being the Parliament had then proposed to him the abolishing of Episcopal Government in the Church, as inconsistent with Monarchy, and selling theirs and the Cathedral Church-lands to pay those soldiers that they had raised to fight against him, that he would consider of it; and declare his judgment. He undertook to do so, and did it; but it might not be printed till our King's happy Restoration, and then it was. And

at Dr. Sanderson's then taking his leave of his Majesty in this his last attendance on him, the King requested him to betake himself to the writing Cases of Conscience for the good of posterity. To which his answer was, 'That he was now grown old, and unfit to write Cases of Conscience.' But the King was so bold with him as to say, 'It was the simplest answer he ever heard from Dr. Sanderson; for no young man was fit to be made a judge, or write Cases of Conscience.' And let me here take occasion to tell the Reader this truth, very fit but not commonly known; that in one of these conferences this conscientious King was told by a faithful and private Intelligencer, 'that if he assented not to the Parliament's proposals, the Treaty 'twixt him and them would break immediately, and his life would then be in danger; he was sure he knew it.' To which his answer was, 'I have done what I can to bring my conscience to a compliance with their proposals and cannot, and I will not lose my conscience to save my life'; and within a very short time after, he told Dr. Sanderson and Dr. Morley or one of them that then waited with him 'that the remembrance of two errors did much afflict him; which were, his assent to the Earl of Strafford's death, and the abolishing Episcopacy in Scotland; and that if God ever restored him to be in a peaceable possession of his Crown, he would demonstrate his repentance by a public confession, and voluntary penance,'—I think barefoot—from the Tower of London, or Whitehall, to St. Paul's Church, and desire the people to intercede with God for his pardon. I am sure one of them that told it me lives still, and will witness it. And it ought to be observed, that Dr. Sanderson's Lectures *de Juramento* were so approved and valued by the King, that in this time of his imprisonment and solitude he translated them into exact English; desiring Dr. Juxon,—then Bishop of London,—Dr. Hammond, and Sir Thomas Herbert, who then attended him in his restraint, to compare them with the original. The last still lives, and has declared it, with some other of that King's excellencies, in a letter under his own hand, which

was lately shewed me by Sir William Dugdale, King at Arms. The translation was designed to be put into the King's Library at St. James's; but, I doubt, not now to be found there. I thought the honour of the Author and the Translator to be both so much concerned in this relation, that it ought not to be concealed from the Reader, and 'tis therefore here inserted.

I now return to Dr. Sanderson in the Chair in Oxford; where they that complied not in taking the Covenant, Negative Oath, and Parliament Ordinance for Church-discipline and worship, were under a sad and daily apprehension of expulsion: for the Visitors were daily expected, and both City and University full of soldiers, and a party of Presbyterian Divines, that were as greedy and ready to possess, as the ignorant and ill-natured Visitors were to eject the Dissenters out of their Colleges and livelihoods: but, notwithstanding, Dr. Sanderson did still continue to read his Lecture, and did, to the very faces of those Presbyterian Divines and soldiers, read with so much reason, and with a calm fortitude make such applications, as, if they were not, they ought to have been ashamed, and begged pardon of God and him, and forborne to do what followed. But these thriving sinners were hardened; and, as the Visitors expelled the Orthodox, they, without scruple or shame, possessed themselves of their Colleges; so that, with the rest, Dr. Sanderson was in June, 1648, forced to pack up and be gone, and thank God he was not imprisoned, as Dr. Sheldon, and Dr. Hammond, and others then were.

I must now again look back to Oxford, and tell my Reader, that the year before this expulsion, when the University had denied this subscription, and apprehended the danger of that visitation which followed, they sent Dr. Morley, then Canon of Christ Church,—now Lord Bishop of Winchester,—and others, to petition the Parliament for recalling the injunction, or a mitigation of it, or accept of their reasons why they could not take the Oaths enjoined them; and the petition was by Parliament referred to a committee to hear and report the reasons to the House,

and a day set for hearing them. This done, Dr. Morley and the rest went to inform and fee Counsel, to plead their cause on the day appointed; but there had been so many committed for pleading, that none durst be so bold as to undertake it; for at this time the privileges of that part of the Parliament then sitting were become a *Noli me tangere*, as sacred and useful to them, as traditions ever were, or are now, to the Church of Rome; their number must never be known, and therefore not without danger to be meddled with. For which reason Dr. Morley was forced, for want of Counsel, to plead the University's Reasons for not-compliance with the Parliament's injunctions: and though this was done with great reason, and a boldness equal to the justice of his cause; yet the effect of it was, but that he and the rest appearing with him were so fortunate as to return to Oxford without commitment. This was some few days before the Visitors and more soldiers were sent down to drive the Dissenters out of the University. And one that was, at this time of Dr. Morley's pleading, a powerful man in the Parliament, and of that committee, observing Dr. Morley's behaviour and reason, and inquiring of him and hearing a good report of his Principles in Religion and of his morals, was therefore willing to afford him a peculiar favour; and, that he might express it, sent for me that relate this story, and knew Dr. Morley well, and told me, 'he had such a love for Dr. Morley, that knowing he would not take the Oaths, and must therefore be ejected his College, and leave Oxford; he desired I would therefore write to him to ride out of Oxford, when the Visitors came into it, and not return till they left it, and he should be sure then to return in safety; and that by so doing he should, without taking any Oath or other molestation, enjoy his Canon's place in his College.' I did receive this intended kindness with a sudden gladness, because I was sure the party had a power to do what he professed and as sure he meant to perform it, and did therefore write the Doctor word: to which his answer was, that I must not fail to return my friend,—who still lives,—his humble and undissembled thanks, though he could not

accept of his intended kindness; for when Dr. Fell, then the Dean, Dr. Gardner, Dr. Paine, Dr. Hammond, Dr. Sanderson and all the rest of the College were turned out, except Dr. Wall, he should take it to be, if not a sin, yet a shame, to be left behind with him only. Dr. Wall I knew, and will speak nothing of him, for he is dead.

It may easily be imagined, with what a joyful willingness these self-loving reformers took possession of all vacant preferments, and with what reluctance others parted with their beloved Colleges and subsistence; but their consciences were dearer than both, and out they went; the reformers possessing them without shame or scruple: where I leave these scruple-mongers, and proceed to make an account of the then present affairs of London, to be the next employment of my reader's patience.

And in London all the Bishops' houses were turned to be prisons, and they filled with Divines, that would not take the Covenant, or forbear reading Common Prayer, or that were accused for some faults like these. For it may be noted, that about this time the Parliament set out a proclamation, to encourage all laymen that had occasion to complain of their Ministers for being troublesome or scandalous, or that conformed not to Orders of Parliament, to make their complaint to a select committee for that purpose; and the Minister, though one hundred miles from London, was to appear there, and give satisfaction, or be sequestered;—and you may be sure no Parish could want covetous, or malicious, or cross-grained complainants;—by which means all prisons in London, and in some other places, became the sad habitations of conforming Divines.

And about this time the Bishop of Canterbury having been by an unknown law condemned to die, and the execution suspended for some days, many citizens, fearing time and cool thoughts might produce his pardon, became so maliciously impudent as to shut up their shops, professing not to open them till justice was executed. This malice and madness is scarce credible; but I saw it.

The Bishops had been about this time voted out of the

House of Parliament, and some upon that occasion sent to the Tower; which made many Covenanters rejoice, and most of them to believe Mr. Brightman—who probably was a well-meaning man—to be inspired when he writ his *Comment on the Apocalypse*, a short abridgment of which was now printed, cried up and down the streets and called Mr. Brightman's *Revelation of the Revelation*, and both bought up and believed by all the Covenanters. And though he was grossly mistaken in other things, yet, because he had there made the Churches of Geneva and Scotland, which had no Bishops, to be Philadelphia in the Apocalypse, that Angel that God loved,[1] and the power of Prelacy to be Antichrist, the evil Angel, which the House of Commons had now so spewed up, as never to recover their dignity; therefore did those Covenanters rejoice, approve, and applaud Mr. Brightman for discovering and foretelling the Bishops' downfal; so that they both railed at them, and at the same time rejoiced to buy good pennyworths of all their land, which their friends of the House of Commons did afford both to themselves and them, as a reward for their zealous and diligent assistance to pull them down.

And the Bishops' power being now vacated, the common people were made so happy, as that every Parish might choose their own Minister, and tell him when he did, and when he did not, preach true doctrine: and by this and the like means, several Churches had several teachers, that prayed and preached for and against one another: and engaged their hearers to contend furiously for truths which they understood not; some of which I shall mention in what will follow.

I have heard of two men, that in their discourse undertook to give a character of a third person: and one concluded he was a very honest man, 'for he was beholden to him'; and the other, that he was not, 'for he was not beholden to him.' And something like this was in the designs both of the Covenanters and Independents, the last of which were now grown both as numerous and

[1] *Rev.* iii. 7-13.

as powerful as the former: for though they differed much in many principles, and preached against each other, one making it a sign of being in the state of grace, if we were but zealous for the Covenant; and the other not: for we ought to buy and sell by a measure, and to allow the same liberty of conscience to others, which we by Scripture claim to ourselves; and therefore not to force any to swear the Covenant contrary to their consciences, and probably lose both their livings and liberties too. But though these differed thus in their conclusions, yet they both agreed in their practice to preach down Common Prayer, and get into the best sequestered livings; and whatever became of the true owners, their wives and children, yet to continue in them without the least scruple of conscience.

They also made other strange observations of Election, Reprobation, and Free Will, and the other points dependent upon these; such as the wisest of the common people were not fit to judge of; I am sure I am not: though I must mention some of them historically in a more proper place, when I have brought my Reader with me to Dr. Sanderson at Boothby Pannell.

And in the way thither I must tell him, that a very Covenanter, and a Scot too, that came into England with this unhappy Covenant, was got into a good sequestered living by the help of a Presbyterian Parish, which had got the true owner out. And this Scotch Presbyterian, being well settled in this good living, began to reform the Churchyard, by cutting down a large yew-tree, and some other trees that were an ornament to the place, and very often a shelter to the parishioners; and they, excepting against him for so doing, were by him answered, 'That the trees were his, and 'twas lawful for every man to use his own, as he, and not as others thought fit.' I have heard, but do not affirm it, that no action lies against him that is so wicked as to steal the winding-sheet from off a dead body after 'tis buried; and have heard the reason to be, because none were supposed to be so void of humanity; and that such a law would vilify that nation

that would but suppose so vile a man to be born in it. I speak this because I would not suppose any man to do what this Covenanter did. And whether there were any law against him, I known not; but pity the Parish the less for turning out their legal Minister.

We have now overtaken Dr. Sanderson at Boothby Pannell, where he hoped to enjoy himself, though in a poor, yet in a quiet and desired privacy; but it proved otherwise: for all corners of the nation were filled with Covenanters, confusion, Committee-men, and soldiers, defacing Monuments, breaking painted glass windows, and serving each other to their several ends, of revenge, or power, or profit: and these Committee-men and soldiers were most of them so possessed with this Covenant, that they became like those that were infected with that dreadful Plague of Athens; the plague of which Plague was, that they by it became maliciously restless to get into company, and to joy,—so the Historian saith,—when they had infected others, even those of their most beloved or nearest friends or relations: and though there might be some of these Covenanters that were beguiled and meant well; yet such were the generality of them, and temper of the times, that you may be sure Dr. Sanderson, who though quiet and harmless, yet an eminent dissenter from them, could therefore not live peaceably; nor did he: for the soldiers would appear, and visibly oppose and disturb him in the Church when he read prayers, some of them pretending to advise him how God was to be served more acceptably: which he not approving, but continuing to observe order and decent behaviour in reading the Church-service, they forced his book from him, and tore it, expecting extemporary prayers.

At this time he was advised by a Parliament man of power and note, that valued and loved him much, not to be strict in reading all the Common Prayer, but make some little variation, especially if the soldiers came to watch him; for if he did it might not be in the power of him and his other friends to secure him from taking the Covenant, or Sequestration: for which reasons he did vary somewhat

from the strict rules of the Rubric. I will set down the very words of confession which he used, as I have it under his own hand; and tell the Reader, that all his other variations were as little, and very much like to this.

HIS CONFESSION.

'O Almighty God and merciful Father, we, thy unworthy servants, do with shame and sorrow confess, that we have all our life long gone astray out of thy ways like lost sheep; and that, by following too much the vain devices and desires of our own hearts, we have grievously offended against thy holy laws, both in thought, word, and deed; we have many times left undone those good duties which we might and ought to have done; and we have many times done those evils, when we might have avoided them, which we ought not to have done. We confess, O Lord! that there is no health at all, nor help in any creature to relieve us; but all our hope is in thy mercy, whose justice we have by our sins so far provoked. Have mercy therefore upon us, O Lord! have mercy upon us miserable offenders: spare us, good God, who confess our faults, that we perish not; but, according to thy gracious promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesus our Lord, restore us upon our true repentance into thy grace and favour. And grant, O most merciful Father! for his sake, that we henceforth study to serve and please thee by leading a godly, righteous, and a sober life, to the glory of thy holy name, and the eternal comfort of our own souls, through Jesus Christ our Lord.' Amen.

In these and other provocations of tearing his service-book, a neighbour came on a Sunday, after the Evening service was ended, to visit and condole with him for the affront offered by the soldiers. To whom he spake with a composed patience, and said: 'God hath restored me to my desired privacy, with my wife and children; where I hoped to have met with quietness, and it proves not so: but I will labour to be pleased, because God, on whom I depend, sees it is not fit for me to be quiet. I praise him,

that he hath by his grace prevented me from making shipwreck of a good conscience to maintain me in a place of great reputation and profit: and though my condition be such, that I need the last, yet I submit; for God did not send me into this world to do my own, but suffer his will, and I will obey it.' Thus by a sublime depending on his wise, and powerful, and pitiful Creator, he did cheerfully submit to what God had appointed, still justifying the truth of that doctrine which he had preached.

About this time that excellent book of *The King's Meditations in his Solitude* was printed, and made public; and Dr. Sanderson was such a lover of the Author, and so desirous that not this nation only, but the whole world should see the character of him in that book, and something of the cause for which he and many others then suffered, that he designed to turn it into Latin: but when he had done half of it most excellently, his friend Dr. Earle prevented him, by appearing to have done the whole very well before him.

About this time his dear and most intimate friend, the learned Dr. Hammond, came to enjoy a quiet conversation and rest with him for some days at Boothby Pannell; and did so. And having formerly persuaded him to trust his excellent memory, and not read, but try to speak a sermon as he had writ it, Dr. Sanderson became so compliant, as to promise he would. And to that end they two went early the Sunday following to a neighbouring Minister, and requested to exchange a sermon; and they did so. And at Dr. Sanderson's going into the pulpit, he gave his sermon—which was a very short one—into the hand of Dr. Hammond, intending to preach it as 't was writ: but before he had preached a third part, Dr. Hammond,—looking on his sermon as written,—observed him to be out, and so lost as to the matter, especially the method, that he also became afraid for him: for 'twas discernible to many of that plain auditory. But when he had ended this short sermon, as they two walked homeward, Dr. Sanderson said with much earnestness, 'Good Doctor, give me my sermon; and know, that neither you nor any

man living, shall ever persuade me to preach again without my books.' To which the reply was, 'Good Doctor, be not angry: for if I ever persuade you to preach again without book, I will give you leave to burn all the books that I am master of.'

Part of the occasion of Dr. Hammond's visit, was at this time to discourse with Dr. Sanderson about some opinions, in which, if they did not then, they had doubtless differed formerly; 'twas about those knotty points, which are by the learned called the Quinquarticular Controversy; of which I shall proceed, not to give any judgment,—I pretend not to that,—but some short historical account which shall follow.

There had been, since the unhappy Covenant was brought and so generally taken in England, a liberty given or taken by many Preachers—those of London especially—to preach and be too positive in the points of Universal Redemption, Predestination, and those other depending upon these. Some of which preached, 'That all men were, before they came into this world, so predestinated to salvation or damnation, that it was not in their power to sin so, as to lose the first, nor by their most diligent endeavour to avoid the latter. Others, that 't was not so: because then God could not be said to grieve for the death of a sinner, when he himself had made him so by an inevitable decree, before he had so much as a being in this world'; affirming therefore, 'that man had some power left him to do the will of God, because he was advised to work out his salvation with fear and trembling'; maintaining, 'that 't is most certain every man can do what he can to be saved'; and as certain that 'he that does what he can to be saved, shall never be damned.' And yet many that affirmed this to be a truth would yet confess, 'That that grace, which is but a persuasive offer, and left to us to receive, or refuse, is not that grace which shall bring men to Heaven.' Which truths, or untruths, or both, be they which they will, did upon these, or the like occasions, come to be searched into, and charitably debated betwixt Dr. Sanderson, Dr. Hammond, and Dr. Pierce,—the now

Reverend Dean of Salisbury,—of which I shall proceed to give some account, but briefly.

In the year 1648, the fifty-two London Ministers—then a fraternity of Sion College in that City—had in a printed Declaration aspersed Dr. Hammond most heinously, for that he had in his Practical Catechism affirmed, that our Saviour died for the sins of all mankind. To justify which truth, he presently makes a charitable reply—as 'tis now printed in his works.—After which there were many letters passed betwixt the said Dr. Hammond, Dr. Sanderson and Dr. Pierce, concerning God's grace and decrees. Dr. Sanderson was with much unwillingness drawn into this debate; for he declared it would prove uneasy to him, who in his judgment of God's decrees differed with Dr. Hammond,—whom he reverenced and loved dearly,—and would not therefore engage himself in a controversy, of which he could never hope to see an end: nevertheless did all enter into a charitable disquisition of these said points in several letters, to the full satisfaction of the learned; those betwixt Dr. Sanderson and Dr. Hammond being now printed in his works; and for what passed betwixt him and the learned Dr. Pierce, I refer my Reader to a Letter annexed to the end of this relation.

I think the judgment of Dr. Sanderson, was, by these debates, altered from what it was at his entrance into them; for in the year 1632, when his excellent Sermons were first printed in quarto, the Reader may on the margin find some accusation of Arminius for false doctrine; and find that, upon a review and reprinting those Sermons in folio, in the year 1657, that accusation of Arminius is omitted. And the change of his judgment seems more fully to appear in his said letter to Dr. Pierce. And let me now tell the Reader, which may seem to be perplexed with these several affirmations of God's decrees before mentioned, that Dr. Hammond, in a postscript to the last letter of his to Dr. Sanderson, says, 'God can reconcile his own contradictions, and therefore advises all men, as the Apostle does, to study mortification, and

be wise to sobriety.' And let me add farther, that if these fifty-two Ministers of Sion College were the occasion of the debates in these letters, they have, I think, been the occasion of giving an end to the Quinquarticular Controversy: for none have since undertaken to say more; but seem to be so wise, as to be content to be ignorant of the rest, till they come to that place, where the secrets of all hearts shall be laid open. And let me here tell the Reader also, that if the rest of mankind would, as Dr. Sanderson, not conceal their alteration of judgment, but confess it to the honour of God and themselves, then our nation would become freer from pertinacious disputes, and fuller of recantations.

I am not willing to lead my Reader to Dr. Hammond and Dr. Sanderson, where we left them together at Boothby Pannell, till I have looked back to the Long Parliament, the Society of Covenanters in Sion College, and those others scattered up and down in London, and given some account of their proceedings and usage of the late learned Dr. Laud, then Archbishop of Canterbury, whose life seemed to be sacrificed, to appease the popular fury of that present time. And though I will forbear to mention the injustice of his death, and the barbarous usage of him, both at his trial and before it; yet my desire is that what follows may be noted, because it does now, or may hereafter, concern us; that is, to note, that in his last sad sermon on the scaffold at his death, he did (as our blessed Saviour advised his Disciples), pray for those that persecuted and despitefully used him. And not only pardon'd those enemies; but passionately begged of Almighty God that he would also pardon them; and besought all the present beholders of this sad sight, that they would pardon and pray for him: but, though he did all this, yet, he seemed to accuse the Magistrates of the City, for not suppressing a sort of people whose malicious and furious zeal, had so far transported them, and violated all modesty, that, though they could not know, whether he were justly or unjustly condemned, were yet suffered to go visibly

up and down to gather hands to a petition, that the Parliament would hasten his execution. And he having declared how unjustly he thought himself to be condemned, and accused for endeavouring to bring in Popery, —for that was one of the accusations for which he died, —he declared with sadness, 'That the several sects and divisions then in England,—which he had laboured to prevent,—were now like to bring the Pope a far greater harvest, than he could ever have expected without them.' And said, 'These sects and divisions introduce profaneness under the cloak of an imaginary Religion; and that we have lost the substance of Religion by changing it into opinion: and that by these means the Church of England, which all the Jesuits' machinations could not ruin was fallen into apparent danger by those (Covenanters) which were his accusers.' To this purpose he spoke at his death: for this, and more to the same purpose, the Reader may view his last sad sermon on the scaffold. And 'tis here mentioned, because his dear friend, Dr. Sanderson, seems to demonstrate the same fear of Popery in his two large and remarkable Prefaces before his two volumes of Sermons; and seems also with much sorrow to say the same again in his last Will, made when he was and apprehended himself to be very near his death. And these Covenanters ought to take notice of it, and to remember, that, by the late wicked war began by them, Dr. Sanderson was ejected out of the Professor's Chair in Oxford; and that if he had continued in it,—for he lived fourteen years after, —both the learned of this, and other nations, had been made happy by many remarkable Cases of Conscience, so rationally stated, and so briefly, so clearly, and so convincingly determined, that posterity might have joyed and boasted, that Dr. Sanderson was born in this nation, for the ease and benefit of all the learned that shall be born after him: but this benefit is so like time past, that they are both irrecoverably lost.

I should now return to Boothby Pannell, where we left Dr. Hammond and Dr. Sanderson together; but neither

can now be found there: for the first was in his journey to London, and the second seized upon the day after his friend's departure, and carried prisoner to Lincoln, then a garrison of the Parliament's. For the pretended reason of which commitment, I shall give this following account.

There was one Mr. Clarke, the Minister of Alington, a town not many miles from Boothby Pannell, who was an active man for the Parliament and Covenant; and one that, when Belvoir Castle—then a garrison for the Parliament—was taken by a party of the King's soldiers, was taken in it, and made a prisoner of war in Newark, then a garrison of the King's; a man so active and useful for his party, that they became so much concerned for his enlargement, that the Committee of Lincoln sent a troop of horse to seize and bring Dr. Sanderson a prisoner to that garrison: and they did so. And there he had the happiness to meet with many, that knew him so well as to reverence and treat him kindly; but told him, 'He must continue their prisoner, till he should purchase his own enlargement by procuring an exchange for Mr. Clarke, then prisoner in the King's garrison of Newark.' There were many reasons given by the Doctor of the injustice of his imprisonment, and the inequality of the exchange: but all were uneffectual; for done it must be, or he continue a prisoner. And in time done it was, upon the following conditions.

First, that Dr. Sanderson and Mr. Clarke being exchanged, should live undisturbed at their own Parishes; and if either were injured by the soldiers of the contrary party, the other, having notice of it, should procure him a redress, by having satisfaction made for his loss, or for any other injury; or if not, he to be used in the same kind by the other party. Nevertheless, Dr. Sanderson could neither live safe nor quietly, being several times plundered, and once wounded in three places: but he, apprehending the remedy might turn to a more intolerable burden by impatience or complaining, forbore both; and possessed his soul in a contented quietness, without the least repining. But though he could not enjoy the safety he

expected by this exchange, yet, by His providence that can bring good out of evil, it turned so much to his advantage, that whereas his living had been sequestered from the year 1644, and continued to be so till this time of his imprisonment, he, by the Articles of War in this exchange for Mr. Clarke, procured his sequestration to be recalled, and by that means enjoyed a poor, but more contented subsistence for himself, his wife, and children, till the happy Restoration of our King and Church.

In this time of his poor, but contented privacy of life, his casuistical learning, peaceful moderation, and sincerity, became so remarkable, that there were many that applied themselves to him for resolution in perplexed cases of conscience; some known to him, and many not; some requiring satisfaction by conference, others by letters; so many, that his life became almost as restless as their minds; yet as St. Paul accounted himself a debtor to all men, so he, for he denied none: and if it be a truth which holy Mr. Herbert says, 'That all worldly joys seem less, when compared with shewing mercy or doing kindnesses'; then doubtless this Barnabas, this son of consolation, Dr. Sanderson might have boasted for relieving so many restless and wounded consciences; which, as Solomon says, 'are a burden that none can bear, though their fortitude may sustain their other calamities'; and if words cannot express the joy of a conscience relieved from such restless agonies; then Dr. Sanderson might rejoice that so many were by him so clearly and conscientiously satisfied, and would often praise God for that ability, and as often for the occasion, and that God had inclined his heart to do it to the meanest of any of those poor, but precious souls, for which his Saviour vouchsafed to be crucified.

Some of those very many cases that were resolved by letters, have been preserved and printed for the benefit of posterity; as namely,

1. Of the Sabbath.
2. Marrying with a Recusant.

3. Of unlawful love.
4. Of a military life.
5. Of Scandal.
6. Of a bond taken in the King's name.
7. Of the Engagement.
8. Of a rash vow.

But many more remain in private hands, of which one is of Simony; and I wish the world might see it, that it might undeceive so many mistaken Patrons, who think they have discharged that great and dangerous trust, both to God and man, if they take no money for a living, though it may be parted with for other ends less justifiable which I forbear to name.

And in this time of his retirement, when the common people were amazed and grown restless and giddy by the many falsehoods, and misapplications of truths frequently vented in sermons; when they wrested the Scripture by challenging God to be of their party, and called upon him in their prayers to patronise their sacrilege and zealous frenzies; in this time he did so compassionate the generality of this misled nation, that though the times threatened such an undertaking with danger, yet he then hazarded his safety by writing the large and bold Preface now extant before his last twenty Sermons;—first printed in the dangerous year 1655;—in which there was such strength of reason, with so powerful and clear convincing applications made to the Non-conformists, as being read by one of those dissenting brethren, who was possessed of a good sequestered living, and with it such a spirit of covetousness and contradiction, as being neither able to defend his error, nor yield to truth manifested, his conscience, having slept long and quietly in that living, was yet at the reading of it so awakened, (for there is a divine power in reason,) that after a conflict with the reason he had met, and the damage he was to sustain if he consented to it,—and being still unwilling to be so convinced, as to lose by being over-reasoned,—he went in haste to the bookseller of whom 'twas bought, threatened him, and

told him in anger, 'he had sold a book in which there was false Divinity; and that the Preface had upbraided the Parliament, and many godly Ministers of that party, for unjust dealing.' To which his reply was,—'twas Tim. Garthwaite,—'That 'twas not his trade to judge of true or false Divinity, but to print and sell books: and yet if he, or any friend of his, would write an answer to it, and own it by setting his name to it, he would print the Answer, and promote the selling of it.'

About the time of his printing this excellent Preface, I met him accidentally in London, in sad-coloured clothes, and, God knows, far from being costly. The place of our meeting was near to Little Britain, where he had been to buy a book, which he then had in his hand. We had no inclination to part presently, and therefore turned to stand in a corner under a pent-house,—for it began to rain,—and immediately the wind rose, and the rain increased so much, that both became so inconvenient, as to force us into a cleanly house, where we had bread, cheese, ale, and a fire for our ready money. This rain and wind were so obliging to me, as to force our stay there for at least an hour, to my great content and advantage; for in that time he made to me many useful observations of the present times, with much clearness and conscientious freedom. I shall relate a part of them, in hope they may also turn to the advantage of my Reader. He seemed to lament, that the Parliament had taken upon them to abolish our Liturgy, to the grief and scandal of so many devout and learned men, and the disgrace of those many martyrs, who had sealed the truth and necessary use of it with their blood: and that no Minister was now thought godly that did not decry it, and at least pretend to make better prayers *ex tempore*: and that they, and only they, that could do so, prayed by the Spirit, and were godly; though in their sermons they disputed and evidently contradicted each other in their prayers. And as he did dislike this, so he did most highly commend the Common Prayer of the Church, saying, 'The Holy Ghost seemed to assist the composers: and that the effect of a constant use of it,

would be, to melt and form the soul, into holy thoughts and desires, and beget habits of devotion.' This he said and that, 'the Collects were the most passionate, proper, and most elegant comprehensive expressions that any language ever afforded; and that there was in them such piety, and that so interwoven with instructions, that they taught us to know the power, the wisdom, the majesty, and mercy of God, and much of our duty both to Him and our neighbour: and that a congregation, behaving themselves reverently, and putting up to God these joint and known desires for pardon of sins, and praises for mercies received, could not but be more pleasing to God, than those raw, unpremeditated expressions, which many understood not, and to which many of the hearers could not say, Amen.'

And he then commended to me the frequent use of the Psalter, or Psalms of David; speaking to this purpose: 'That they were the Treasury of Christian comfort, fitted for all persons and all necessities; able to raise the soul from dejection by the frequent mention of God's mercies to repentant sinners; able to stir up holy desires: to increase joy; to moderate sorrow; to nourish hope, and teach us patience, by waiting God's leisure for what we beg: able to beget a trust in the mercy, power, and providence of our Creator; and to cause a resignation of ourselves to his will; and then, and not till then, to believe ourselves happy.' This, he said, the Liturgy and Psalms taught us; and that by the frequent use of the last, they would not only prove to be our soul's comfort, but would become so habitual, as to transform them into the image of his soul that composed them. After this manner he expressed himself and sorrow concerning the Liturgy and Psalms; and seemed to lament that this, which was the devotion of the more primitive times, should in common pulpits be turned into needless debates about Freewill, Election, and Reprobation, of which, and many like questions, we may be safely ignorant, because Almighty God intends not to lead us to Heaven by hard questions, but by meekness and charity, and a frequent practice of devotion.

And he seemed to lament very much, that, by the means of irregular and indiscreet preaching, the generality of the nation were possessed with such dangerous mistakes, as to think, 'they might be religious first, and then just and merciful; that they might sell their consciences, and yet have something left that was worth keeping; that they might be sure they were elected, though their lives were visibly scandalous; that to be cunning was to be wise; that to be rich was to be happy, though 'tis evidently false: that to speak evil of Government, and to be busy in things they understood not, was no sin.' These and the like mistakes he lamented much, and besought God to remove them, and restore us to that humility, sincerity, and singleheartedness, with which this nation was blessed before the unhappy Covenant was brought amongst us, and every man preached and prayed what seemed best in his own eyes. And he then said to me, 'That the way to restore this nation to a more meek and Christian temper, was to have the body of Divinity—or so much of it as was needful to be known by the common people—to be put into fifty-two Homilies or Sermons, of such a length as not to exceed a third, or fourth part of an hour's reading: and these needful points to be made so clear and plain, that those of a mean capacity might know what was necessary to be believed, and what God requires to be done; and then some applications of trial and conviction: and these to be read every Sunday of the year, as infallibly as the blood circulates the body, at a set time; and then as certainly begun again, and continued the year following. And, he explained the reason of this his desire, by saying to me, 'All grammar scholars, that are often shifted, from one to another school, learn neither so much, nor their little so truly, as those that are constant to one good master: because by the several rules of teaching in those several schools, they learn less, and become more and more confused; and at last, so puzzled and perplexed, that their learning proves useless both to themselves and others. And so do the immethodical, useless, needless notions that are delivered in many Sermons, make the hearers; but a

clear and constant rule, of teaching us, what we are to know, and do, and what not, and that taught us by an approved authority, might probably bring the nation to a more conscientious practice of what we know and ought to do.' Thus did this prudent man explain the reason of this his desire: and oh! that he had undertaken what he advised; for then, in all probability it would have proved so useful, that the present age would have been blessed by it: and, posterity would have blessed him for it.

And at this happy time of my enjoying his company and this discourse, he expressed a sorrow by saying to me, 'Oh that I had gone Chaplain to that excellently accomplished gentleman, your friend, Sir Henry Wotton! which was once intended, when he first went Ambassador to the State of Venice: for by that employment I had been forced into a necessity of conversing, not with him only, but with several men of several nations; and might thereby have kept myself from my unmanly bashfulness, which has proved very troublesome, and not less inconvenient to me; and which I now fear is become so habitual as never to leave me: and besides by that means I might also have known, or at least have had the satisfaction of seeing, one of the late miracles of mankind for general learning, prudence, and modesty, Sir Henry Wotton's dear friend, Padre Paulo, who, the author of his Life says, was born with a bashfulness as invincible as I have found my own to be: a man whose fame must never die, till virtue and learning shall become so useless as not to be regarded.'

This was a part of the benefit I then had by that hour's conversation: and I gladly remember and mention it, as an argument of my happiness, and his great humility and condescension. I had also a like advantage by another happy conference with him, which I am desirous to impart in this place to the Reader. He lamented much, that in those times of confusion [in] many Parishes, where the maintenance was not great, there was no Minister to officiate; and that many of the best sequestered livings were possessed with such rigid Covenanters as denied the Sacrament to

their Parishioners, unless upon such conditions, and in such a manner, as they could not with a good conscience take it. This he mentioned with much sorrow, saying, 'The blessed Sacrament did, even by way of preparation for it, give occasion to all conscientious receivers to examine the performance of their vows, since they received that last seal for the pardon of their sins past; and also to examine and re-search their hearts, and make penitent reflections on their failings; and, that done, to bewail them seriously, and then make new vows or resolutions to obey all God's commands better, and beg His grace to perform them. And that this being faithfully done, then the Sacrament repairs the decays of grace, helps us to conquer infirmities, gives us grace to beg God's grace, and then gives us what we beg; makes us still hunger and thirst after His righteousness, which we then receive, and being assisted with our own endeavours, will still so dwell in us, as to become our sanctification in this life, and our comfort on our last sick-beds.' The want of this blessed benefit he lamented much, and pitied their condition that desired, but could not obtain it.

I hope I shall not disoblige my reader, if I here enlarge into a further character of his person and temper. As first, that he was moderately tall: his behaviour had in it much of a plain comeliness, and very little, yet enough, of ceremony or courtship; his looks and motion manifested an endearing affability and mildness, and yet he had with these a calm, and so matchless a fortitude, as secured him from complying with any of those many Parliament injunctions, that interfered with a doubtful conscience. His learning was methodical and exact, his wisdom useful, his integrity visible, and his whole life so unspotted, so like the Primitive Christians, that all ought to be preserved as copies for posterity to write after; the Clergy especially, who with impure hands ought not to offer sacrifice to that God, whose pure eyes abhor iniquity; and especially in them.

There was in his Sermons no improper rhetoric, nor such perplexed divisions, as may be said to be like too much

light, that so dazzles the eyes, that the sight becomes less perfect: but in them there was no want of useful matter, nor waste of words; and yet such clear distinctions as dispelled all confused notions, and made his hearers depart both wiser, and more confirmed in virtuous resolutions.

His memory was so matchless and firm, as 'twas only overcome by his bashfulness; for he alone, or to a friend, could repeat all the Odes of Horace, all Tully's Offices, and much of Juvenal and Persius, without book; and would say, 'the repetition of one of the Odes of Horace to himself, which he did often, was to him such music, as a lesson on the viol was to others, when they played it voluntarily to themselves or friends.' And though he was blest with a clearer judgment than other men, yet he was so distrustful of it, that he did usually over-consider of consequences, and would so delay and re-consider what to determine, that though none ever determined better, yet, when the bell tolled for him to appear and read his Divinity Lectures in Oxford, and all the Scholars attended to hear him, he had not then, or not till then, resolved and writ what he meant to determine; so that that appeared to be a truth, which his old dear friend Dr. Sheldon would often say of him, namely, 'That his judgment was so much superior to his fancy, that whatsoever this suggested, that disliked and controlled; still considering, and re-considering, till his time was so wasted, that he [was] forced to write, not, probably, what was best, but what he thought last.' And yet what he did then read, appeared to all hearers to be so useful, clear, and satisfactory, as none ever determined with greater applause. These tiring and perplexing thoughts begot in him some averseness to enter into the toil of considering and determining all casuistical points; because during that time, they neither gave rest to his body or mind. But though he would not suffer his mind to be always laden with these knotty points and distinctions; yet the study of old records, genealogies, and heraldry, were a recreation and so pleasing, that he would say they gave a pleasant rest to his mind. Of the last of which I have seen two remarkable volumes;

and the Reader needs neither to doubt their truth or exactness.

And this holy humble man had so conquered all repining and ambitious thoughts, and with them all other unruly passions, that, if the accidents of the day proved to his danger or damage, yet he both began and ended it with an even and undisturbed quietness; always praising God that He had not withdrawn food and raiment from him and his poor family; nor suffered him in the times of trial to violate his conscience for his safety, or to support himself or them in a more splendid or plentiful condition; and that he therefore resolved with David, 'That His praise should be always in his mouth.'

I have taken a content in giving my reader this character of his person, his temper, and some of the accidents of his life past; and more might be added of all; but I will with sorrow look forward to the sad days, in which so many good men, clergymen especially, were sufferers; namely about the year 1658, at which time Dr. Sanderson was in a very pitiful condition as to his estate; and in that time Mr. Robert Boyle—a gentleman of a very noble birth, and more eminent for his liberality, learning, and virtue, and of whom I would say much more, but that he still lives—having casually met with and read his Lectures *de Juramento*, to his great satisfaction, and being informed of Dr. Sanderson's great innocence and sincerity, and that he and his family were brought into a low condition by his not complying with the Parliament's injunctions, sent him by his dear friend Dr. Barlow—the now learned Bishop of Lincoln—50*l.* and with it a request and promise. The request was, that he would review the Lectures *de Conscientiâ*, which he had read when he was Doctor of the Chair in Oxford, and print them for the good of posterity:—and this Dr. Sanderson did in the year 1659.—And the promise was, that he would pay him that, or, if he desired it, a greater sum yearly, during his life, to enable him to pay an amanuensis, to ease him from the trouble of writing what he should conceive or dictate. For the more particular

account of which, I refer my Reader to a letter writ to me by the said Dr. Barlow, which I have annexed to the end of this relation.

Towards the beginning of the year 1660, when the many mixed sects, and their creators and merciless protectors, had led or driven each other into a whirlpool of confusion both in Church and State: when amazement and fear had seized most of them, by foreseeing, they must now not only vomit up the churches, and the King's land, but their accusing consciences did also give them an inward and fearful intelligence that the God of opposition, disobedience, and confusion, which they had so long and so diligently feared, was now ready to reward them with such wages as he always pays to witches for their obeying him. When these wretches, that had said to themselves 'we shall see no sorrow,' were come to foresee an end of their cruel reign, by our King's return; and such sufferers as Dr. Sanderson—and with him many of the oppressed Clergy and others—could foresee the cloud of their afflictions would be dispersed by it; then the twenty-ninth of May following, the King was by our good God restored to us, and we to our known laws and liberties, and then a general joy and peace seemed to breathe through the three nations; the suffering and sequestered Clergy (who had, like the children of Israel, sat long lamenting their sad condition, and hanged their neglected harps on the willows that grow by the rivers of Babylon) were after many thoughtful days and restless nights now freed from their sequestration, restored to their revenues, and to a liberty to adore, praise, and pray to Almighty God publicly in such order as their consciences and oaths had formerly obliged them. And the Reader will easily believe, that Dr. Sanderson and his dejected family rejoiced to see this happy day, and be of this number.

At this time of the conformable Clergy's deliverance, from the Presbyterian severities, the Doctor said to a friend, 'I look back on this strange and happy turn of the late times, with amazement and thankfulness; and

cannot but think the Presbyterians ought to read their own errors, by considering that by their own rules the Independents have punished and supplanted them as they did the conformable Clergy, who are now (so many as still live) restored to their lawful rights; and, as the prophet David hath taught me, so I say with a thankful heart, Verily, there is a God that judgeth the earth: and, a reward for the righteous.'

It ought to be considered—which I have often heard or read—that in the primitive times men of learning, prudence, and virtue were usually sought for, and solicited to accept of Episcopal government, and often refused it. For they conscientiously considered, that the office of a Bishop was not made up of ease and state, but of labour and care; that they were trusted to be God's almoners of the Church's revenue, and double their care for the Church's good and the poor; to live strictly themselves, and use all diligence to see that their family, officers, and Clergy became examples of innocence and piety to others; and that the account of that stewardship, must, at the last dreadful day, be made to the Searcher of all Hearts: and for these reasons they were in the primitive times timorous to undertake it. It may not be said, that Dr. Sanderson was accomplished with these, and all the other requisites required in a Bishop, so as to be able to answer them exactly: but it may be affirmed, as a good preparation, that he had at the age of seventy-three years—for he was so old at the King's Return—fewer faults to be pardoned by God or man, than are apparent in others in these days, in which, God knows, we fall so short of that visible sanctity and zeal to God's glory, which was apparent in the days of Primitive Christianity. This is mentioned by way of preparation to what I shall say more of Dr. Sanderson, as namely, that, at the King's return, Dr. Sheldon, the late prudent Archbishop of Canterbury,—than whom none knew, valued, or loved Dr. Sanderson more or better,—was by his Majesty made a chief trustee to commend to him fit men to supply the then vacant Bishoprics. And Dr. Sheldon knew none

fitter than Dr. Sanderson, and therefore humbly desired the King that he would nominate him: and, that done, he did as humbly desire Dr. Sanderson that he would, for God's and the Church's sake, take that charge and care upon him. Dr. Sanderson had, if not an unwillingness, certainly no forwardness to undertake it; and would often say, he had not led himself, but his friend would now lead him into a temptation, which he had daily prayed against; and besought God, if he did undertake it so to assist him with His grace, that the example of his life, his cares and endeavours, might promote His glory, and help forward the salvation of others.

This I have mentioned as a happy preparation to his Bishopric; and am next to tell, that he was consecrated Bishop of Lincoln at Westminster, the 28th of October, 1660.

There was about this time a Christian care taken, that those whose consciences were, as they said, tender, and could not comply with the service and ceremonies of the Church, might have satisfaction given by a friendly debate betwixt a select number of them, and some like number of those that had been sufferers for the Church-service and ceremonies, and now restored to liberty; of which last some were then preferred to power and dignity in the Church. And of these Bishop Sanderson was one, and then chosen to be a moderator in that debate: and he performed his trust with much mildness, patience, and reason; but all proved uneffectual: for there be some prepossessions like jealousies, which, though causeless, yet cannot be removed by reasons as apparent as demonstration can make any truth. The place appointed for this debate was the Savoy in the Strand: and the points debated were, I think, many, and I think many of them needless; some affirmed to be truth and reason, some denied to be either; and these debates being at first in words, proved to be so loose and perplexed as satisfied neither party. For some time that which had been affirmed was immediately forgot or mistaken or denied, and so no satisfaction given to either party. And that

the debate might become more satisfactory and useful, it was therefore resolved that the day following the desires and reasons of the Nonconformists should be given in writing, and they in writing receive answers from the conforming party. And though I neither now can, nor need to mention all the points debated, nor the names of the dissenting brethren; yet I am sure Mr. Richard Baxter was one, and I am sure also one of the points debated was Concerning a command of lawful superiors, what was sufficient to its being a lawful command; this following proposition was brought by the conforming party.

'That command which commands an act in itself lawful, and no other act or circumstance unlawful, is not sinful.'

Mr. Baxter denied it for two reasons, which he gave in with his own hand in writing, thus:

One was, 'Because that may be a sin *per accidens*, which is not so in itself, and may be unlawfully commanded, though that accident be not in the command.' Another was, 'That it may be commanded under an unjust penalty.'

Again, this proposition being brought by the Conformists, 'That command which commandeth an act in itself lawful, and no other act whereby any unjust penalty is enjoined, nor any circumstance whence, *per accidens*, any sin is consequent which the commander ought to provide against, is not sinful.'

Mr. Baxter denied it for this reason, then given in with his own hand in writing thus: 'Because the first act commanded may be *per accidens* unlawful, and be commanded by an unjust penalty, though no other act or circumstance commanded be such.'

Again, this proposition being brought by the Conformists, 'That command which commandeth an act in itself lawful, and no other act whereby any unjust penalty is enjoined, nor any circumstance, whence directly, or *per accidens*, any sin is consequent, which the commander ought to provide against, hath in it all things requisite to the lawfulness of a command, and particularly cannot be guilty of com-

manding an act *per accidens* unlawful, nor of commanding an act under an unjust penalty.'

Mr. Baxter denied it upon the same reasons.

PETER GUNNING.
JOHN PEARSON.

There were then two of the disputants, still alive, and will attest this; one being now Lord Bishop of Ely, and the other of Chester. And the last of them told me very lately, that one of the Dissenters—which I could, but forbear to name—appeared to Dr. Sanderson to be so bold, so troublesome, and so illogical in the dispute, as forced patient Dr. Sanderson—who was then Bishop of Lincoln, and a moderator with other Bishops—to say, with an unusual earnestness, 'That he had never met with a man of more pertinacious confidence, and less abilities, in all his conversation.'

But though this debate at the Savoy was ended without any great satisfaction to either party, yet both parties knew the desires, and understood the abilities, of the other, much better than before it: and the late distressed Clergy, that were now restored to their former rights and power were so charitable as at their next meeting in Convocation to contrive to give the dissenting party satisfaction by alteration, explanation, and addition to some part both of the Rubric and Common Prayer, as also by adding some new necessary Collects, with a particular Collect of Thanksgiving. How many of these new Collects were worded by Dr. Sanderson, I cannot say; but am sure the whole Convocation valued him so much that he never undertook to speak to any point in question, but he was heard with great willingness and attention; and when any point in question was determined, the Convocation did usually desire him to word their intentions, and as usually approve and thank him.

At this Convocation the Common Prayer was made more complete, by adding three new necessary Offices; which were, 'A Form of Humiliation for the Murder of King Charles the Martyr; A Thanksgiving for the

Restoration of his Son our King; and For the Baptising of Persons of riper Age.' I cannot say Dr. Sanderson did form, or word them all, but doubtless more than any single man of the Convocation; and he did also, by desire of the Convocation, alter and add to the forms of Prayers to be used at Sea—now taken into the Service-Book.—And it may be noted, that William, the now Most Reverend Archbishop of Canterbury, was in these employments diligently useful; especially in helping to rectify the Calendar and Rubric. And lastly, it may be noted, that, for the satisfying all the dissenting brethren and others, the Convocation's reasons for the alterations and additions to the Liturgy were by them desired to be drawn up by Dr. Sanderson; which being done by him, and approved by them, was appointed to be printed before the Liturgy, and may be known by this title—'The Preface'; and begins thus—'It hath been the Wisdom of the Church.'—

I shall now follow Dr. Sanderson to his Bishopric, and declare a part of his behaviour in that busy and weighty employment. And first, that it was with such condescension and obligingness to the meanest of his Clergy, as to know and be known to most of them. And indeed he practised the like to all men of what degree soever, especially to his old neighbours or parishioners of Boothby Pannell; for there was all joy at his table, when they came to visit him: then they prayed for him, and he for them, with an unfeigned affection.

I think it will not be denied, but that the care and toil required of a Bishop, may justly challenge the riches and revenue with which their predecessors had lawfully endowed them: and yet he sought not that so much, as doing good both to the present age and posterity; and he made this appear by what follows.

The Bishop's chief house at Buckden, in the County of Huntingdon, the usual residence of his predecessors,—for it stands about the midst of his Diocese,—having been at his consecration a great part of it demolished, and what was left standing under a visible decay, was by him undertaken to be erected and repaired: and it was performed

with great speed, care, and charge. And to this may be added, that the King having by an Injunction commended to the care of the Bishops, Deans, and Prebends of all Cathedral Churches, 'the repair of them, their houses, and an augmentation of the revenues of small Vicarages'; he, when he was repairing Buckden, did also augment the last, as fast as fines were paid for renewing leases: so fast, that a friend, taking notice of his bounty, was so bold as to advise him to remember, 'he was under his first-fruits, and that he was old, and had a wife and children yet but meanly provided for, especially if his dignity were considered.' To whom he made a mild and thankful answer, saying, 'It would not become a Christian Bishop to suffer those houses built by his predecessors to be ruined for want of repair; and less justifiable to suffer any of those poor vicars, that were called to so high a calling as to sacrifice at God's altar, to eat the bread of sorrow constantly, when he had a power by a small augmentation, to turn it into the bread of cheerfulness: and wished, that as this was, so it were also in his power to make all mankind happy, for he desired nothing more. And for his wife and children, he hoped to leave them a competence, and in the hands of a God that would provide for all that kept innocence, and trusted in His providence and protection, which he had always found enough to make and keep him happy.'

There was in his Diocese a Minister of almost his age, that had been of Lincoln College when he left it, who visited him often, and always welcome, because he was a man of innocence and openheartedness. This Minister asked the Bishop what books he studied most, when he laid the foundation of his great and clear learning. To which his answer was, 'that he declined reading many books; but what he did read were well chosen, and read so often, that he became very familiar with them'; and told him, 'they were chiefly three, Aristotle's *Rhetoric*, Aquinas's *Secunda Secundae*, and Tully, but chiefly his Offices, which he had not read over less than twenty times, and could at this age repeat without book.' And told him also, 'the

learned Civilian Doctor Zouch—who died lately—had writ *Elementa Jurisprudentiae*, which was a book that he thought he could also say without book; and that no wise man could read it too often, or love or commend it too much'; and he told him, 'the study of these had been his toil: but for himself he always had a natural love to Genealogies and Heraldry; and that when his thoughts were harassed with any perplexed studies, he left off, and turned to them as a recreation; and that his very recreation had made him so perfect in them, that he could, in a very short time, give an account of the descent, arms, and antiquity of any family of the nobility or gentry of this nation.'

Before I give an account of his last sickness, I desire to tell the reader that he was of a healthful constitution, cheerful and mild, of an even temper, very moderate in his diet, and had had little sickness, till some few years before his death; but was then every winter punished with a diarrhoea, which left him not till warm weather returned and removed it: and this distemper did, as he grew older, seize him oftener, and continue longer with him. But though it weakened him, yet it made him rather indisposed than sick, and did no way disable him from studying —indeed too much. In this decay of his strength, but not of his memory or reason, (for this distemper works not upon the understanding,) he made his last Will, of which I shall give some account for confirmation of what hath been said, and what I think convenient to be known, before I declare his death and burial.

He did in his last Will, give an account of his faith and persuasion in point of religion, and Church-government, in these very words:

'I, Robert Sanderson, Doctor of Divinity, an unworthy Minister of Jesus Christ, and, by the providence of God, Bishop of Lincoln, being by the long continuance of an habitual distemper brought to a great bodily weakness and faintness of spirits, but (by the great mercy of God) without any bodily pain otherwise, or decay of understanding, do make this my Will and Testament, (written all with my own hand,) revoking all former Wills by me

heretofore made, if any such shall be found. First, I commend my soul into the hands of Almighty God, as of a faithful Creator, which I humbly beseech him mercifully to accept, looking upon it, not as it is in itself, (infinitely polluted with sin,) but as it is redeemed and purged with the precious blood of his only beloved Son, and my most sweet Saviour Jesus Christ; in confidence of whose merits and mediation alone it is, that I cast myself upon the mercy of God for the pardon of my sins, and the hopes of eternal life. And here I do profess, that as I have lived, so I desire, and (by the grace of God) resolve, to die in the communion of the Catholic Church of Christ, and a true son of the Church of England: which, as it stands by Law established, to be both in doctrine and worship agreeable to the word of God, and in the most, and most material points of both conformable to the faith and practice of the godly Churches of Christ in the primitive and purer times, I do firmly believe: led so to do, not so much from the force of custom and education,—to which the greatest part of mankind owe their particular different persuasions in point of Religion,—as upon the clear evidence of truth and reason, after a serious and impartial examination of the grounds, as well of Popery as Puritanism, according to that measure of understanding, and those opportunities which God hath afforded me: and herein I am abundantly satisfied, that the schism which the Papists on the one hand, and the superstition which the Puritan on the other hand, lay to our charge, are very justly chargeable upon themselves respectively. Wherefore I humbly beseech Almighty God, the Father of mercies, to preserve the Church by his power and providence, in peace, truth, and godliness, evermore to the world's end: which doubtless he will do, if the wickedness and security of a sinful people —and particularly those sins that are so rife, and seem daily to increase among us, of unthankfulness, riot, and sacrilege—do not tempt his patience to the contrary. And I also farther humbly beseech him, that it would please him to give unto our gracious Sovereign, the reverend Bishops, and the Parliament, timely to consider the great danger

that visibly threatens this Church in point of Religion by the late great increase of Popery, and in point of revenue by sacrilegious enclosures; and to provide such wholesome and effectual remedies, as may prevent the same before it be too late.'

And for a further manifestation of his humble thoughts and desires, they may appear to the Reader by another part of his Will which follows.

'As for my corruptible body, I bequeath it to the earth whence it was taken, to be decently buried in the Parish Church of Buckden, towards the upper end of the Chancel, upon the second, or—at the furthest—the third day after my decease; and that with as little noise, pomp, and charge as may be, without the invitation of any person how near soever related unto me, other than the inhabitants of Buckden; without the unnecessary expense of escutcheons, gloves, ribbons, etc., and without any blacks to be hung any where in or about the house or Church, other than a pulpit cloth, a hearse-cloth, and a mourning gown for the Preacher; whereof the former (after my body shall be interred) to be given to the Preacher of the Funeral Sermon, and the latter to the Curate of the Parish for the time being. And my will further is that the Funeral Sermon be preached by my own household Chaplain, containing some wholesome discourse concerning Mortality, the Resurrection of the Dead and the Last Judgment; and that he shall have for his pains 5*l.* upon condition that he speak nothing at all concerning my person, either good or ill, other than I myself shall direct; only signifying to the auditory that it was my express will to have it so. And it is my will, that no costly monument be erected for my memory, but only a fair flat marble stone to be laid over me, with this inscription in legible Roman characters, DEPOSITUM ROBERTI SANDERSON NUPER LINCOLNIENSIS EPISCOPI, QUI OBIIT ANNO DOMINI MDCLXII. ET AETATIS SUAE SEPTUAGESIMO SEXTO, HIC REQUIESCIT IN SPE BEATAE RESURRECTIONIS. This manner of burial, although I cannot but foresee it will prove unsatisfactory to sundry my nearest friends and relations, and be apt to

be censured by others, as an evidence of my too much parsimony and narrowness of mind, as being altogether unusual, and not according to the mode of these times: yet it is agreeable to the sense of my heart, and I do very much desire my Will may be carefully observed herein, hoping it may become exemplary to some or other: at least however testifying at my death—what I have so often and earnestly professed in my life time—my utter dislike of the flatteries commonly used in Funeral Sermons, and of the vast expenses otherwise laid out in Funeral solemnities and entertainments, with very little benefit to any; which if bestowed in pious and charitable works, might redound to the public or private benefit of many persons.' This is a part of his Will.

I am next to tell, that he died the 29th of January, 1662; and that his body was buried in Buckden, the third day after his death; and for the manner, that 'twas as far from ostentation as he desired it; and all the rest of his Will was as punctually performed. And when I have—to his just praise—told this truth, 'that he died far from being rich,' I shall return back to visit, and give a further account of him on his last sick bed.

His last Will—of which I have mentioned a part—was made about three weeks before his death, about which time, finding his strength to decay by reason of his constant infirmity, and a consumptive cough added to it, he retired to his chamber, expressing a desire to enjoy his last thoughts to himself in private, without disturbance or care, especially of what might concern this world. Thus as his natural life decayed, his spiritual life seemed to be more strong; and, his faith more confirmed: still labouring to attain that holiness and purity, without which none shall see God. And that not any of his Clergy (which are more numerous than any other Bishop's of this nation) might suffer by his retirement, he did by commission impower his Chaplain, Mr. Pullin, with Episcopal power to give institutions to all livings or Church-preferments, during this his disability to do it himself. In this time of his retirement, which was wholly spent in devotion, he

longed for his dissolution; and when some that loved him prayed for his recovery, if he at any time found any amendment, he seemed to be displeased, by saying, 'His friends said their prayers backward for him: and that 'twas not his desire to live a useless life, and by filling up a place keep another out of it, that might do God and his Church service.' He would often with much joy and thankfulness mention, 'That during his being a housekeeper—which was more than forty years—there had not been one buried out of his family, and that he was now like to be the first.' He would also mention with thankfulness, 'That till he was three score years of age, he had never spent five shillings in law, nor—upon himself—so much in wine: and rejoiced much that he had so lived, as never to cause an hour's sorrow to his good father; and hoped that he should die without an enemy.'

He, in this retirement, had the Church prayers read in his chamber twice every day; and at nine at night, some prayers read to him and a part of his family out of *The Whole Duty of Man.* As he was remarkably punctual and regular in all his studies and actions, so he used himself to be for his meals. And his dinner being appointed to be constantly ready at the ending of prayers, and he expecting and calling for it, was answered, 'It would be ready in a quarter of an hour.' To which his reply was, with some earnestness, 'A quarter of an hour! Is a quarter of an hour nothing to a man that probably has not many hours to live?' And though he did live many hours after this, yet he lived not many days; for the day after—which was three days before his death—he was become so weak and weary either of motion or sitting, that he was content, or forced, to keep his bed: in which I desire he may rest, till I have given some account of his behaviour there, and immediately before it.

The day before he took his bed,—which was three days before his death,—he, that he might receive a new assurance for the pardon of his sins past, and be strengthened in his way to the New Jerusalem, took the blessed Sacrament of the Body and Blood of his and our blessed Jesus,

from the hands of his Chaplain, Mr. Pullin, accompanied with his wife, children, and a friend, in as awful, humble, and ardent a manner, as outward reverence could express. After the praise and thanksgiving for this blessing was ended, he spake to this purpose: 'I have now to the great joy of my soul tasted of the all-saving sacrifice of my Saviour's death and passion: and with it, received a spiritual assurance that my sins past are pardoned, and my God at peace with me: and that I shall never have a will or power to do anything that may separate my soul from the love of my dear Saviour. Lord confirm this belief in me; and make me still to remember that it was thou, O God! that tookest me out of my mother's womb, and hast been the powerful protector of me to this present moment of my life: Thou hast neither forsaken me now I am become grey-headed, nor suffered me to forsake thee in the late days of temptation, and sacrifice my conscience for the preservation of my liberty or estate. 'Twas not of myself but by grace that I have stood, when others have fallen under my trials: and these mercies I now remember with joy and thankfulness; and my hope and desire is, that I may die remembering this and praising thee my merciful God.

The frequent repetition of the Psalms of David, hath been noted to be a great part of the devotion of the primitive Christians; the Psalms having in them not only prayers and holy instructions, but such commemorations of God's mercies, as may preserve, comfort, and confirm our dependence on the power, and providence, and mercy of our Creator. And this is mentioned in order to telling, that as the holy Psalmist said, that his eyes should prevent both the dawning of the day and the night watches, by meditating on God's word,[1] so 'twas Dr. Sanderson's constant practice every morning to entertain his first waking thoughts with a repetition of those very Psalms that the Church hath appointed to be constantly read in the daily Morning service: and having at night laid him in his bed, he as constantly closed his eyes with a repeti-

[1] *Psal.* cxix. 147.

tion of those appointed for the service of the evening, remembering and repeating the very Psalms appointed for every day; and as the month had formerly ended and began again, so did this exercise of his devotion. And if the first fruits of his waking thoughts were of the world, or what concerned it, he would arraign and condemn himself for it. Thus he began that work on earth, which is now the employment of Dr. Hammond and him in Heaven.

After his taking his bed, and about a day before his death, he desired his Chaplain, Mr. Pullin, to give him absolution: and at his performing that office, he pulled off his cap, that Mr. Pullin might lay his hand upon his bare head. After this desire of his was satisfied, his body seemed to be at more ease, and his mind more cheerful; and he said, 'Lord, forsake me not now my strength faileth me; but continue thy mercy, and let my mouth be ever filled with thy praise.' He continued the remaining night and day very patient, and thankful for any of the little offices that were performed for his ease and refreshment: and during that time did often say to himself the 103rd Psalm, a Psalm that is composed of praise and consolations, fitted for a dying soul, and say also to himself very often these words, 'My heart is fixed, O God! my heart is fixed where true joy is to be found.' And now his thoughts seemed to be wholly of death, for which he was so prepared, that the King of Terrors could not surprise him as a thief in the night: for he had often said, he was prepared, and longed for it. And as this desire seemed to come from Heaven, so it left him not till his soul ascended to that region of blessed spirits, whose employments are to join in concert with his, and sing praise and glory to that God, who hath brought him and them to that place, into which sin and sorrow cannot enter.

Thus this pattern of meekness and primitive innocence changed this for a better life. 'Tis now too late to wish that mine may be like his; for I am in the eighty-fifth year of my age, and God knows it hath not: but I most humbly beseech Almighty God, that my death may: and

I do as earnestly beg, that if any reader shall receive any satisfaction from this very plain, and as true relation, he will be so charitable as to say, Amen. I. W.

Blessed is the man in whose spirit there is no guile.[1]

DR. PIERCE, DEAN OF SALISBURY, HIS LETTER TO MR. WALTON.

Good Mr. Walton,

At my return to this place, I made a yet stricter search after the letters long ago sent me from our most excellent Dr. Sanderson, before the happy restoration of the King and Church of England to their several rights: in one of which letters more especially, he was pleased to give me a narrative both of the rise and the progress, and reasons also, as well of his younger, as of his last and riper judgment, touching the famous points controverted between the Calvinians and the Arminians, as they are commonly (though unjustly and unskilfully) miscalled on either side.

The whole letter I allude to does consist of several sheets, whereof a good part had been made public long ago, by the most learned, most judicious, most pious Dr. Hammond, (to whom I sent it both for his private, and for the public satisfaction, if he thought fit,) in his excellent book, entitled, *A Pacific Discourse of God's Grace and Decrees, in full accordance with Dr. Sanderson*: to which discourse I refer you for an account of Dr. Sanderson and the history of his thoughts in his own hand-writing, wherein I sent it to Westwood, as I received it from Boothby Pannell. And although the whole book, (printed in the year 1660, and reprinted since with his other tracts in folio,) is very worthy of your perusal; yet, for the work you are about, you shall not have need to read more at present than from the 8th to the 23rd page, and as far as the end of section

[1] *Psal.* xxxii. 2.

33. There you will find in what year the excellent man, whose life you write, became a Master of Arts: how his first reading of learned Hooker had been occasioned by certain puritanical pamphlets; and how good a preparative he found it for his reading of Calvin's *Institutions*, the honour of whose name (at that time especially) gave such credit to his errors: how he erred with Mr. Calvin, whilst he took things upon trust in the sublapsarian way: how, being chosen to be a Clerk of the Convocation for the Diocese of Lincoln, 1625, he reduced the Quinquarticular Controversy into five schemes or tables; and thereupon discerned a necessity of quitting the sublapsarian way, of which he had before a better liking, as well as the supralapsarian, which he could never fancy. There you will meet with his two weighty reasons against them both, and find his happy change of judgment to have been ever since the year 1625, even thirty-four years before the world either knew, or, at least, took notice of it; and more particularly his reasons for rejecting Dr. Twiss (or the way he walks in), although his acute and very learned and ancient friend.

I now proceed to let you know from Dr. Sanderson's own hand, which was never printed, (and which you can hardly know from any, unless from his son, or from myself,) that, when that Parliament was broken up, and the convocation therewith dissolved, a gentleman of his acquaintance, by occasion of some discourse about these points, told him of a book not long before published at Paris, (A.D. 1623,) by a Spanish Bishop, who had undertaken to clear the differences in the great controversy *De Concordia Gratiae et Liberi Arbitrii*. And because his friend perceived he was greedily desirous to see the book, he sent him one of them, containing the four first books of twelve which he intended then to publish. 'When I had read,' says Dr. Sanderson, in the following words of the same letter, 'his Epistle Dedicatory to the Pope (Gregory XV.), he spake so highly of his own invention, that I then began rather to suspect him for a mountebank, than to hope I should find satisfaction from his performances.

I found much confidence and great pomp of words, but little matter as to the main knot of the business, other than had been said an hundred times before, to wit, of the co-existence of all things past, present, and future *in mente divina realiter ab aeterno*, which is the subject of his whole third book: only he interpreteth the word *realiter* so as to import not only *praesentialitatem objectivam* (as others held before him), but *propriam et actualem existentiam*; yet confesseth it is hard to make this intelligible. In his fourth book he endeavours to declare a twofold manner of God's working *ad extra*; the one *sub ordine praedestinationis*, of which eternity is the proper measure: the other *sub ordine gratiae*, whereof time is the measure; and that God worketh *fortiter* in the one (though not *irresistibiliter*) as well *suaviter* in the other, wherein the free will hath his proper working also. From the result of his whole performance I was confirmed in this opinion; that we must acknowledge the work of both grace and free will in the conversion of a sinner; and so likewise in all other events, the consistency of the infallibility of God's foreknowledge at least (though not with any absolute, but conditional predestination) with the liberty of man's will, and the contingency of inferior causes and effects. These, I say, we must acknowledge for the ὅτι: but for the τὸ πῶς, I thought it bootless for me to think of comprehending it. And so came the two *Acta Synodalia Dordrechtana* to stand in my study, only to fill up a room to this day.'

'And yet see the restless curiosity of man. Not many years after, to wit, A.D. 1632, out cometh Dr. Twiss's *Vindiciae Gratiae*, a large volume, purposely writ against Arminius: and then, notwithstanding my former resolution, I must needs be meddling again. The respect I bore to his person and great learning, and the long acquaintance I had had with him in Oxford, drew me to the reading of that whole book. But from the reading of it (for I read it through to a syllable) I went away with many and great dissatisfactions. Sundry things in that book I took notice of, which brought me into a greater dislike of his opinion than I had before: but especially

these three: First, that he bottometh very much of his discourse upon a very erroneous principle, which yet he seemeth to be so deeply in love with, that he hath repeated it, I verily believe, some hundreds of times in that work: to wit this; That whatsoever is first in the intention is last in execution, and *e converso.* Which is an error of that magnitude, that I cannot but wonder how a person of such acuteness and subtility of wit could possibly be deceived with it. All logicians know there is no such universal maxim as he buildeth upon. The true maxim is but this: *Finis qui primus est in intentione, est ultimus in executione.* In the order of final causes, and the means used for that end, the rule holdeth perpetually: but in other things it holdeth not at all, or but by chance; or not as a rule, and necessarily. Secondly, that, foreseeing such consequences would naturally and necessarily follow from his opinion, as would offend the ear of a sober Christian at the very first sound, he would yet rather choose not only to admit the said harsh consequences, but professedly endeavour also to maintain them, and plead hard for them in large digressions, than to recede in the least from that opinion which he had undertaken to defend. Thirdly, that seeing (out of the sharpness of his wit) a necessity of forsaking the ordinary sublapsarian way, and the supralapsarian too, as it had diversely been declared by all that had gone before him, (for the shunning of those rocks, which either of those ways must unavoidably cast him upon,) he was forced to seek out an untrodden path, and to frame out of his own brain a new way, (like a spider's web wrought out of her own bowels,) hoping by that device to salve all absurdities, could be objected; to wit, by making the glory of God (as it is indeed the chiefest, so) the only end of all other his decrees, and then making all those other decrees to be but one entire co-ordinate medium conducing to that one end, and so the whole subordinate to it, but not any one part thereof subordinate to any other of the same. Dr. Twiss should have done well to have been more sparing in imputing the *studium partium* to others, wherewith his own eyes, though of

eminent perspicacity, were so strangely blindfolded, that he could not discern how this his new device, and his old dearly beloved principle, (like the *Cadmean Sparti*,) do mutually destroy the one the other.'

'This relation of my past thoughts having spun out to a far greater length than I intended, I shall give a shorter account of what they now are concerning these points.'

For which account I refer you to the following parts of Dr. Hammond's book aforesaid, where you may find them already printed: and for another account at large of Bishop Sanderson's last judgment concerning *God's concurrence* or *non-concurrence* with the *actions of men*, and the *positive entity of sins of commission*, I refer you to his letters already printed by his consent, in my large Appendix to my *Impartial Enquiry into the Nature of Sin*, § 68, p. 193, as far as p. 200.

Sir, I have rather made it my choice to transcribe all above out of the letters of Dr. Sanderson, which lie before me, than venture the loss of my originals by post or carrier, which, though not often, yet sometimes fail. Make use of as much or as little as you please, of what I send you from himself (because from his own letters to me) in the penning of his life, as your own prudence shall direct you; using my name for your warranty in the account given of him, as much or as little as you please too. You have a performance of my promise, and an obedience to your desires from,—Your affectionate humble Servant,

THO. PIERCE.

North Tidworth,
March 5, 1677-8.

THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN'S LETTER

MY WORTHY FRIEND, MR. WALTON,

I AM heartily glad, that you have undertaken to write the Life of that excellent person, and, both for learning and

Piety, eminent Prelate, Dr. Sanderson, late Bishop of Lincoln; because I know your ability to know, and integrity to write truth: And sure I am, that the life and actions of that pious and learned Prelate will afford you matter enough for his commendation, and the imitation of posterity. In order to the carrying on your intended good work, you desire my assistance, that I would communicate to you such particular passages of his life, as were certainly known to me. I confess I had the happiness to be particularly known to him for about the space of twenty years; and, in Oxon, to enjoy his conversation, and his learned and pious instructions while he was Regius Professor of Divinity there. Afterwards, when (in the time of our late unhappy confusions) he left Oxon, and was retired into the country, I had the benefit of his letters; wherein, with great candour and kindness, he answered those doubts I proposed, and gave me that satisfaction, which I neither had nor expected from some others of greater confidence, but less judgment and humility. Having, in a letter, named two or three books writ (*ex professo*) against the being of any original sin: and that Adam, by his fall, transmitted some calamity only, but no crime to his posterity; the good old man was exceedingly troubled, and bewailed the misery of those licentious times, and seemed to wonder (save that the times were such) that any should write, or be permitted to publish any error so contradictory to truth, and the doctrine of the Church of England, established (as he truly said) by clear evidence of Scripture, and the just and supreme power of this nation, both sacred and civil. I name not the books, nor their authors, which are not unknown to learned men (and I wish they had never been known) because both the doctrine and the unadvised abettors of it are, and shall be, to me apocryphal.

Another little story I must not pass in silence, being an argument of Dr. Sanderson's piety, great ability, and judgment, as a casuist. Discoursing with an honourable person[1] (whose piety I value more than his nobility and learning, though both be great) about a case of conscience

[1] Robert Boyle, Esq.

concerning oath and vows, their nature and obligation; in which, for some particular reasons, he then desired more fully to be informed; I commended to him Dr. Sanderson's book *De Juramento*; which having read, with great satisfaction, he asked me,—'If I thought the Doctor could be induced to write Cases of Conscience, if he might have an honorary pension allowed him to furnish him with books for that purpose?' I told him I believed he would: And, in a letter to the Doctor, told him what great satisfaction that honourable person, and many more, had reaped by reading his book *De Juramento*; and asked him 'whether he would be pleased, for the benefit of the Church, to write some tract of Cases of Conscience?' He replied, 'That he was glad that any had received any benefit by his books': and added further, 'That if any future tract of his could bring such benefit to any, as we seemed to say his former had done, he would willingly, though without any Pension, set about that work.' Having received this answer, that honourable person, before mentioned, did, by my hands, return 50*l.* to the good Doctor, whose condition then (as most good men's at that time were) was but low; and he presently revised, finished, and published that excellent book, *De Conscientiâ*: a book little in bulk, but not so if we consider the benefit an intelligent reader may receive by it. For there are so many general propositions concerning conscience, the nature and obligation of it, explained and proved, with such firm consequence and evidence of reason, that he who reads, remembers, and can with prudence pertinently apply them *hîc et nunc* to particular cases, may, by their light and help, rationally resolve a thousand particular doubts and scruples of conscience. Here you may see the charity of that honourable person in promoting, and the piety and industry of the good Doctor, in performing that excellent work.

And here I shall add the judgment of that learned and pious Prelate concerning a passage very pertinent to our present purpose. When he was in Oxon, and read his public lectures in the schools as Regius Professor of Divinity, and by the truth of his positions, and evidences

of his proofs, gave great content and satisfaction to all his hearers, especially in his clear resolutions of all difficult cases which occurred in the explication of the subject-matter of his lectures; a person of quality (yet alive) privately asked him, 'What course a young Divine should take in his studies to enable him to be a good casuist?' His answer was, 'That a convenient understanding of the learned languages, at least of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and a sufficient knowledge of arts and sciences presupposed; there were two things in humane literature, a comprehension of which would be of very great use, to enable a man to be a rational and able casuist, which otherwise was very difficult, if not impossible: 1. A convenient knowledge of moral philosophy; especially that part of it which treats of the nature of human actions: To know, "*quid sit actus humanus* (*spontaneus*, *invitus*, *mixtus*), *unde habet bonitatem et malitiam moralem? an ex genere et objecto*, *vel ex circumstantiis?*" How the variety of circumstances varies the goodness or evil of human actions? How far knowledge and ignorance may aggravate or excuse, increase or diminish the goodness or evil of our actions? For every case of conscience being only this—"Is this action good or bad? May I do it, or may I not?"—He who, in these, knows not how and whence human actions become morally good and evil, never can (*in hypothesi*) rationally and certainly determine, whether this or that particular action be so.—2. The second thing, which,' he said, 'would be a great help and advantage to a casuist, was a convenient knowledge of the nature and obligation of laws in general: to know what a law is; what a natural and a positive law; what's required to the "*latio*, *dispensatio*, *derogatio*, *vel abrogatio legis*"; what promulgation is antecedently required to the obligation of any positive law; what ignorance takes off the obligation of a law, or does excuse, diminish, or aggravate the transgression: For every case of conscience being only this—"Is this lawful for me, or is it not?" and the law the only rule and measure by which I must judge of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of any action; it evidently follows, that he who, in these, knows not the nature and obligation

of laws, never can be a good casuist, or rationally assure himself or others, of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of actions in particular.'

This was the judgment and good counsel of that learned and pious Prelate: And having, by long experience, found the truth and benefit of it, I conceive, I could not without ingratitude to him, and want of charity to others, conceal it.—Pray pardon this rude, and, I fear impertinent scribble, which, if nothing else, may signify thus much, that I am willing to obey your desires, and am indeed, your affectionate friend,

THOMAS LINCOLN.

London, May 10, 1678.

THE END

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